

RADIO-TV **MIRROR**

OCTOBER



Eve Arden—Our Miss Brooks



PERRY COMO
Crazy for Him



META ROBERTS
The Guiding Light



HERB SHRINER
Easy Does It!

New Stories
RANDY MERRIMAN
BRIDE and GROOM
SNOOKY LANSON

25¢

New! a shampoo that
Silken
your hair!

"Never, never in my whole life have I had so many compliments! And it's true—my hair is as soft as silk. And it kind of *shimmers* with light, the way silk does, too. Yet all I did different was to use this new Drene shampoo."

New Magic Formula . . . Milder than Castile!

There's silkening magic in Drene's new lightning-quick lather! No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water! It flashes up like lightning, it rinses out like lightning. And it's milder than castile!

It's *magic* . . . how this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk! And so obedient!

A NEW EXPERIENCE—

See Drene *silken* your hair! See this new formula flash into lightning-quick lather—milder than castile! No other lather is so *quick*, yet so *thick*!



Lathers like lightning —

no other lather is so thick, yet so quick.

Milder than castile —

so mild you could use this new formula every day.



This is a
New
Drene!

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE



Families like this—more than three million of them—like new white Ipana better than any other tooth paste.

Important—especially if you can't brush after every meal!

NEW IPANA® DESTROYS DECAY AND BAD-BREATH BACTERIA

Even one brushing can stop bad breath all day!*
Every brushing fights tooth decay!

Dentists advise brushing teeth after every meal... to remove food particles on which bad-breath and decay bacteria thrive. But when this is inconvenient, you still get wonderful results with new white Ipana.

Even one brushing with new Ipana removes most of the harmful bacteria from your mouth.

*When you use new Ipana in the morning, your breath will stay fresh and clean for up to 9 hours. Even after smoking... and eating anything you please except foods like onions and garlic. Laboratory tests proved it.

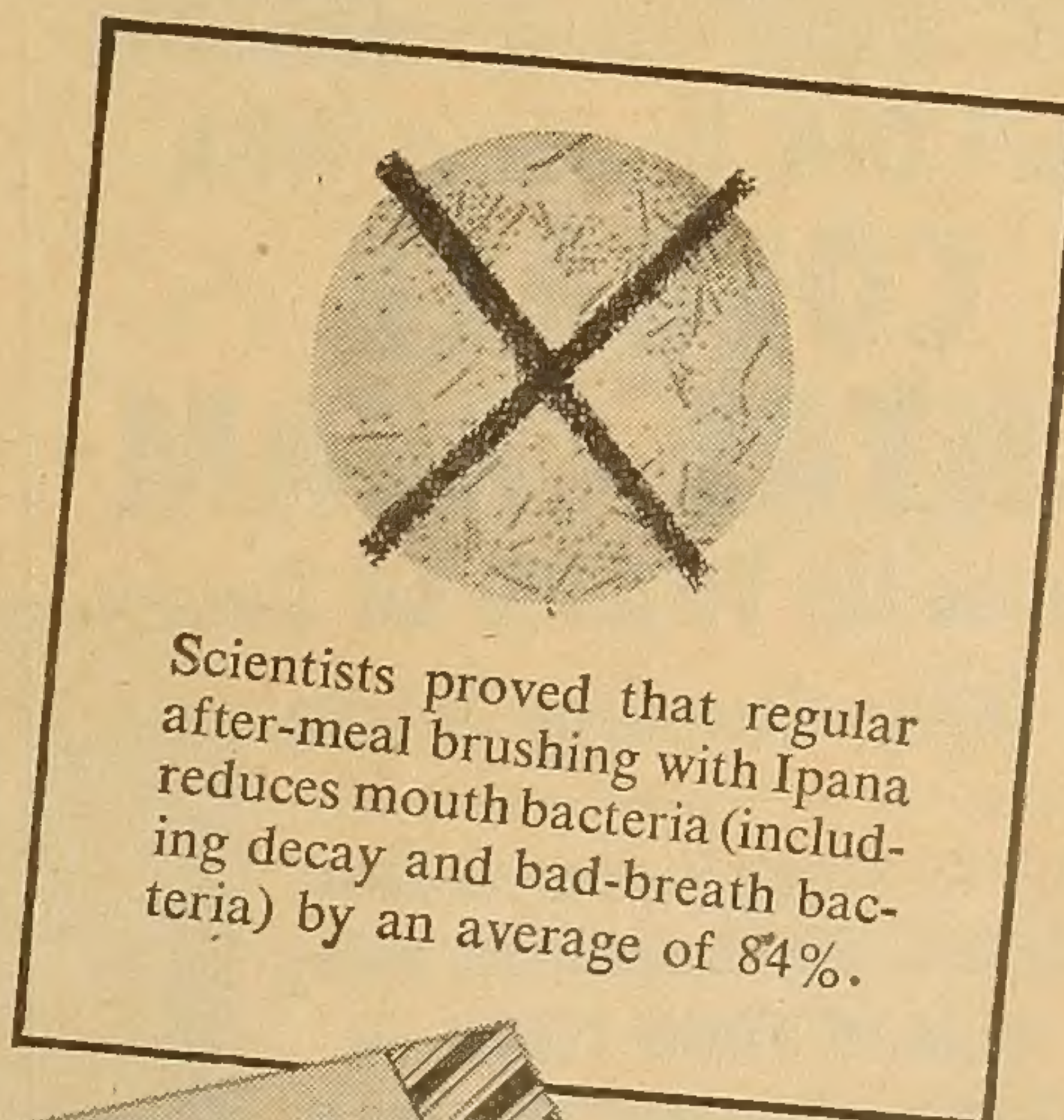
And when you brush your teeth regularly after meals with new Ipana, you effectively fight tooth decay. That means less pain and trouble, less risk of losing your teeth.

What's more, brushing your teeth with

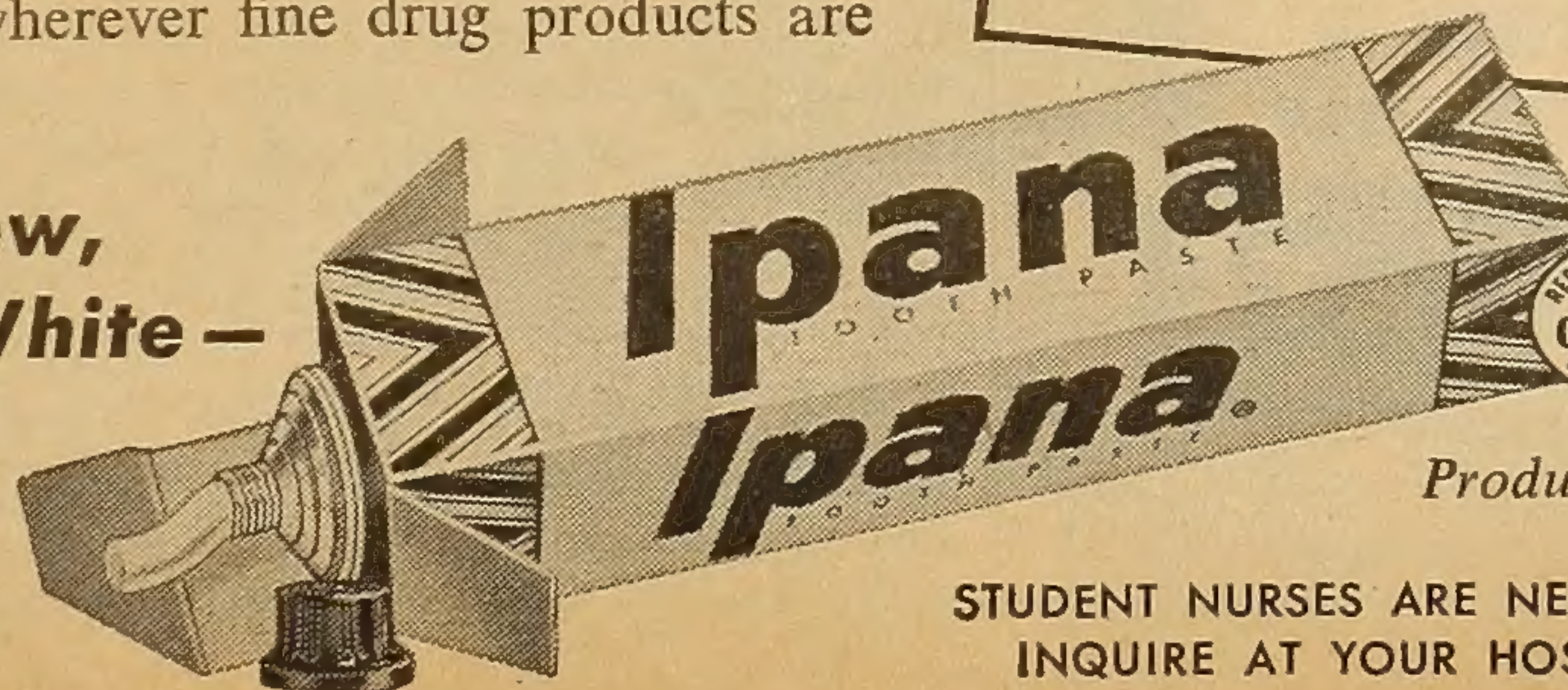
new Ipana from gum margins toward biting edges helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

Ipana also brings you a new minty flavor. Thousands of families who tried it liked it 2 to 1 for taste.

We're sure you and your children will like it, too. Why not try a tube today? Look for the yellow-and-red striped Ipana carton wherever fine drug products are sold.



**New,
White—**



**Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping**
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Product of Bristol-Myers

STUDENT NURSES ARE NEEDED...
INQUIRE AT YOUR HOSPITAL

R
M

**Everybody Knows
But Teacher!**



JOHNNY, THIS RUDENESS OF YOURS STARTED WHEN YOUR BROTHER AND I STOPPED SEEING EACH OTHER! BUT THAT'S NO EXCUSE!

NO, MA'AM! BUT WHY DON'T YOU SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH - LIKE MY BROTHER SAYS, MISS BROWN?

JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM** REMOVES UP TO 85% OF THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE BAD BREATH! SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES THAT ORIGINATE IN THE MOUTH!



Just one brushing with Colgate's removes up to 85% of decay-causing bacteria! And if you really want to prevent decay, be sure to follow the best home method known—the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



SINCE JOHNNY TOLD ME WHAT TO DO I'M A COLGATE GIRL - AND HIS BROTHER'S, TOO!

**Now! ONE Brushing With
COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM**
Removes Up To 85% Of Decay
and Odor-Causing Bacteria!

Only The Colgate Way Does All Three!
CLEANS YOUR BREATH while it
CLEANS YOUR TEETH and
STOPS MOST TOOTH DECAY!



**GIVES YOU A CLEANER,
FRESHER MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!**

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LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than chlorophyll or tooth paste

Nobody—not even your best friend—will tell you, when you're guilty of halitosis (bad breath). And, when you *do* offend . . . good-bye romance!

Isn't it foolish to take chances when Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath instantly, and keeps it fresh and sweet and agreeable usually for hours on end?

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In recent clinical tests, Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in reducing breath odors than the two leading tooth pastes, as well as the three

leading chlorophyll products, it was tested against.

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longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you any such antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll or chewing gums do not kill germs. Listerine Antiseptic does. Use it night and morning, and before any date where you want to be at your best.



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The most widely used
Antiseptic in the world



... and for COLDS and SORE THROAT due to colds . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

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New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria ...stops odor all day long

PROOF!

New Mum with M-3 destroys bacteria that cause perspiration odor.

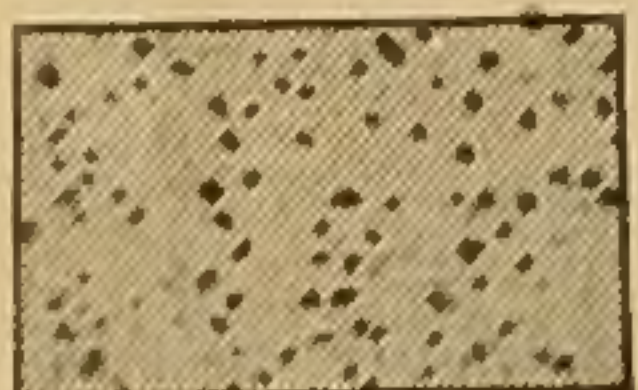


Photo (left), shows active odor bacteria. Photo (right), after adding new Mum, shows bacteria destroyed!

Mum contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria . . . doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.

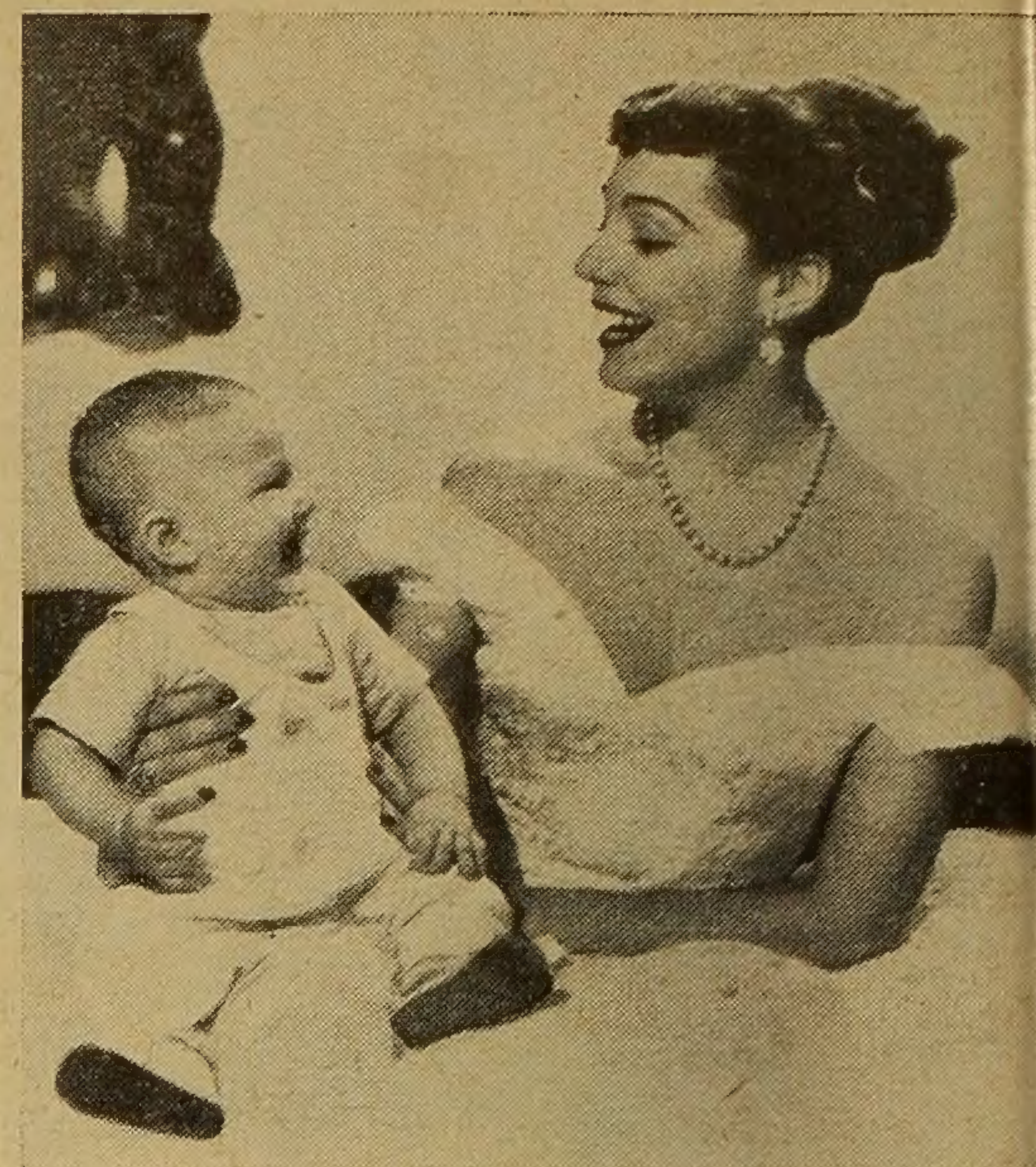
Amazingly effective protection from underarm perspiration odor—just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

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For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

A Product of Bristol-Myers

Marguerite Piazza



Marguerite with son J. Graves McDonald Jr.

MARGUERITE PIAZZA is the first singer to reach the stage of the famed—and a little snobbish—Metropolitan Opera House via TV. Through her weekly appearances a few seasons ago on *Your Show Of Shows*, she was given her chance. Marguerite began her preparations, however, somewhere around the age of two when she appeared as Cupid in a dancing school revue. She loved music, any kind—even tried to learn to play the violin, until her grandmother made her quit because she couldn't stand the scratching any more.

In the town of New Orleans, where she was born and brought up, Marguerite started her voice lessons at the age of nine. She sang "Love's Old Sweet Song" at her school graduation exercises and then began the long struggle for success. There was a time when she was paying for her vocal lessons by being church soloist at no less than four different denominational services each Sunday—she taxied from one to another. Later, she was crowned Queen of the Mardi Gras, won a competition sponsored by the Federated Music Clubs, providing further music study, and then got her own radio program in her home town.

Marguerite made her operatic debut at the New York City Center Opera Company and then received offers to sing at various places around the country.

Marguerite has an allergy to roses, which she invariably receives by the dozen after every performance. She wears a size 12 dress, loves jewelry, and has been robbed twice—the last time the robber left a note saying he needed the jewels more than she did—she could buy more! She can cook, but doesn't very often. Adores her family, and spends as much time with them as rehearsals and shows permit. Arising early in the morning, Marguerite usually spends some four hours rehearsing her scales before going to an actual show rehearsal. She's a girl who works at getting what she wants. And she gets there!

*New!
Beautiful!*

Janie Pigtaails

**The Best Dressed
Doll in the World**
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CUSTOM-MADE
OUTFITS JUST FOR HER

ORDER
BELOW



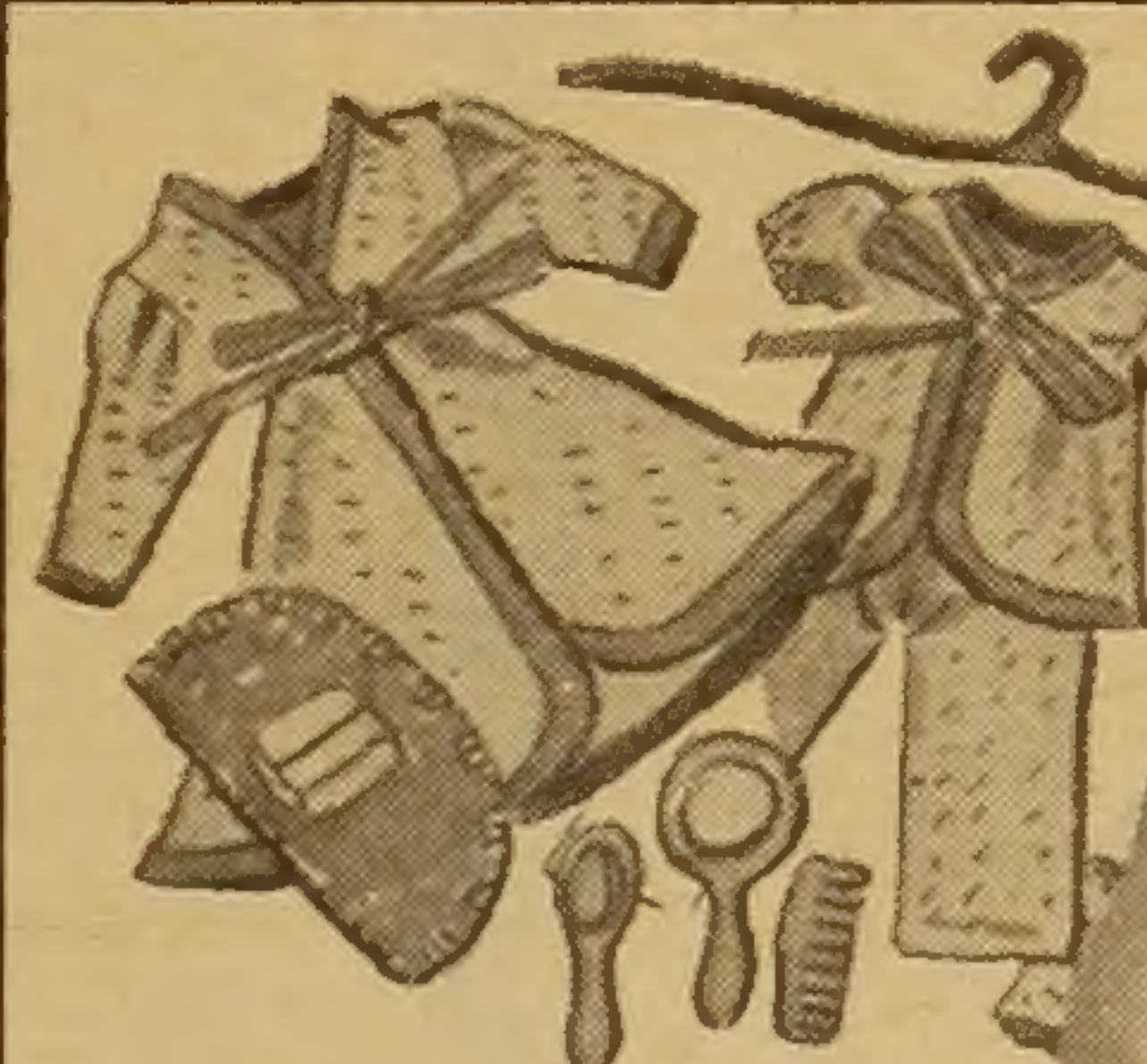
A 8-Pc. Party \$1.98



B 9-Pc. Sunday \$1.98



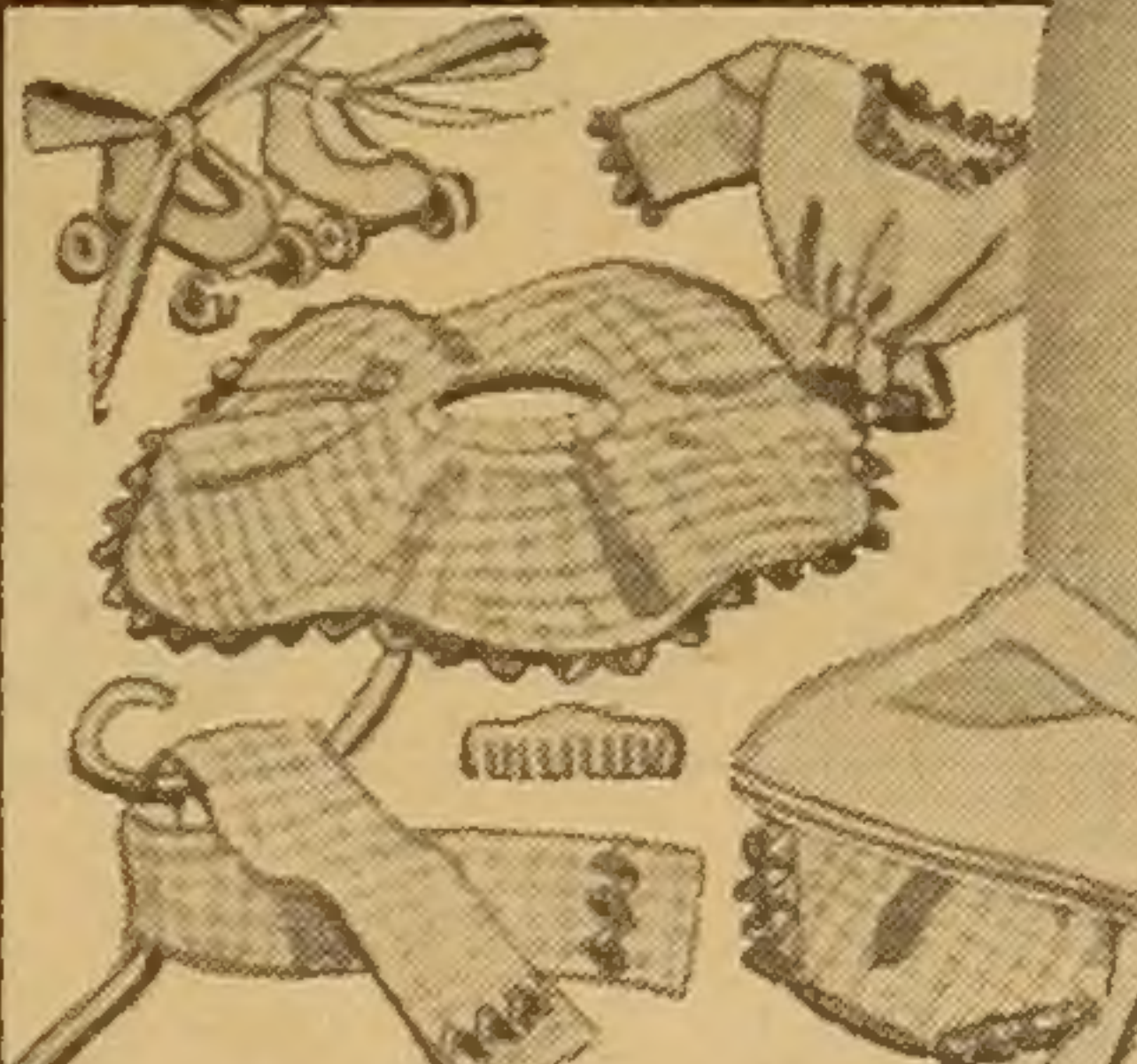
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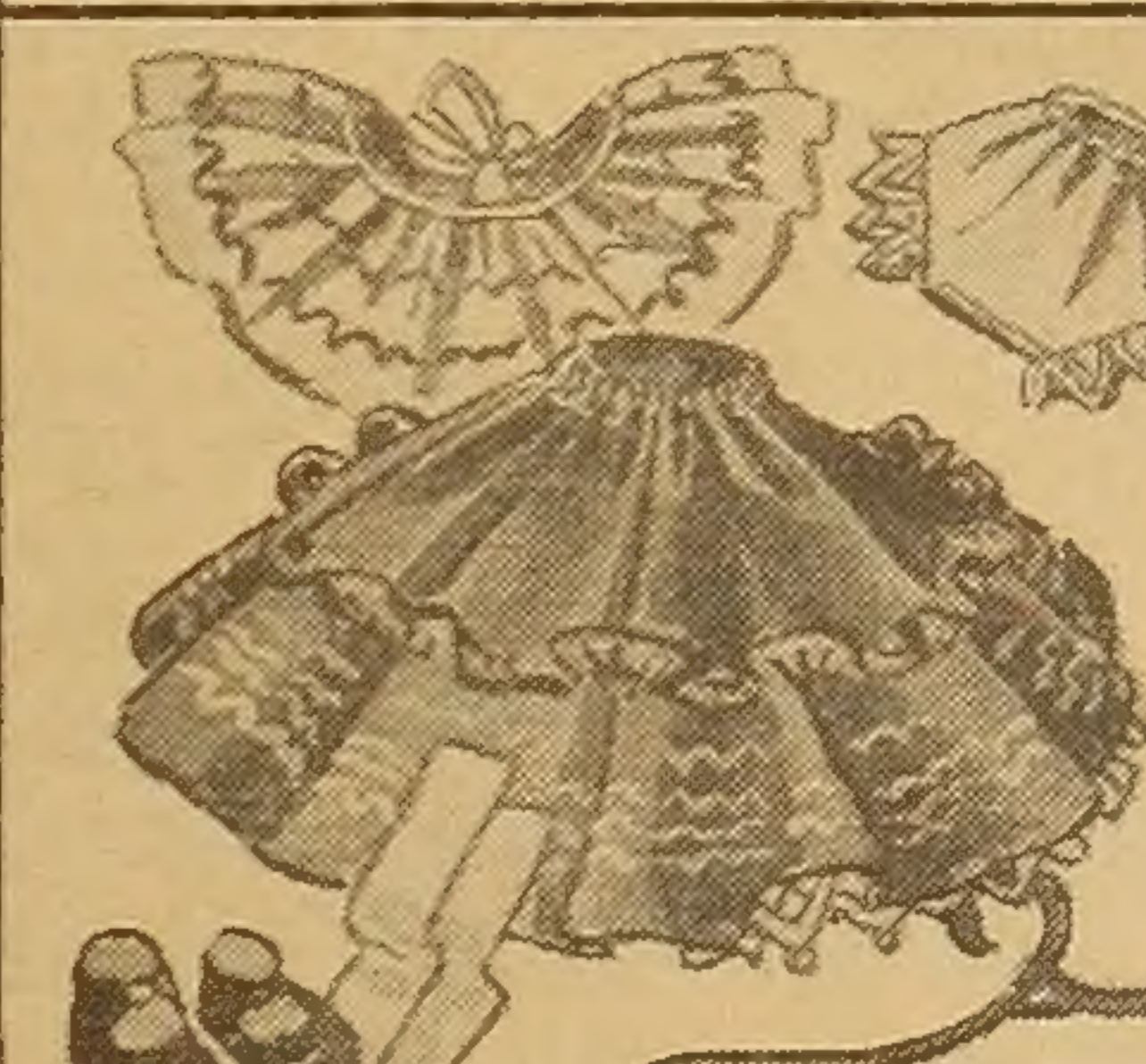
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WAVES**

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Silky
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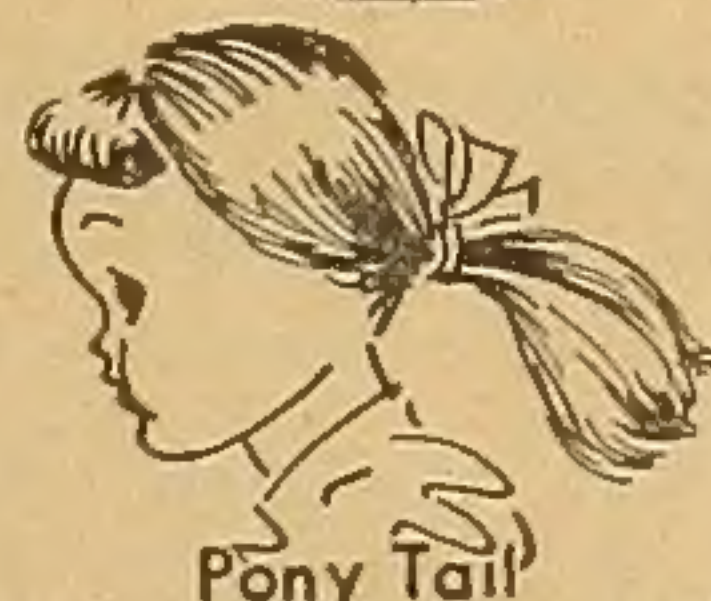
JANIE'S amazing! She's made like a BIG, EXPENSIVE DOLL! Her arms, legs and head move . . . she stands alone. Her eyes, with real lashes, open and close. She has masses of shining Saran hair to wash, comb and set. She needs no pampering—she's made of unbreakable plastic!

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LOOK!

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hair-do to suit
her costume



Pony Tail



Fluffy Bob



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KHJ-TV's brightest,
warmest, friendliest
afternoon show—
and what a cast!

the Crosbys are calling

TUNE IN KHJ-TV—nice and clear, now. Sit back and relax. Oh, yes, and put on a big grin, because you're about to have a family-full of delightful guests—the Crosby family, to be exact. Hollywood's cheeriest TV combination, the Crosbys—papa Lou, mama Linda, and their three cute springoffs, Linda Lou, Cathy Lee and Lucinda—are welcome afternoon video visitors.

Oh, yes, and then there's Tocky. A grim-looking boxer dog, Tocky hides a heart of butter behind his scowl, and is the real boss of the Crosby clan. "He may look ferocious," confides Linda, "but actually he's a pushover for a couple of dog biscuits."

The Crosbys' formula is simple and superb.

They're themselves. On the air they talk about the things that have happened to them, the good times they're looking forward to, their favorite hobbies, ideas and plans.

Off the air, they're the same people, close, warm, affectionate, and full of fun. Sports-minded, they try to keep the whole family together in all their plans, and so they swim, fish, play tennis and badminton, ride, and skeet shoot en masse.

Entertaining—and being entertained—by the Crosbys has become so much of a habit in Southern California that they're as well known as everybody's next door neighbor. And all of *their* video neighbors agree that it's great fun to be around when the Crosbys are calling.

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"Instant
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Amazing
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No clock watching!



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→ Your money back, if you do not agree that this brand new Lilt is the fastest and best Home Permanent you've ever used!

Loretta Young, here with husband Tom Lewis, has a new TV comedy show from Hollywood.



WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST

By JILL WARREN



Mark Stevens stars in a new version of the oldest TV detective show.

THE FALL season is here with many new programs on the networks' schedules.

NBC: *Junior Omnibus* will debut on the network this month with Burgess Meredith, actor and director, as master of ceremonies. The program is designed for youngsters in the eight- to sixteen-year age group and will be produced by Robert Saudek, director of the Ford Foundation's TV-Radio Workshop. *Junior Omnibus* will be presented on Sunday afternoons over the full TV network for a minimum of twenty-six weeks. It will try to give its youthful viewers a stimulating look into their own futures in such worlds as science, building, and government. . . . Ezio Pinza is the star of *I, Bonino*, a new situation comedy to be seen on Saturday nights. The popular basso will also do some singing, and his daughter Claudia will appear on the program with him. . . . Another big-name movie star has said yes to video. This time it's Loretta Young, who has just begun her own half-hour show on Sunday nights called *Letter to Loretta*. It is in the comedy vein and is being done on film in Hollywood. . . . TV's longest-running mystery detective show, *Martin Kane, Private Eye*, Thursday nights on TV, has (Continued on page 10)

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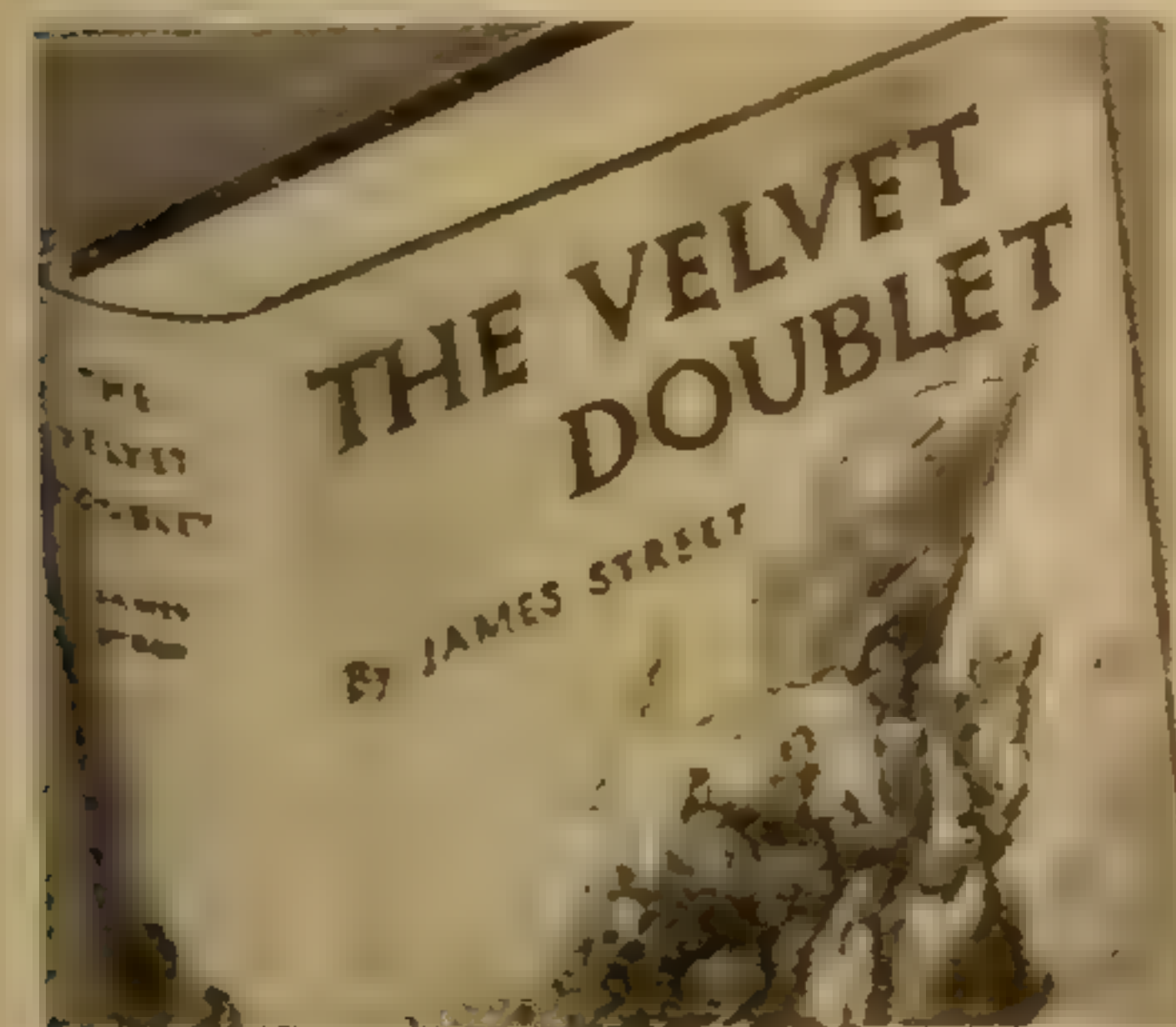
TWO beautiful women wanted the same man: worldly Lady Anne Stuart who enjoyed only the thrill of conquest; and her servant, lovely Sylvia Hay, in the flood of first love! Romantic Old Carolina lives in *Queen's Gift*. Pub. ed. \$3.75



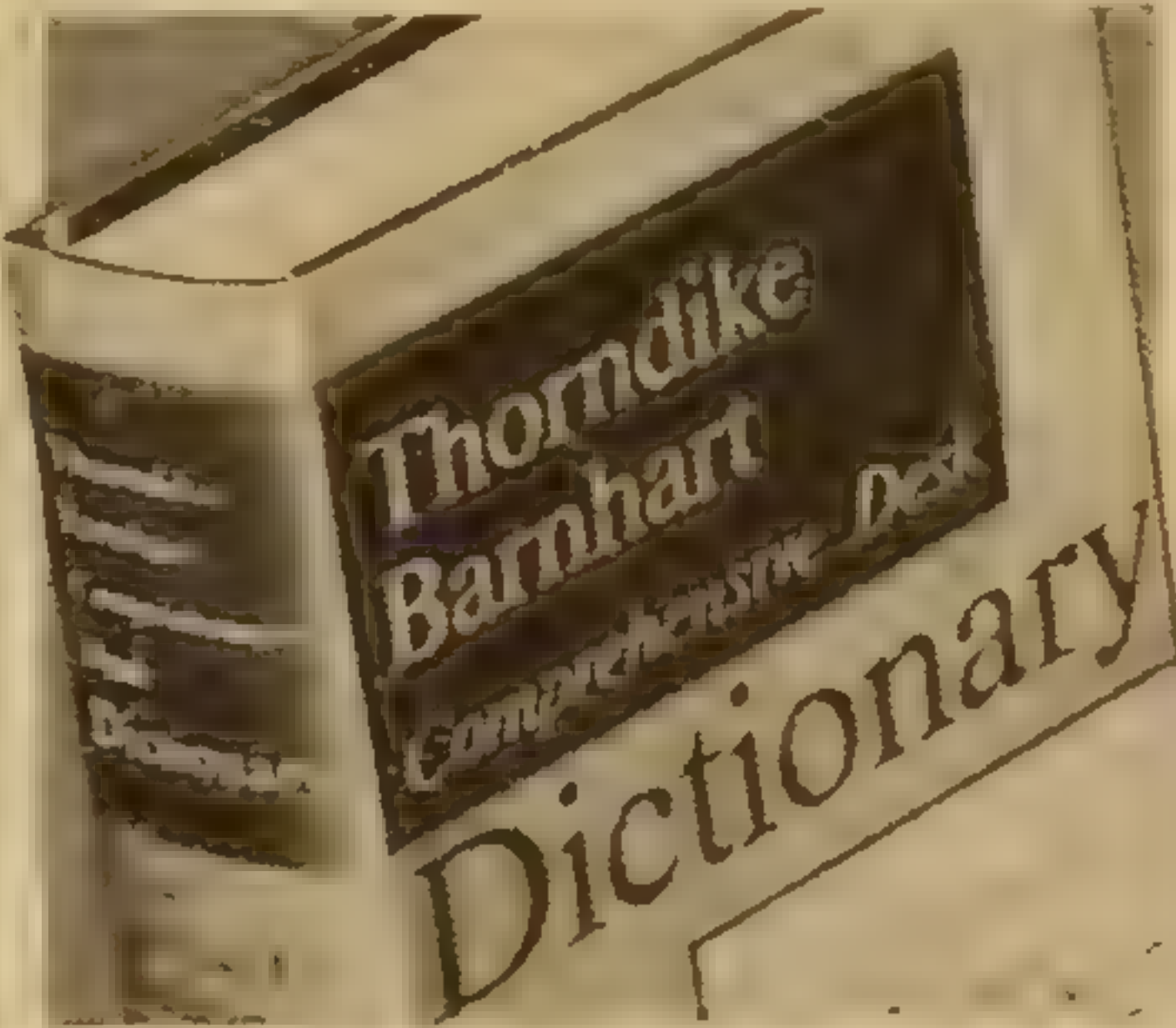
GOLDEN ADMIRAL

F. Van Wyck Mason

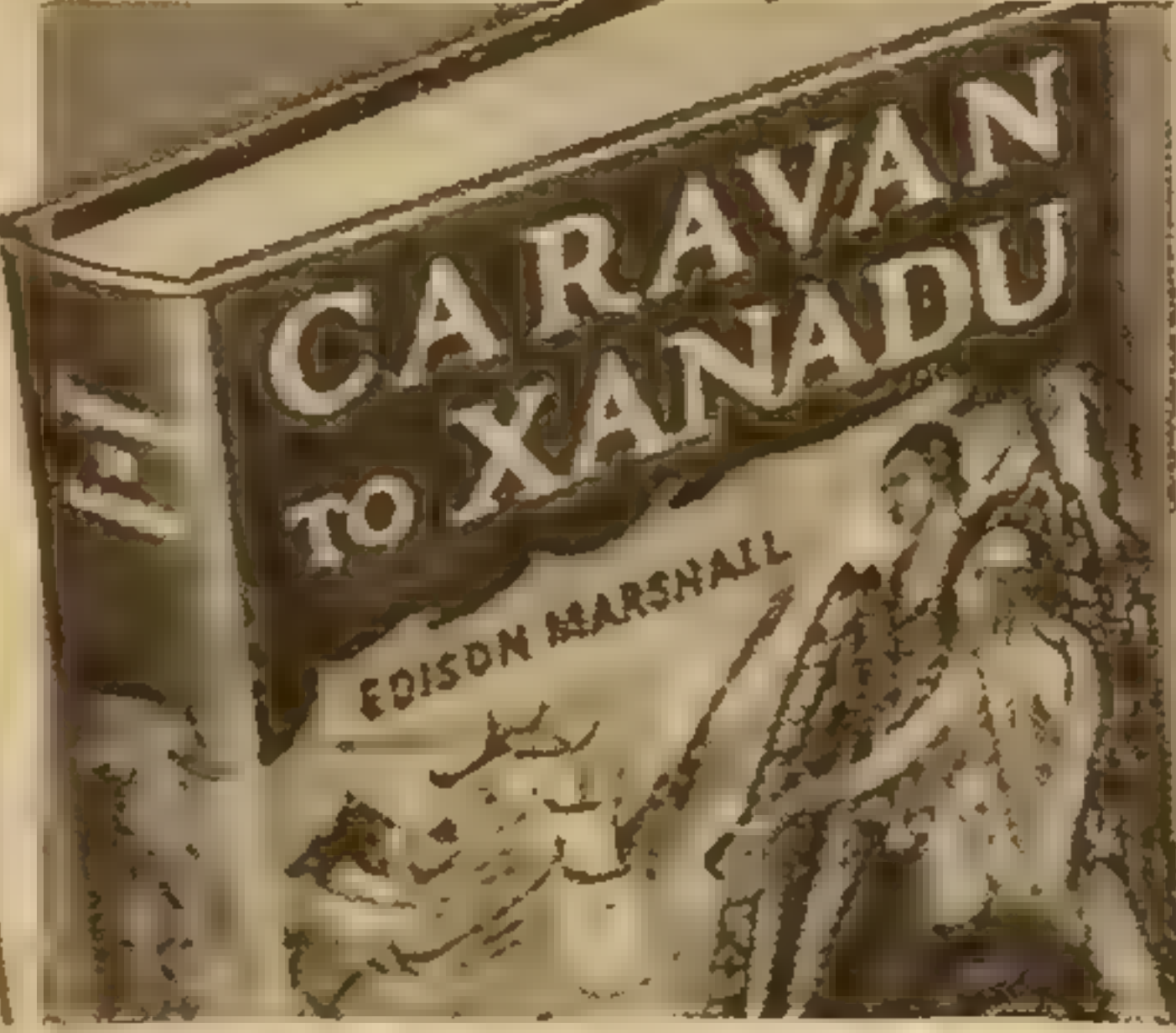
IMPETUOUS, red-haired Harry Wyatt, fugitive from justice, joined Sir Francis Drake in the crusade against the marauder-ships of Spain—while his beautiful Kate remained to commit a wife's deadliest sin! New hit by the author of *Cutlass Empire!* Pub. ed. \$3.95



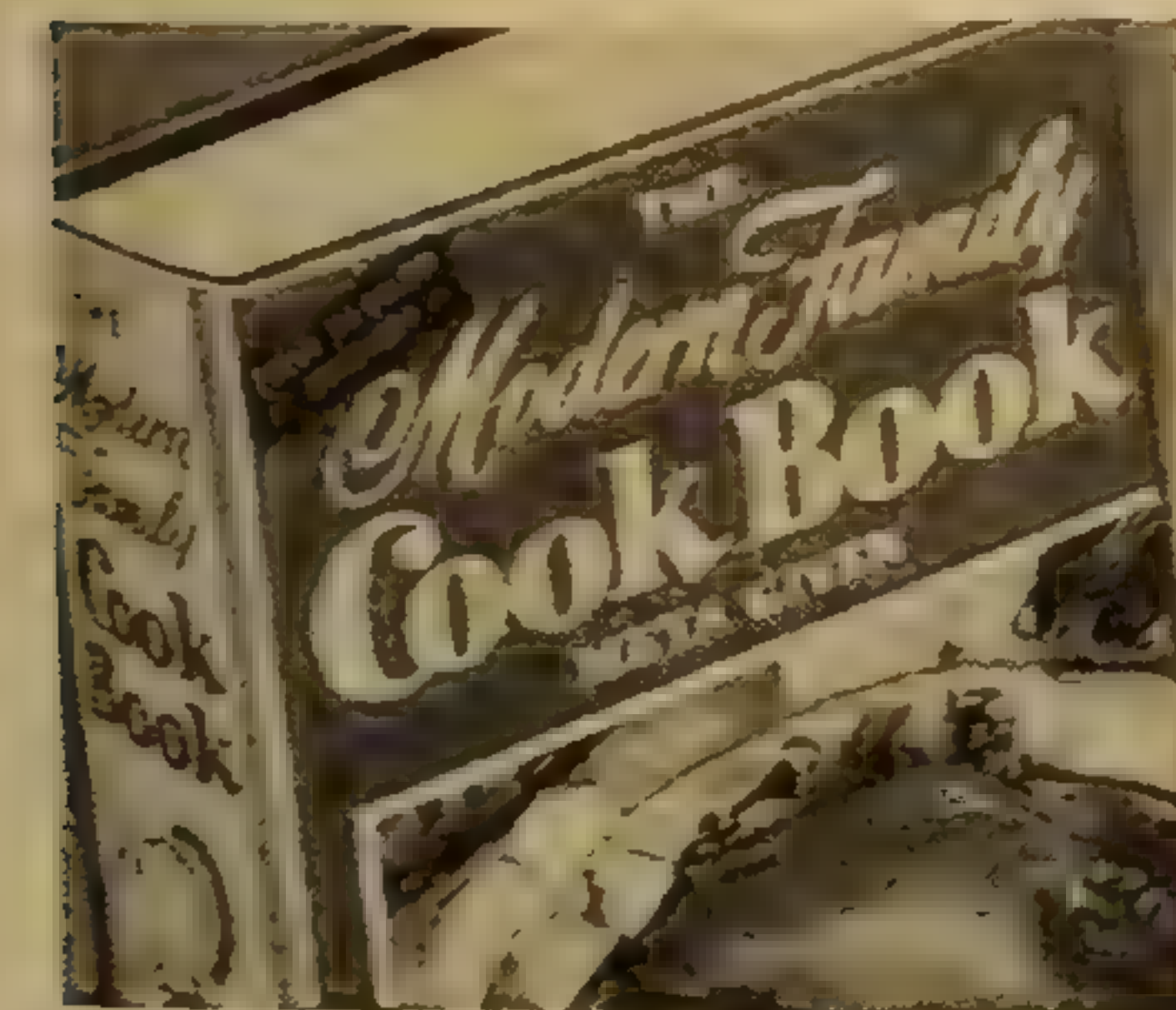
JUAN Rodrigo sailed with Columbus "over the edge of the world." Yet he returned not as hero but as hunted man—betrayed by the golden-haired, blue-eyed girl he loved! Romantic tale of Old Spain and the New World. Pub. \$3.50



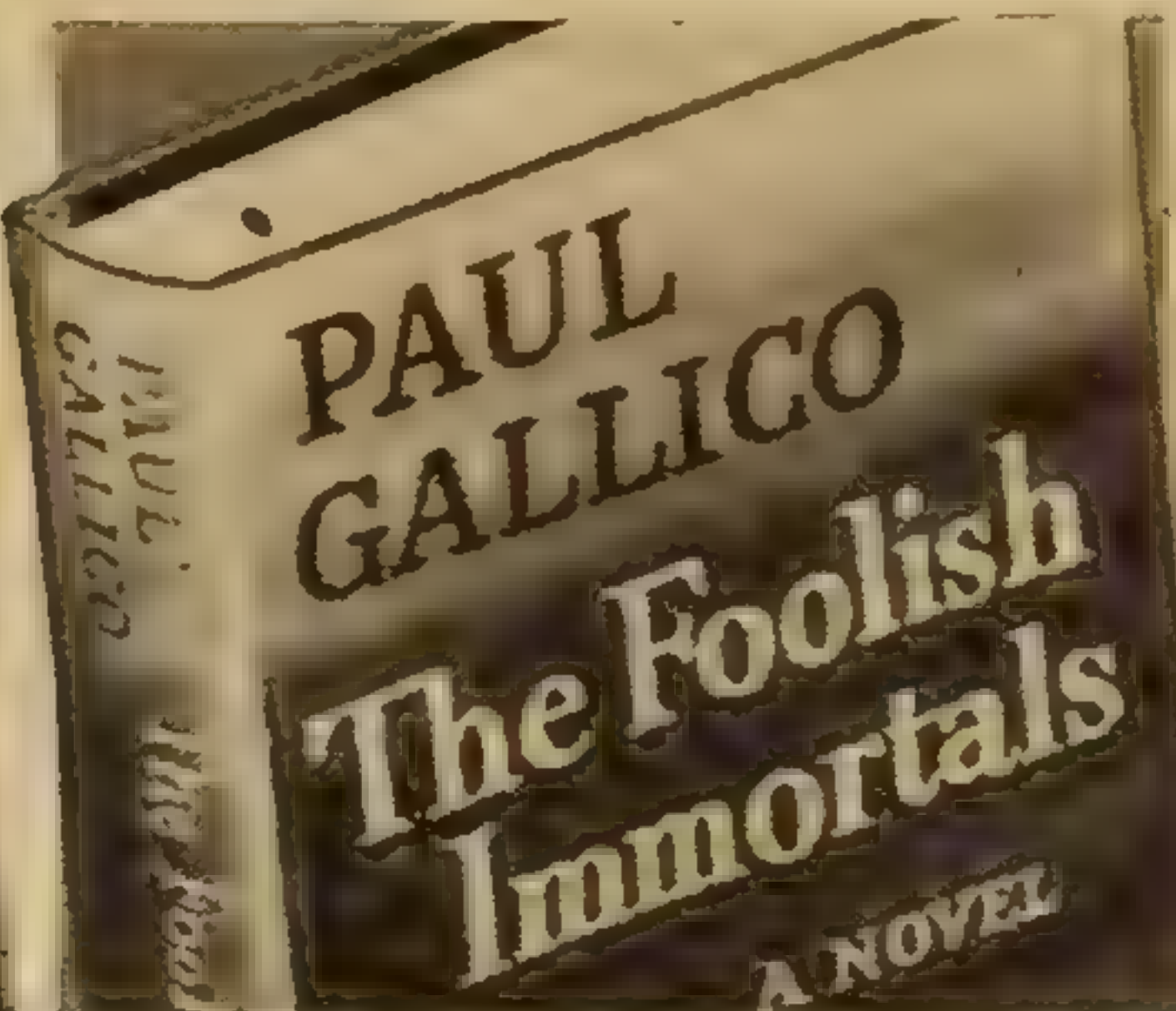
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| | ☐ The Velvet Doublet |

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1437 W. Morris St., Indianapolis 6

WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST

(Continued from page 8)

a completely new format and a new star in the person of Mark Stevens. Mark is the well-known stage and movie star who recently appeared on Broadway in "Midsummer."

CBS: *My Favorite Husband* will be a Saturday night regular on the TV log, via film from Hollywood. It's a half-hour situation comedy—another one—and co-stars Joan Caulfield, former Paramount Pictures star, and Barry Nelson, well-known actor who recently appeared in New York in "The Moon is Blue." . . . *Make Up Your Mind* is the name of a new radio show which is heard Monday through Friday in the time formerly occupied by *Grand Slam*. It's a panel show comprising four members and a psychologist each week. Prominent personalities from the stage, screen, sports, and literary worlds make up the rotating panel. They attempt to solve hypothetical problems sent in by radio listeners. As for *Grand Slam*, though it was dropped by its sponsor, Irene Beasley made it such a popular program, it should be back on the air soon. . . . It's situation comedy again—*Meet Mr. McNutley*—which begins Thursday night, September 17th. The star is Ray Milland, the Academy Award winning actor, in a series about an absent-minded English professor in a girl's college. Phyllis Avery and Gordon Jones, both of the New York stage, play his wife and pal respectively. *Meet Mr. McNutley* will be filmed in Hollywood for TV and will broadcast live from Hollywood on radio the same night. . . . On Friday night, October 2nd, Edward R. Murrow premieres *Person To Person*, which promises to be a most interesting television show. He will visit two famous "persons" every week, and through the magic and resources of the

telephone and television industries, Murrow will take his audiences with him right into the homes of the great and near-great. Those to be visited will be nationally known figures whose names are familiar to everybody. Although it's a half-hour program, the pressure of time will be absent. If the first celebrity whose home is being visited is talkative and interesting, he will not be silenced by the hand of the studio clock. If the second celebrity needs or wants more time, his visit will be carried over to the following week's broadcast.

ABC: All those shekels that poured into the ABC till, when the network merged with the United Paramount Theatres, seem to have found their way into several big-budgeted, new television shows. Friday night, October 2nd, is the starting date of a new dramatic half-hour, *Pepsi-Cola Playhouse*. Arlene Dahl, the beautiful red-headed movie doll, will do the commercials and act as hostess, having won the spot over Faye Emerson. Caesar Romero, Dane Clark, Ann Dvorak, Mona Freeman, Vincent Price, and Marguerite Chapman have been signed as weekly headliners. . . . *Pride Of The Family* starts on television Friday night, October 9th, starring Paul Hartman, the popular dancer-comedian. It is another situation comedy to be filmed in Hollywood. Fay Wray, who was one of the top names in Hollywood before her retirement several years ago, is resuming her career on this show, supporting Hartman. And Natalie Wood, well-known juvenile movie actress, also will be featured. . . . Every Monday night on TV, beginning September 28th, you can see *Jamie*, starring Brandon de Wilde, the great child actor who appeared in "Mem-

(Continued on page 18)



Don McNeill (with fans Gertrude and Jimmie Darrow) has new hopes for TV.

Magic control for those "Calorie-Curves"!



Imagine! Hidden "finger" panels plus new non-roll top that slim, firm and control you without a single seam, stitch, bone or stay!

Just as the hands of a sculptor fashion beautiful contours—so the invisible "fingers" of Magic-Controller smooth and mold *your* figure and control those "Calorie-Curves."



Introducing

Newest **Playtex** Magic-Controller... (FABRIC LINED) The Panty Girdle with Garters

The latest Playtex advance. Playtex Magic-Controller Panty Girdle with 4 detachable, adjustable garters!

The magic starts at the top, making your waistline smaller, higher. Hidden "finger" panels support you naturally from waist to thigh... control those "Calorie-Curves" as never before! All without a seam, stitch, bone or stay! From new non-roll top to garter tab, Playtex Magic-Controller is all latex, one piece and wonderful! It washes in seconds and you can practically watch it dry! Whether you wear the smallest size or the largest—you'll think you've lost a full size!

Feel that soft-as-a-cloud fabric lining—see the lovely textured latex outside.



**Playtex Magic-Controller*
Panty Girdle**

with 4 detachable,
adjustable garters.

Look for Playtex Magic-Controller in this newest SLIM Playtex tube. At department stores, specialty shops everywhere, **\$7.95**

Fabric Lined PLAYTEX GIRDLES from \$4.95
FAMOUS PLAYTEX GIRDLES from \$3.50

Extra-large sizes slightly higher.

Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.

*U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending

Who's who on



asquerade party



Disguised celebrities have fun trying to fool these four panelists—Douglas Edwards (right) is referee.

DOUGLAS EDWARDS has been in broadcasting for twenty-one of his thirty-six years. He was born July 15, 1917—in Ada, Oklahoma—and began broadcasting in 1932. Douglas was the first major radio newscaster to move to television, in 1947, and *Douglas Edwards With The News* is now the oldest established news program on the air. With two presidential campaigns, elections, and inaugurals to his credit—not to mention a coronation—he's really having a holiday as host-emcee of *Masquerade Party*.

ILKA CHASE should be very adept at seeing through anyone's disguise. Considered one of America's most fashionable women, she's not only a star of

stage, screen, radio, and TV, but a famous wit and author of such best-sellers as *Past Imperfect* and *In Bed We Cry*.

BUFF COBB is the granddaughter of the late, beloved author, Irvin S. Cobb—the wife of top radio-TV personality Mike Wallace—and a very gifted person in her own right. Like Ilka, this *Masquerade Party* panelist knows her style shows, the whole world of show business and, above all, New York City. Buff and Mike really covered the glittering town from cellar to penthouse in their *All Around The Town* series on CBS-TV!

OGDEN NASH of *Masquerade Party* is

the same Ogden Nash who has long delighted readers with his satiric, off-beat poems. He's shown his insight into human foibles in such books as *Hard Lines* and *The Bad Parents' Garden of Verse*. Co-author of the hit musical, "One Touch of Venus," Ogden prefers Baltimore to Broadway, commutes from Maryland for broadcasts.

PETER DONALD is a talented and much-traveled master of dialects. Born in Bristol, England, he toured with his father (Scotch comedian) and mother (singer) through Europe, Asia, Australia, Africa, and America. At thirty-five, he's spent thirty-two years in show business, and has emceed some of the biggest shows on the air.

Masquerade Party is seen on CBS-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EDT, for Instant Maxwell House Coffee.

Who's who among the masquerading guests—



1. No, not Mickey Mouse, but a bashful-type comedian who got his first big break in a play called "Brother Rat." He's made many a movie, including one in which he fondly imagined himself to be the "miracle" father of sextuplets.



2. Don't let the skirt fool you! Behind this disguise as P. T. Barnum (master showman) and Jenny Lind ("Swedish nightingale") lurk two of the zaniest men on the stage. Their wild antics make a hit with the audience—often literally.



3. Husband and wife, each is so well-known on the air they must hide behind beard and veil. He's quite a guy on the records (and piano). She wore a costume like this in "The Desert Song" in her film days (before TV necklines).



4. He's dressed up as the villainous Long John Silver, but he actually played the boy hero in that famous pirate tale, as a child movie star. More recently, he beat the drums—and roused the critics—in a Broadway hit.

(For answers, see pages 20 and 21)

can you identify them from the costume clues above?

The Man What Am!



Top celebrities, such as Rhonda Fleming and Carmen Miranda, are steady fare with Del Courtney.

BUSIER than all the bees in a hive is Del Courtney, who goes in for entertaining KPIX viewers in a big way—big shows, big names, big fun. Seen on TV some thirteen hours a week, this genial showman draws fifty percent of all KPIX's mail. Five days a week he has his *Del Courtney Show* from 3:00 to 3:45 P.M., which features a series of surprise interviews with all kinds of celebrities, from Dean Martin to Fagan the Lion, and variety acts with comedy sketches. His *Saturday Open House* from 3:00 to 4:00 P.M. has more celebrities and, sometimes, even children with pet skunks! And for the past three years Del's *Sunday Talent Search* has given Northern California amateur talent a superb showcase.

There's no doubt that Del is a natural for the job. With sixteen years of show business, heading his own band throughout the nation, appearing in four movies, and currently in the Broadway hit "John Loves Mary" at the Alcazar, this handsome hero of the Bay Area has a personality replete with talent. Born in Oakland, Del got his B.A. from the University of California. He turned down an offer from the San Francisco Seals, to organize his own band. First stop was the Alexander Hotel in Honolulu for six weeks—which stretched into six months. Then to New York, and subsequently, just about every top night spot in the country.

Rather reluctantly, Del came to KPIX in 1949 to do a daily three-hour show, little suspecting the notoriety it would gain for him—and many others. Now the man what *really* am is going great guns all week long. He has the distinction of presenting the *first* real wedding on TV in the country, the *first* to use live animals on a show, and the *first* to

take a show outdoors. Del can also be proud of the unending help he has given to veterans in hospitals, the Red Cross, and other charity groups.

Not content with his already full schedule, and despite repeated offers—such as the recent one to emcee with his band at the New Orleans Mardi Gras—the affable, easy-to-take Mr. Courtney has *two more* shows ready to go at the "drop of a sponsor." Needless to say, they don't "drop" often—what with Del's unique combination of showmanship, versatility and geniality. Mix that with his deep, abiding warmth and you have a personality hard to match in any entertainment league.



Ever busy, Del gets some assistance from Bobbie Lyons.



Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the easy, natural continental look of this new "Capri" style. No nightly setting necessary.



Only **Bobbi** is designed to give the natural-looking wave necessary for the casual charm of this "Cotillion." And you get your wave *where* you want it.



Bobbi is perfect for this casual "Ingenue" hair style, for **Bobbi** is the permanent *designed* to give soft, natural-looking curls. Easy. No help needed.



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. \$1.50 plus tax.



What a casual, easy livin' look this "Minx" hairdo has . . . thanks to **Bobbi**! **Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents** always give you soft, carefree curls like these.

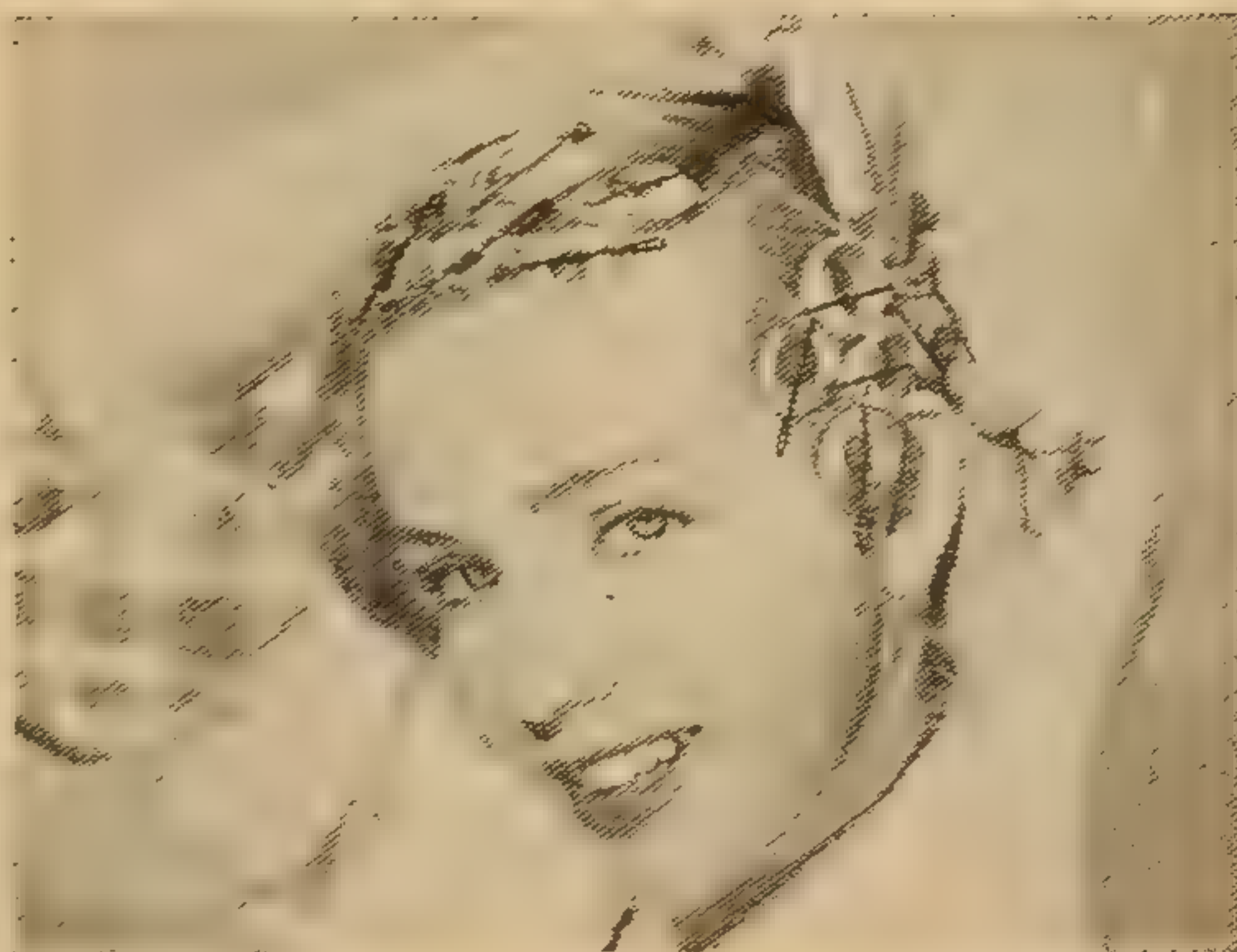
NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with **Bobbi** ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, **Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent** is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls . . . the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use **Bobbi** your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply **Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion**. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and *that's all*. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for **Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent**. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love **Bobbi**.



Just simple pin-curls and **Bobbi** give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

*The Hamburger King
of Seattle now rules by radio*



"CHEF" of the DEEJAYS



Ernie Propstra spins his favorite discs—delighting himself and listeners.

UNTIL a few years ago, Ernie Propstra was noted in Seattle for his culinary prowess. "The Hamburger King" folks called him. Then one day, in an effort to boost business, Ernie decided to transcribe some radio commercials and put them on a local independent station. It was his first time at a mike, but by no means his last. His commercials caught on like wildfire, and his hamburgers sold like mad. The rest is history to Seattle listeners and Propstra lovers.

When he was first asked by Station KJR to do his own disc jockey show, Ernie, being a full-fledged restaurateur, was a bit hesitant. But he was also a collector and lover of phonograph records—so much so, that the idea of being a deejay intrigued him and he accepted the offer. So now, every afternoon, Monday through Fridays, from 3:00 to 4:00 P.M., his distinctive voice—deep, sincere, and commanding—can be heard over the airwaves of KJR. After playing his theme song, "Sentimental Journey," Ernie fills his hour with music, accompanied by subtle comments about his records and personal anecdotes about song writers and musicians.

"I go for music with a beat," the Hamburger King confesses. "It's lots of fun playing those classics that Benny Goodman, Louis Armstrong, and all those other great artists have been giving us for years. But I throw in an occasional Hit Parader, too—just to keep everybody happy."

In spite of the fact that Ernie's music jumps a bit, his program is strictly on the relaxed side. His warm, friendly voice and "non-professional," easy-going manner add in to make his show delightful and different.

Ernie plans to go right on leading his double life—in fact, he's making plans now for his *third* restaurant. As concerns his deejaying, Ernie says, "I see no reason why I can't keep it up as long as the listeners are happy."

Happy they are indeed—both Ernie's listening and eating public—and happiest of all are his home-front fans, wife Virginia and five-year-old daughter Carol.

Why Dial Soap
protects your
complexion
even under
make-up!

*Dial clears your complexion
by removing blemish-spreading
bacteria that other soaps
leave on your skin*

No matter how lavishly or sparingly you normally use cosmetics, when you wash beforehand with Dial Soap, the fresh clearness of your skin is continuously protected *underneath* your make-up.

For this mild, gentle Dial Soap washes away trouble-causing bacteria that other soaps (even the finest) leave on skin. Dial does this because it contains AT-7, known to science as Hexachlorophene. It clears skin of unseen bacteria that so often aggravate and spread surface blemishes.

works in a new way! Until Dial came along, there was no way of removing these bacteria safely and effectively. These pictures taken through a microscope are proof.



No. 1 shows thousands of bacteria left on the skin after washing with ordinary soap. (So when you put on make-up, they are free to cause trouble underneath.) No. 2 shows how daily washing with Dial removes up to 95% of these blemish-spreading bacteria.

and dial is so mild, you'd never guess it gives such benefits. Doctors recommend it for adolescents. With Dial, *your* skin becomes cleaner and clearer than with any other type of soap. Let Dial protect your complexion all day—even under make-up.

Also available in Canada

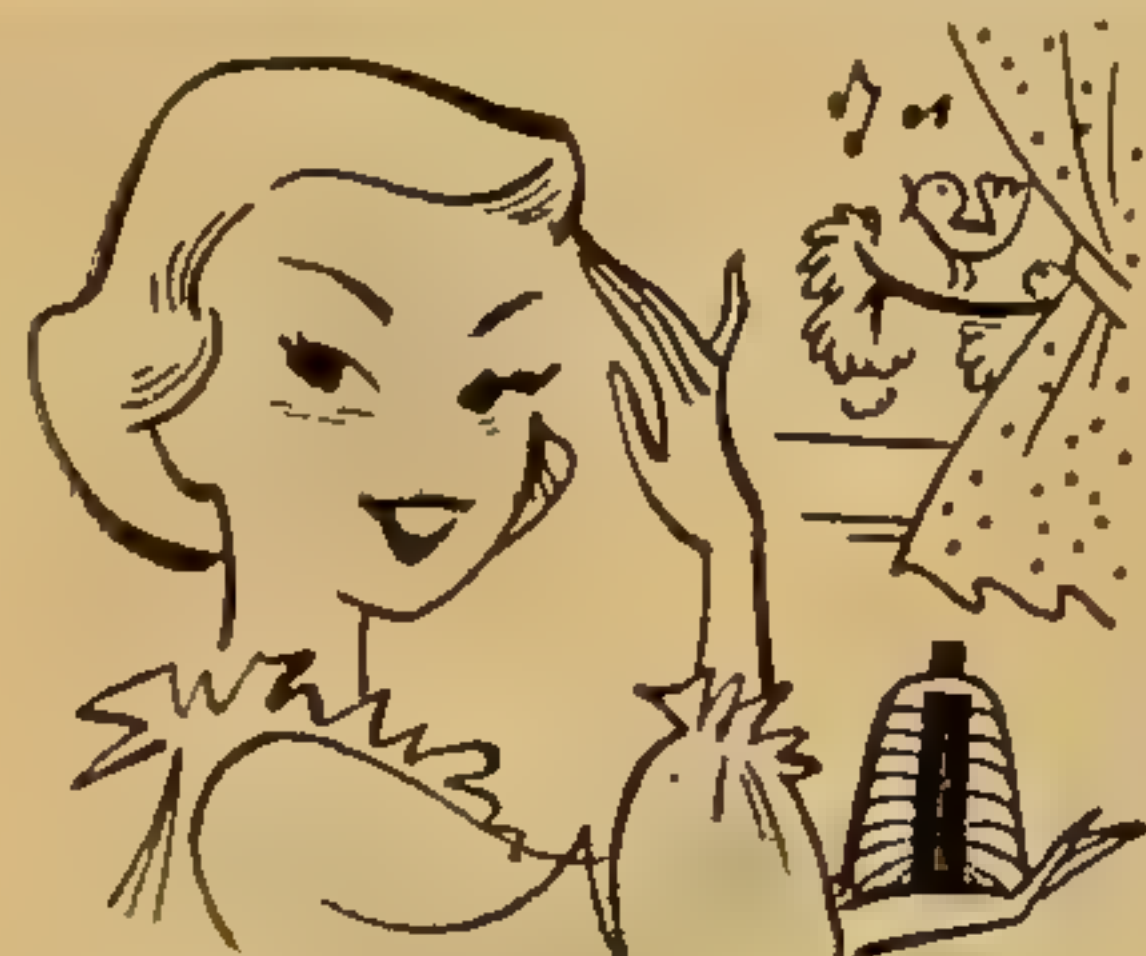


P. S. For cleaner, more beautiful hair try *New DIAL SHAMPOO*, in a handy, unbreakable squeeze bottle. Contains AT-7.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays

amazing Helene Curtis hairdressing

Gives your hair that healthy looking glow!



My hair laughs
At summer sun
Dry hair worries?
I have none!



A touch of Suave
Every day
"Sparkles" dull hair
Keeps frizz away!



Gives hair that
Healthy looking glow
Keeps it soft
And bright you know.



Makes hair obey
New, soft way....
No oily film!
Get Suave today.

**CONDITIONS hair with
miracle Curtisol... Only Suave has it**

Suave*

created by *Helene Curtis* foremost name in hair beauty



CREME 60¢ LIQUID 50¢—\$1
(plus tax)

* TRADEMARK

WHAT'S NEW from

(Continued from page 10)

ber of the Wedding" and "Mrs. Mc-Thing" on Broadway, and recently in the movie, "Shane." Jamie is a whimsical comedy about an orphan who adopts an older man as his pal. Ernest Truex, veteran actor of films and the theatre, is the pal.

Late this month or early in October, George Jessel will debut a new TV offering *At The Banquet Table*. It will be seen Sunday nights and will have a show-business format with Jessel as emcee. There will be big-name guest stars, plus new talent from time to time, which will be hand-picked by Jessel when he travels about for his additional job as good-will ambassador for ABC.

The new *Danny Thomas Show* debuts Tuesday night, October 6th, and those who have seen the first film report that it's a winner. It is a situation comedy about the not-too-private life of a nightclub entertainer, Danny Williams. Movie actress Jean Hagen plays Danny's wife, and Shirley Jackson and Rusty Hammer are the children.

This 'n' That:

Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club* one-shot simulcast a few weeks ago caused such a hullabaloo among sponsors and network officials that they hope to launch *The Breakfast Club* as a regular television program by October. Since Don's ill-fated night-time video program did an *el foldo* a few seasons back, he has always insisted that he would never again do a script show, and that if he ever changed his mind about television, it would only be for an ad-lib program like his popular morning clambake.

Congratulations to Ann Burr, well-known stage, radio, and TV actress, and Tom McDermott, director of television for a New York advertising agency, who tied the knot a few weeks ago. Ann has been playing the part of Mrs. Jacobson on *Perry Mason*, in addition to appearing on many other programs. John Larkin was one of the ushers at her wedding.

Leland Hayward, the famous Broadway producer, has been signed by NBC as television consultant-producer as a result of his brilliant handling of the recent Ford show. Every top network has been trying to get his signature on a contract.



Natalie Wood will be featured on Paul Hartman's new comedy show.

COAST to COAST



Acrobat Sandy Dobritch is the new Scampy on ABC-TV's *Super Circus*.

Hayward will personally produce a big Saturday night variety show once a month, alternating with three weeks of *Your Show of Shows*.

NBC has also signed the Kean Sisters, Betty and Jane, to a five-year radio and TV contract. The song-and-dance comedienettes will do guest appearances on NBC shows, and the network plans to build a TV series for them.

Rosemary Clooney and José Ferrer finally said their "I do's" a few weeks ago in Durant, Oklahoma. It is Rosemary's first marriage and Ferrer's third. He was divorced a few days before the ceremony from Phyllis Hill, New York actress.

Bob Crosby will probably have his own television show shortly. CBS-TV is readying a half-hour daytime musical program which would originate in Hollywood.

Remember *Garroway At Large*, the wonderful Sunday night television show out of Chicago a few seasons ago? It will probably return to the NBC night-time schedule very shortly and with the same original group of performers: Connie Russell, Jack Haskell, Betty Chappell, and Cliff Norton. An automobile sponsor is picking up the tab, and they are only waiting for a suitable time spot.

Sandy Dobritch, the "Pixie" of *Super Circus* on ABC-TV, is the new Scampy on the program. Bardy Patton is retiring from the role because he is getting too big to play a "boy clown." Sandy, nine years old, is the son of Alexander and Pia Dobritch, two of the world's foremost aerialists. Sandy was part of the act known as "The Flying Dobritches."

Mulling the Mail:

F. P., Draper, South Dakota: Johnny Olson is still around and has been doing an NBC daytime radio show, *Second Chance*, Monday through Friday. . . . D.H.H., Louisville, Kentucky: Jimmy Boyd has no regular television or radio program of his own, but he makes frequent guest appearances. Recently he has been on Al Jarvis' local TV show in Los Angeles, and he is still recording for Columbia. . . . Mrs. W. B. Q., Pittsboro, (Continued on page 111)



An exquisite woman (wearing an Exquisite Form Brassiere) is just coming into view.

You can be that exquisite woman in an Exquisite Form brassiere. Words can't tell you. Pictures can't tell you. Only you . . . your own sight of you . . . can tell you how lovely, how eye-stopping you'll look in an Exquisite Form brassiere. So let your mirror show you what these wonderful bras can do for you. Try one on at your favorite store today, and make that exquisite woman—you!

P. S. Ask for #505—America's most popular bra. Stitched undercup for firm support, 1½" band. In satin or broadcloth: A cup 32-36; B cup 32-40; C cup 32-42 . . . \$1.50. In nylon taffeta: A and B cup only . . . \$2.00. D cup 34-44 in broadcloth only . . . \$2.00.

Exquisite Form
BRASSIERES

NEW YORK 16 • CHICAGO 54 • LOS ANGELES 14 • TORONTO

The Bra that's a beauty treatment



"For my first born... my first choice is Dryper!"

says *Patrice Munsel*

Glamorous Metropolitan Opera soprano currently starring in United Artists' "MELBA." Color by Technicolor. Pictured with her new daughter, Heidi Ann.



PLAYTEX Babies are Happier Babies
... Neater, Sweeter, Cleaner



ONLY FLUSHAWAY*

Playtex Dryper

**Keeps baby comfortable, contented...
AS NO ORDINARY DIAPERING DOES**

Wonderful PLAYTEX Dryper, the revolutionary pad-in-panty diapering method, gives your baby *more* comfort, safer protection *than ever before!*

Dryper's complete waterproof protection helps prevent diaper rash, and chafing of baby's tender "sit-down." Dryper your baby for the next 30 days. *You'll never "change a diaper" again!*

Featured at your favorite Department Store and wherever Baby Needs are sold.

"SUCH QUICK, EASY CHANGES!" says Miss Munsel
Simply slip fresh, soft Dryper Pads into baby's waterproof Dryper Panty. The soiled Pads flush away like tissue!

"REALLY QUICK FROM WET TO DRYPER"—And mothers all over the country agree with Miss Munsel and it keeps baby "Socially Acceptable" always.



U. S. & FOREIGN PATENTS PEND.

PLAYTEX®
DRYPER® PADS
box of 100
\$1.29 and \$1.49

PLAYTEX®
DRYPER® PANTY
\$1.49

PLAYTEX

FOR THE NICEST THINGS NEXT TO BABY

PANTIES SHEETS BIBS OIL POWDER
CREAM LOTION DRYPER

International Latex Corp... PLAYTEX PARK... Dover Del.

Answers to Who's Who on **MASQUERADE**

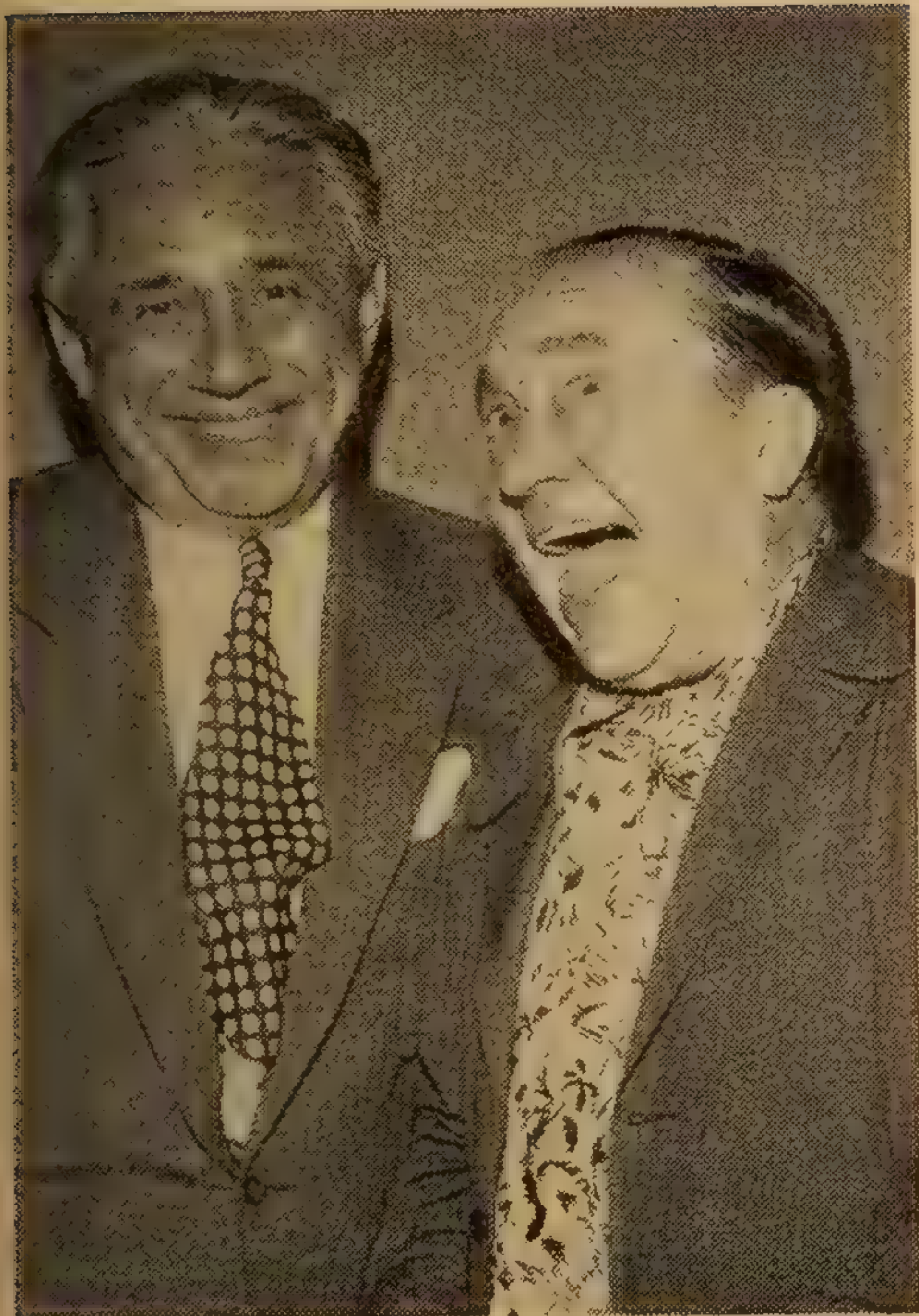


1. Meet "Brother Rat"—better known as Eddie Bracken on both stage and screen. The motion picture about the sextuplets is, of course, "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek," in which he appeared with Betty Hutton.

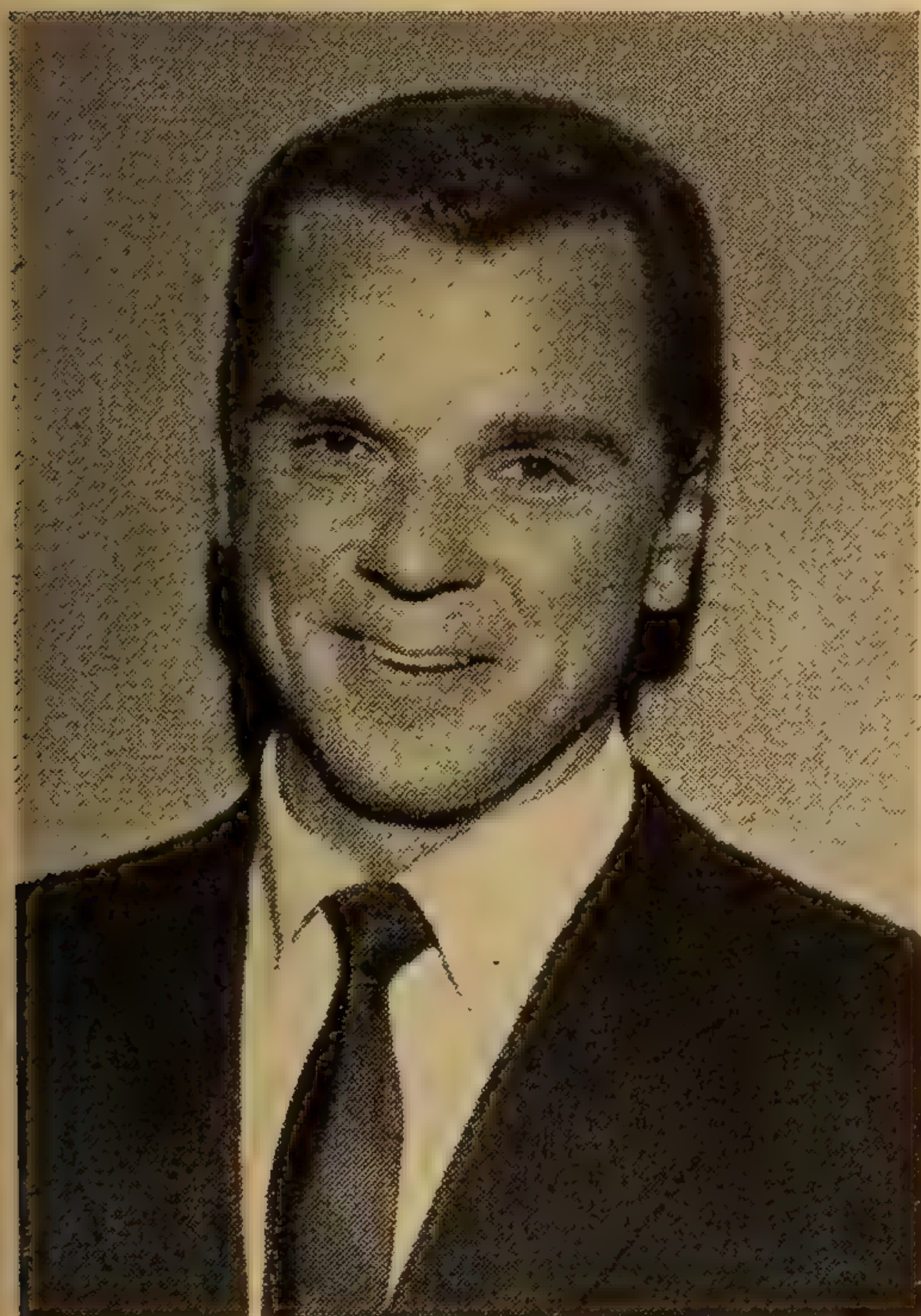


3. Anyone can recognize Skitch Henderson and his lovely wife, Faye Emerson—when she doesn't hide her charms behind the veil of a Riff dancing girl—and he doesn't don a beard and bur-noose to prove he's her sheik.

PARTY



2. They're definitely Barnums of today and *might* be called Swedish nightingales—because of their Scandinavian ancestry—Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson, who carry their show right off the stage and into the audience.



4. Jackie Cooper's grown some since he played Jim Hawkins in "Treasure Island." But so have his talents, and he made quite a hit as the drum-playing hero in the recent Broadway mystery comedy, "Remains To Be Seen."

*I dreamed
I was a fireman in my
maidenform bra®*



I'm the chief
and the siren too—
the most incendiary figure
in this five-alarm dream!
Dangerous, yes...
but beautifully under control,
I'm lifted to new heights
of excitement
by my dream of a Maidenform.

Shown: Maidenform's Chansonette*
in acetate satin; also nylon taffeta
or broadcloth...from 2.00

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1953 MAIDENFORM BRASSIERE CO., INC.



ENJOY THAT
"FEEL BETTER"
 FEELING



Alka-Seltzer

BRAND

for ACID INDIGESTION

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FEEL BETTER FAST!



When unwise eating leaves you with an acid upset stomach, try "Speedy" ALKA-SELTZER for relief! ALKA-SELTZER, with its *instant alkalizing action*, comforts your stomach fast . . . helps you enjoy that "Feel Better" Feeling! For gentle, effective relief from acid indigestion, try ALKA-SELTZER yourself! Buy it at any drugstore!

**INSTANT
 ALKALIZING
 ACTION
 FOR FAST, FAST RELIEF**

**ALSO FIRST AID FOR
 HEADACHE
 COLD DISCOMFORTS
 MUSCULAR ACHES**

ON DISPLAY
 AT ALL DRUG
 STORES IN U.S.
 AND CANADA



MILES LABORATORIES, INC.,

ELKHART, INDIANA

Information Booth

Jack Lescoulie

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me if Jack Lescoulie of the Dave Garroway show, Today, is married?
 B. R., Utica, N. Y.

Yes, Jack is married and lives on Long Island. He also appears on *The Jackie Gleason Show*.

The "Friendly Banker"

Dear Editor:

Could you please give me some background information on Win Elliot?
 M. R., Battle Creek, Mich.

Born in Chelsea, Massachusetts, May 7, 1915, Win Elliot has really made the rounds of radio stations and jobs. After graduating from the University of Michigan—as a zoology major, no less—Win got his first radio break with Station WMEX in Boston. Next he went with NBC in Washington as a general announcer, then to Station WFBR in Baltimore to be news editor. His career was interrupted for a few years during the last war while he served in the Merchant Marine. After his discharge, Win went with ABC in New York as an announcer. And, as his many followers know, he handled hockey assignments for WPIX while emceeing on CBS's *County Fair* at the same time. Now living



Lescoulie and "Muggs"

"My Skin Thrives On Cashmere Bouquet Soap ...because it's such wholesome skin-care!"



**Richard Denning
Barbara Britton**

happily in Westport, Connecticut, with his wife Rita and three children, Ricky, 5, Peter, 3, Sue Ann, 1, and working in New York. Win is the "friendly banker" on NBC-TV's *On Your Account*.

Mr. and Mrs. North

Dear Editor:

Have the people who usually take the part of Mr. and Mrs. North on the radio gone off that program entirely?

I. K., Eureka, Calif.

Yes, Alice Frost and Joseph Curtin, who used to play Pam and Jerry North, have been permanently replaced by Barbara Britton and Richard Denning, who also appear as TV's Mr. and Mrs. North.

Fay Perkins

Dear Editor:

I would like to know a little about the woman who plays Fay Perkins on *Ma Perkins*. Is she married?

B. B., Taunton, Minn.

Joan Tompkins plays Fay Perkins and is also the star of *This Is Nora Drake*. Born in New York, Joan has pursued an outstanding career in the theatre and in radio. Her Broadway achievements include "Pride and Prejudice" and two years in "My Sister Eileen." She also toured as Katherine Hepburn's understudy in "Jane Eyre." Now, because she has so many radio commitments, Joan has given up stage work, except for Equity Library or experimental New Stages productions. She is married to Karl Swenson, who is Lord Henry in CBS Radio's *Our Gal Sunday* and star of *Mr. Chameleon*. Joan likes to travel, but at present her wanderlust has to be satisfied with a daily automobile trip from her home in Westchester County to the studios in midtown New York.



—Says Complexion—lovely
SHIRLEY CHANDLER

Read How This Pretty, Young Airline Stewardess Was Helped by Candy Jones, Famous Beauty Director



CANDY JONES
(Mrs. Harry Conover)

"An airline stewardess meets over 7,000 people a year," says Miss Chandler, "so a smooth, *naturally* lovely complexion is a 'must.' In New York's Conover School, Candy Jones taught me how to get one—with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. She advised using it daily, for gentle, *wholesome* skin care. My skin thrives on it! That whipped-cream lather is so mild . . . so fragrant. I carry my own Cashmere Bouquet on all my flights."



Here Are Candy Jones' Personal Beauty Tips For You!

1. Split a nail? Quick-fix it by applying cellophane tape from the moon up, then clip, shape and polish over.
2. Relax at bed-time! Take a beauty-bath with Cashmere Bouquet Soap, then a lukewarm shower.

MORE LATER, Candy

Harry Owens . . .

King of the Royal Hawaiians



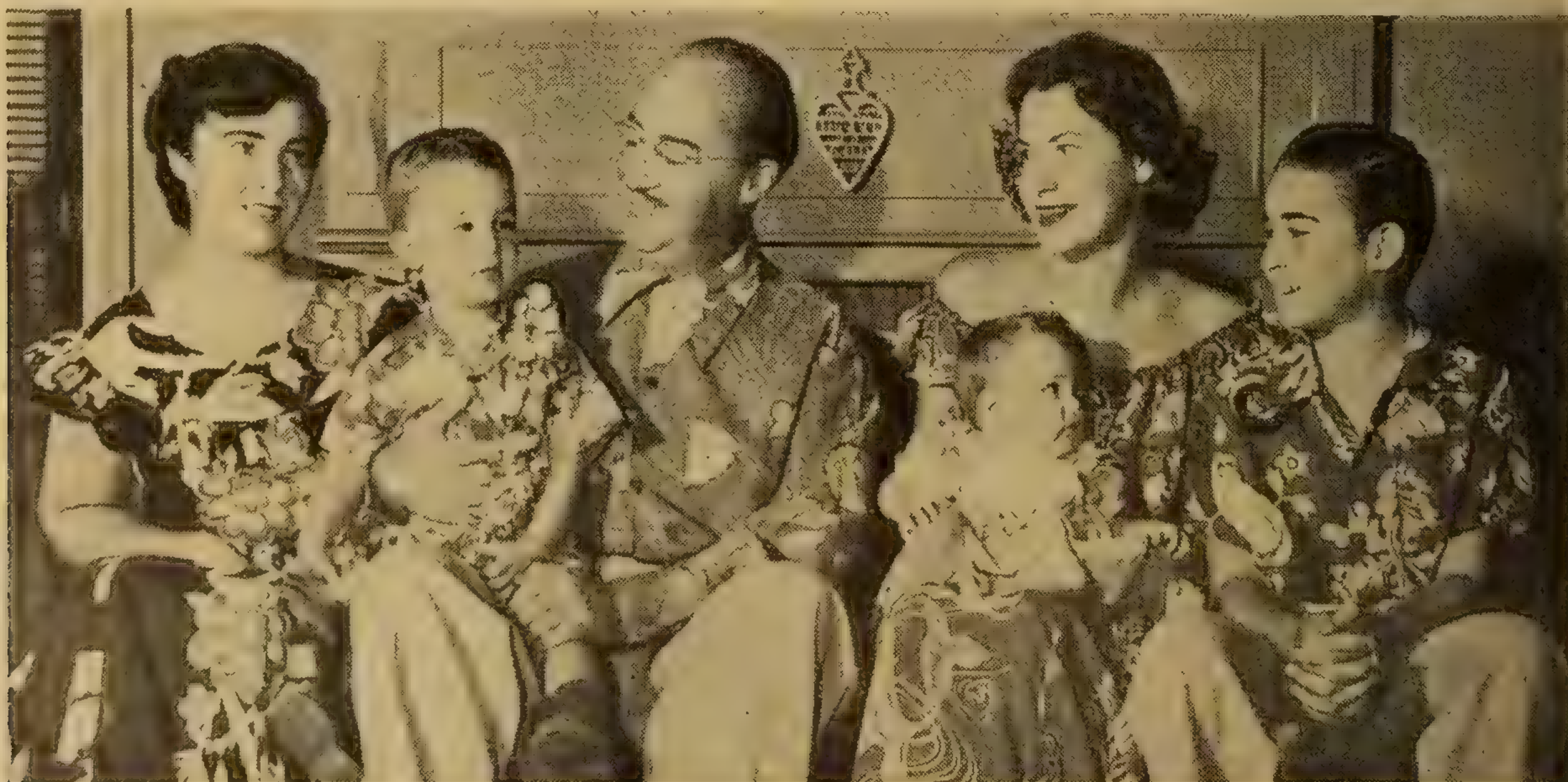
KNXT's Harry Owens, who calls Hawaii his second home.

WHILE still in high school in O'Neill, Nebraska, Harry Owens started blowing the trumpet and arranging music. By the time he was graduated, Harry was determined to become a musician, but his parents insisted on a law career, so he enrolled in Loyola University to make the folks happy. Three years later, Harry gave up hopes for a legal career, organized his own band and proceeded to join other young musicians in the quest for fame and fortune in what Harry refers to now as the "starvation circuit."

The next few years were spent in towns all over the country, living out of suitcases and bedding down in third-rate hotels. Then, one night—as Harry was playing the last date of an engagement, with no job to look forward to—a man in the audience approached Harry and asked him if he'd like to come to Hawaii and organize a native band to play at one of the island's exclusive hotels. Harry accepted, and from that time on the starvation days were over. Harry and Hawaii seemed to belong together. He made friends with the natives easily, and was able to dig out old Hawaiian folk tunes and use them as material for his arrangements.

Harry got to Hawaii in 1934 for what was to be a four-month contract, but in December, 1941, when Pearl Harbor was bombed, Harry was still there. During the war he returned to the United States with his Hawaiian group. They made their TV debut in 1949—and that was the beginning of a new following for Harry. Ever since, the Harry Owens Show on KNXT in Hollywood has been a must-watch for thousands of fans.

Besides having the largest collection of Hawaiian music in the United States, Harry has written some famous songs about his favorite island. The one everyone will remember is "Sweet Leilani." Each summer, Harry and his family spend three months in Hawaii, since to the Owenses the lovely island has always meant their luck and life's fulfillment.



Leilani, Timmy, Harry, Melinda, Mrs. Harry and Butch Owens in Hawaiian costume.

Thrilling Beauty News *for users of* Liquid Shampoos!

LUSTRE-CREME is the favorite beauty shampoo of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood stars... and you'll love it in its new Lotion Form, too!

Marilyn Monroe

starring in

"GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES"

A 20th Century-Fox Production
Color by Technicolor



MARILYN MONROE says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be *your* choice above all others, too?

Now! Lustre-Creme Shampoo also in New Lotion Form!



NEVER BEFORE—a liquid shampoo like this! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in new Lotion Form is much more than just another shampoo that pours. It's a *new* creamy lotion, a fragrant, satiny, easier-to-use lotion, that brings *Lustre-Creme* glamour to your hair with every heavenly shampoo!



VOTED "BEST" IN DRAMATIC USE-TESTS! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in new Lotion Form was tested against 4 leading liquid and lotion shampoos . . . all unlabeled. And *3 out of every 5 women preferred Lustre-Creme* in new Lotion Form over each competing shampoo tested—for these important reasons:

- * Lather foams more quickly!
- * Easier to rinse away!
- * Cleans hair and scalp better!
- * Leaves hair more shining!
- * Does not dry or dull the hair!
- * Leaves hair easier to manage!
- * Hair has better fragrance!
- * More economical to use!



Yes! Now take your choice:

Famous Cream Form...or new Lotion Form



Famous Cream Form in jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$1.
(Big economy size, \$2.)



New Lotion Form in handy bottles, 30¢ to \$1.

POUR IT ON—OR CREAM IT ON! In Cream Form, Lustre-Creme is America's favorite cream shampoo. And all its beauty-bringing qualities are in the new Lotion Form. Whichever form you prefer, lanolin-blessed Lustre-Creme leaves your hair shining-clean, eager to wave, never dull or dry.

Prove it to Yourself...

Lustre-Creme in new Lotion Form is the best liquid shampoo yet!

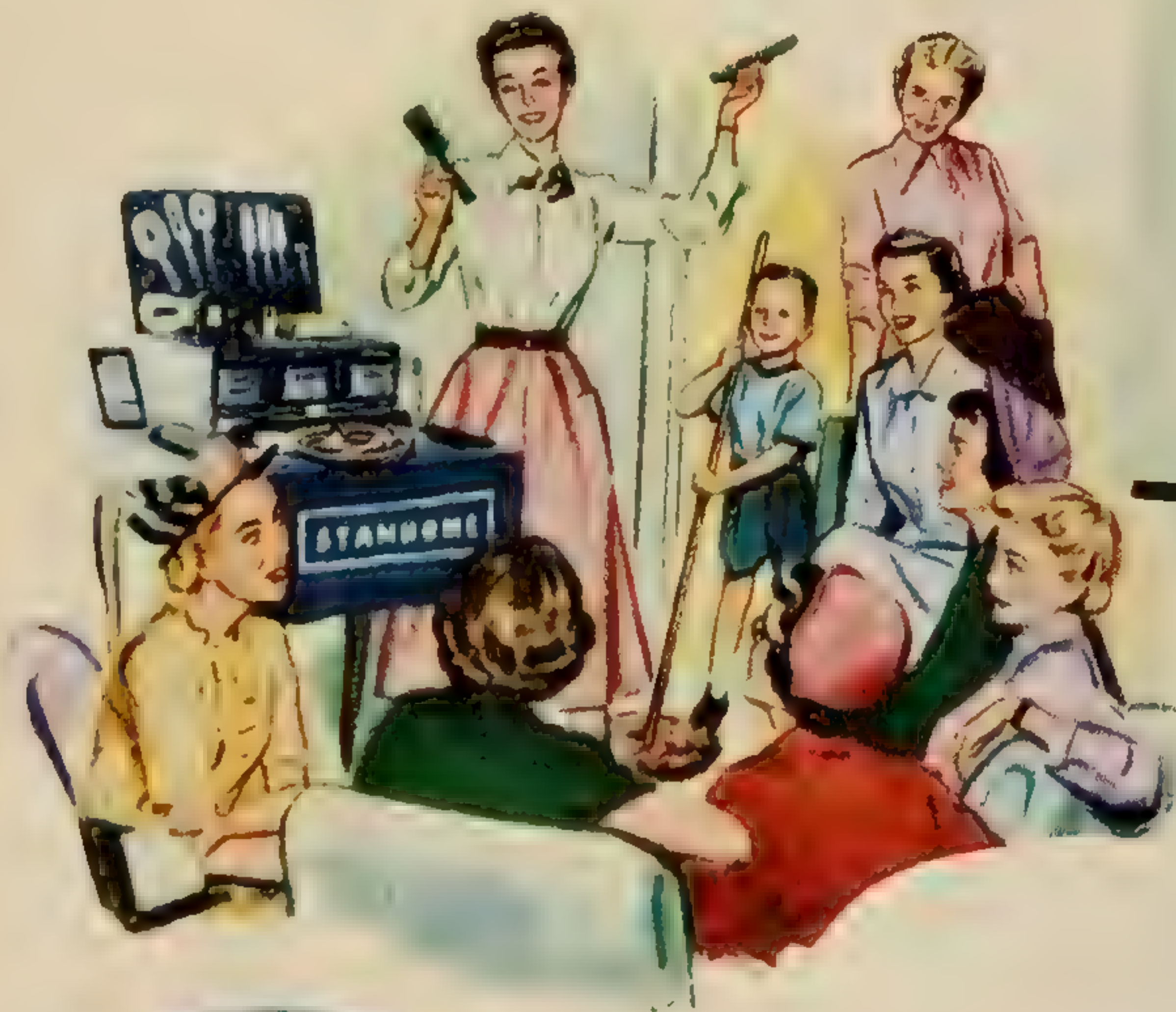


Why husbands love wives

TO SHOP AT STANLEY HOSTESS PARTIES



Husbands like to come home to wives who are not all fagged out from housework. That's why so many husbands encourage wives to shop at Stanley Hostess Parties for the many wonderful products Stanley provides to save time and work in housekeeping. Dusters, Mops, Brooms, Brushes, Waxes, Polishes, Cleaning Chemicals, as well as a wealth of attractive items to improve personal grooming.



Be sure you have these and other work-savers FEATURED AT STANLEY PARTIES

- ☐ AMAZO MOP
Extremely absorbent.
- ☐ FURNITURE CREAM
Super quality.
- ☐ WINDOW CLEAN
Cleans quicker, better.
- ☐ E-Z CLEANER
Keeps woodwork spotless.
- ☐ E-Z GLOW WAX
To keep floors beautiful.
- ☐ FLOOR CLEANER
and Wax Remover.
- ☐ TAN SWIVEL MOP
To keep floors dustless.
- ☐ E-Z BROOM
For easier sweeping.

GIVE YOUR OWN STANLEY HOSTESS PARTY

To arrange for your own Stanley Hostess Party, just phone or write your Stanley Dealer, your nearest Stanley Home Products Branch office, or communicate direct with Stanley's main office in Westfield, Mass.



Originators of the Famous Stanley Hostess Party Plan

Stanley Home Products, Inc., Westfield, Mass.
Stanley Home Products of Canada, Ltd., London, Ont.
(Copr. 1953 Stanley Home Products, Inc.)

Information Booth

(Continued)

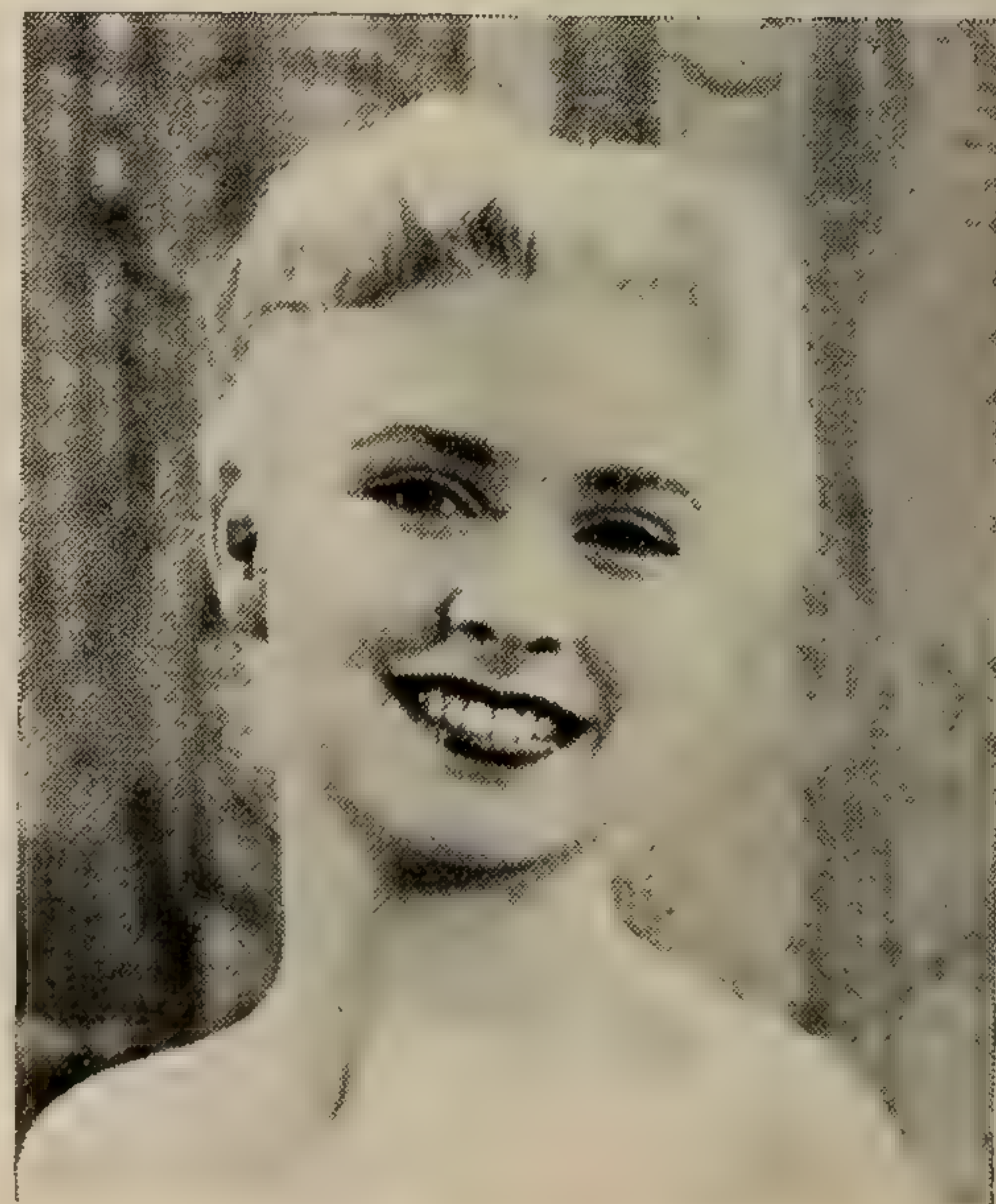
Cindy Robbins

Dear Editor:

I have always admired Cindy Robbins, the girl who brings in the questions to Randy Merriman on *The Big Payoff*. Would you please print a picture of her and give me some information about her?
C. B., Alliance, Ohio

Lovely, blue-eyed Cindy Robbins is a girl worth admiring, for, at sixteen, she has come a long way on the road of success. Her talented career began when she was only nine years old. Then, she appeared in 20th Century-Fox's "If I'm Lucky." By the time she was eleven, she had appeared in two more films. She also did a solo in Ken Murray's "Blackouts" at the same ripe age. While attending Glendale Junior High School in California, Cindy was song leader and taught dancing to 165 students. It was after she was made queen of the school's Junior Prom that Cindy's future life with *The Big Payoff* began. For, last spring, the show made a visit to Hollywood, and Cindy was one of six girls chosen from thousands to temporarily replace the Eastern models. But Cindy made such a big hit, she was kept on the show permanently and was brought to New York. She now lives with friends on Long Island.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, RADIO-TV MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.



Cindy Robbins



NEW TANGEE



**looks lovelier...feels lovelier...
and it STAYS PUT!**

Instantly your lips feel soft, fresh, youthful because Tangee is extra rich in lanolin...base of the most costly cosmetic creams. No harsh chemicals to dry or irritate your lips...and so easy to apply.

For hours and hours and hours that fresh look STAYS PUT...thanks to Tangee's new miracle ingredient, Permachrome! In 9 thrilling new shades — from fabulous Pinks to the most glorious Reds.



NEW MIRACLE COSMETIC!

Loveliness glows beneath your fingertips as you touch Tangee's new liquid cream base to your skin. Never masklike or greasy, Miracle Make-Up by Tangee keeps powder on amazingly long. Six basic shades...one will really seem custom-made for you.

NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU PAY,
YOU CANNOT BUY A FINER LIPSTICK THAN
NEW COLOR-TRUE

Tangee
LIPSTICK

WITH PERMACHROME — EXTRA-RICH IN LANOLIN

Prell SHAMPOO

LEAVES HAIR

'Radiantly Alive'



Created by Procter & Gamble

... SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNGER LOOKING!



Try thrilling Prell just once and you'll fall in love forever! That's because Prell does such wondrous things for your hair . . . leaves it angel-soft and smooth as satin . . . gleaming with a young-looking, exquisite radiance you never knew it had! Yes, *radiance comparison tests* prove Prell leaves your hair gloriously, "radiantly alive"—more radiant than any leading cream or soap shampoo! You'll love Prell's emerald-clear form, too—it's wonderfully *different*! So easy to use—no spill, drip, or bottle to break. So economical—no waste. So handy at home or traveling. Try marvelous Prell *this very night*—you'll love it!

BEAUTY MIRACLE FOR YOUNGER-LOOKING HAIR!



Three loved ones who make Eve's house a home—Brooks West, Liza, and Connie.

Mother Eve

By BETTY MILLS

A HOUSE IS A HOME—if it holds memories. Every room in Eve Arden's Hollywood Hills home, from the children's nursery to her husband's den, holds recollections of the past. Most of the memories are gay. But a few, like the thoughts of the children growing up into adults, are a little sad.

Yet, it is the gay memories that the rooms conjure up for Eve which predominate. In the nursery, it's the thoughts of her two growing daughters, Liza, nine, Connie, five—and her new infant son, Duncan Paris. The nursery spawns both sad and happy thoughts for Eve,

Eve Arden of *Our Miss Brooks* wanted children to love in a place called home

See Next Page ▶

Mother Eve



Eve and Brooks found sailing for Europe a quiet affair, compared with Liza's and Connie's mad dash for the school bus each morning!

Eve Arden is *Our Miss Brooks*—as heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 6:30 P.M. EDT, for Colgate-Palmolive—seen on CBS-TV, Fri., 9:30 P.M., for General Foods.



Even the Siamese cats have ad

like the tears that spring from great joy. A glance at the two rose and gray cribs is enough to bring a happy tear to her eye—soon, she thinks, the cribs and the happy days she's spent next to them will be an older memory still. In the kitchen, it's the children's toys on the floor and the pungent memory of Brooks' roast.

With the bedroom—well, if you have a sense of humor, it's a funny room. It's where Junior, the Siamese cat, got to Brooks' cashmere sweater and Eve's angora stole. Junior the cat loves to eat wool.

But there's the den—more of the children's toys, some of Brooks' and her scripts—and Eve's fan mail; fan mail from those of her fans who are teachers. They appreciate the job Eve's doing as school teacher Connie in *Our Miss Brooks*. A job to show that teachers, who are generally underpaid, are also overly patient with



Getting set for that school teacher's dream—vacation.

their share to Eve's house of memories.

their charges, young demons with hyper-imaginations.

After wandering once through the house, it seems to Eve that the children's laughter and their toys, too, run through it like a silver thread. They give it meaning—and the thoughts and memories of them make the house a home.

"In the morning," says Eve, "the nurse and I get the girls ready for school. It can be bedlam, because they have to be ready for the public school bus. 'Old Deadline,' we call it. A radio director could set his stop watch by it. It rolls by at 8:50 A.M. on the nose, and if the girls aren't ready, too bad!"

When the girls are packed aboard, shouting and screaming, a sudden quiet descends on the house. "The stilly hours," Eve calls them. "It's a wonderful time of day."

Back in (Continued on page 107)

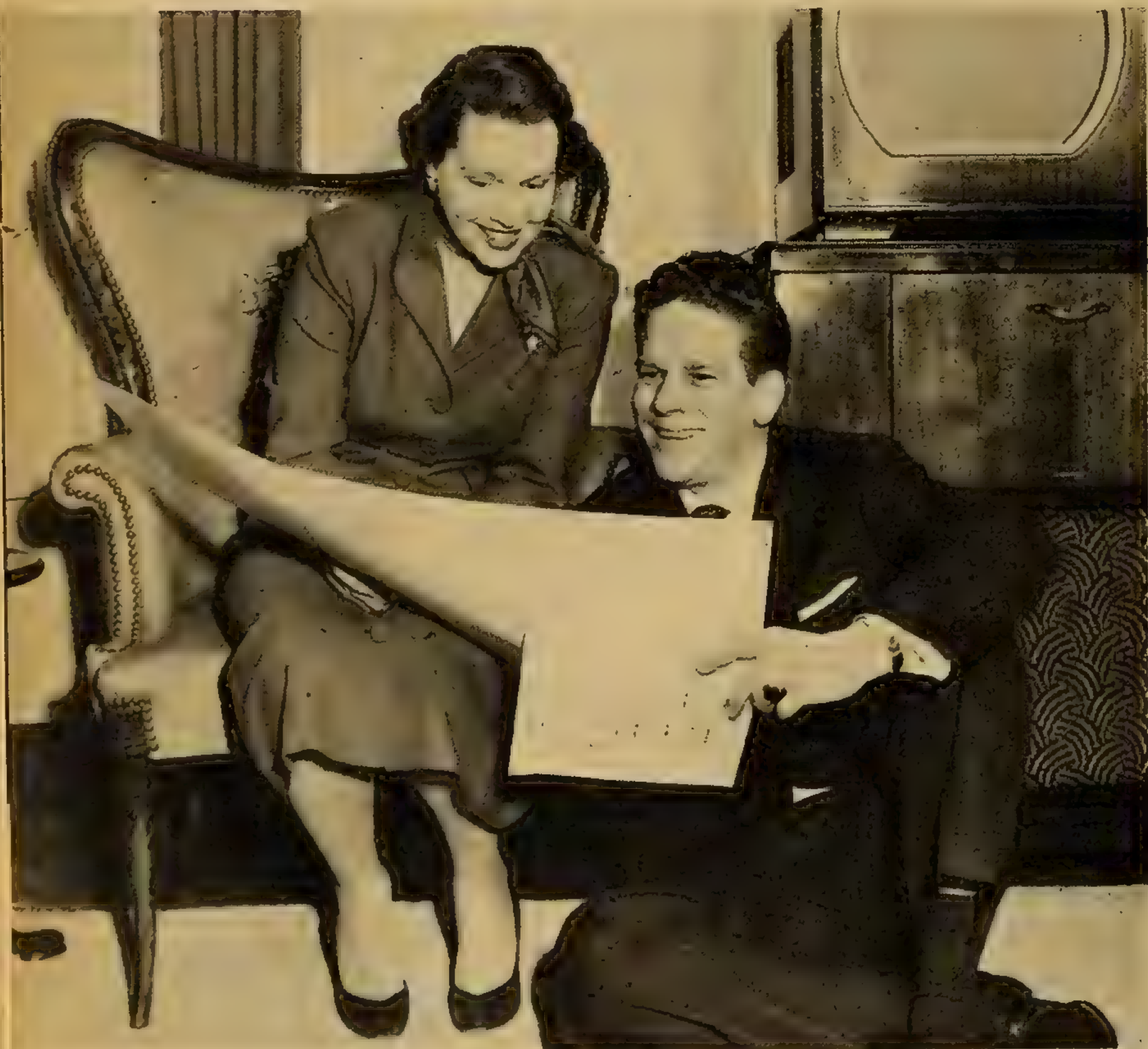


Through the Foster Parents' Plan for War Children, "Our Miss Brooks" has a son in France, too—young Daniel Sens, 13 (center).

Snooky leads a good, honest life where responsibilities and pleasures are taken in stride



Snooky and Florence traveled thousands of miles—and braved a flood!—before they found the one house where they could really be at home.



Ernie's "slugging" is Snooky's pride.

By MARTIN COHEN

SNOOKY LANSON, star of *Your Hit Parade* on NBC-TV, is one of the singing idols of our day.

But, unlike many other popular singers, Snooky's private life is not very public. He doesn't allow pleasure to interfere with show business, yet, figuratively speaking, there is a big sign on his front gate that warns: "Business and Broadway—Keep Out!"

"One thing I own up to being selfish about is my free time," Snooky says. "I try to spend all of it in my own back yard."

The back yard is in Hartsdale, New York, within easy commuting distance of Radio City. The Lansons—Snooky, Florence, their eight-year-old son Ernie and six-year-old daughter Beth—have a two-story house of English fieldstone and stucco on three-quarters of an acre. And—if it isn't Thursday, Friday or Saturday, when Snooky is tied up with the elaborate preparations that go into *Your Hit Parade*—you'll likely find him keeping his stomach flat (Continued on page 89)

Snooky Lanson is seen and heard on *Your Hit Parade*, over NBC-TV, Saturdays, at 10:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by the American Tobacco Company for Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

YOUR HIT PARADE'S



Young Beth's not as shy as she looks. Ernie's the one who can't be persuaded to sing!

SNOOKY LANSON

EXCLUSIVE!



Jan Miner cherishes every moment as she and Terry O'Sullivan build

By ELIZABETH BALL

SO PROUD to be Mrs. O'Sullivan!" Jan said suddenly and, I dare say, surprisingly—at least, to those who are not aware that, in private life, Julie Paterno of *Hilltop House* is Mrs. Terence O'Sullivan, née Jan Miner.

But so she is, and a happier wife doesn't exist. As Jan was talking about Terry, the radio and TV shows he's doing, his active mind, the many projects ("Most of them originate with Terry") he and Jan share—it was in the middle of toting up the score of her married

happiness that the explosive "So proud!" burst from Jan's smiling lips.

When I remarked that her marriage is liable to surprise many of her fans, Jan said, nodding, "It probably will. I haven't talked about my marriage, hardly at all, I guess. Not, that is, in print. But—if you're interested and think the fans will be—where," Jan laughed, "shall I begin?"

"At the beginning," I said, "at the very boy-meets-girl beginning."

Marriage

IS A PRECIOUS THING!



a life together

Whether working at the old farm or at the new cabin, Jan remembers the wonder of that first date with Terry, when she discovered: "Why, he loves the country, too!"

See Next Page ▶

MARRIAGE IS A PRECIOUS THING!

And so, over morning coffee in the green-walled living room of the O'Sullivan's New York apartment, Jan gave me her love story and her marriage story (which is a continuing love story)—a scoop story, I'm "so proud" to say!

"Terry and I met," she said, "where radio and TV actors usually meet—across a mike. On Wynn Wright's show, *Official Detective*, it was. Terry had just come from Hollywood where he'd been on the *Horace Heidt*, *Jack Smith*, *Glamour Manor* and other top shows. On *Official Detective*, we played a husband and wife. Seems prophetic now, but it didn't then, because we didn't fall in love across the mike—at first sight. We just sort of liked each other. I just thought: Heavens, this is an awfully nice boy! When the show ended, Terry asked, 'Can I buy you a Coke?' But I had a date and so, with the conventional 'We must get together sometime,' we took off in opposite directions.

"It was to be six months before we went out together. During those six months, we'd see each other in studios and corridors, and each time we met he'd say, in passing, 'Can I buy you a Coke?' It got to be a gag line. Got to be so I'd say it to him first. Or try to.

"Then one night, at Cherio's, there was I, having dinner with a date, when Terry came in. Alone. He waved across a crowded room. And I sent a Coke (why not go along with a gag?) to his table. Ten

Nothing Terry enjoys more than being busy on a project!



minutes after I got home that evening, he called.

"When can I buy you a Coke?" he asked.

"Tomorrow," I said, "tomorrow evening." And didn't dream—no premonition whatsoever—that after tomorrow evening I would never ever date anyone but Mr. Terry O'Sullivan again! Plainly," Jan laughed, "I am not psychic—neither hear voices nor see the writing on the wall!

"We went back the next evening, that most eventful evening of my life, to Cherio's. We went on, later, to the theatre and, presumably, we saw a play. But what play, who was in it, what it was about, I haven't and have never had the faintest recollection. Such was my state of mind that it just didn't register. But Mr. O'Sullivan did!

"As we talked at dinner, I remember thinking: He's not only handsome, he's bright. He's got an exciting mind. Seems to be thoroughly grown-up, too. The mature mind (I can't abide the spoiled, little-boy man!) and—he loves the country!

"I made this all-important discovery when he told



Projects are many in the O'Sullivan household. In city or country, Jan and Terry find many things to do.

me that he was from Kansas City but had always lived on the edge of town with the country near him; that his dad had always let him have horses; that he'd always been at home, and happiest, in the woods and fields, on ranches and farms.

"I was, at first, slightly skeptical. I mean—people say things! I'd been telling him about my farm, Morrow Farm up in Meredith, New Hampshire, and of my love of the farm and of New Hampshire. In talking to Terry, I'd made it very clear to him that I'm a country girl at heart, with all my heart, and so, for all I knew, he was just being courteous and congenial.

BUT our next date taught me," Jan laughed, "that Terry says what he means and means what he says. He took me to Hamburger Heaven for dinner that night and then—to the Poultry Show at Grand Central Palace! *And he knew every breed of hen on exhibition.* Minorcas. Rhode Island Reds. White Rocks. He named 'em all by name. He stopped me,

Farmer Miner, who raises chickens (White Rocks) at the farm. He also told me which hens he thought were the best layers, and why. He not only topped me, he stopped me!

"Just about this time, my dad's birthday was coming up and Mother called to ask whether I was coming up for it. I said yes, I was, and that I'd met a chap who would, I thought, fit in and I'd bring him along. So we flew up to the farm for the birthday weekend. And Terry met the folks, my mother, Dad, my brothers Lindsey and Sheldon and their wives and children (Donald and his family were unable to be with us)—likewise, the whole menagerie of chickens, turkeys, geese, registered Hampshire sheep, horses dogs and cats. And he not (Continued on page 109)

Jan Miner stars in *Hilltop House*, CBS Radio, M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, for Alka-Seltzer. Terry O'Sullivan is in *Search For Tomorrow*, CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M., for Procter & Gamble.

“WHEN YOU KEEP ON

Daughter Stephanie's good health is one of many things Paul and Dorothy are thankful for today.



“The crippling of my body from polio was my greatest incentive to succeed,” says Paul Winchell

TRYING—"

By MARIE KEMP

WHEN PAUL WINCHELL carries Jerry Mahoney into a hospital ward and sits him on his knee, beside the bed of a crippled child, his memory ranges back almost twenty-four years. He sees himself at six, stricken down with polio. Lying in a hospital for three long months. Coming home at last to devoted parents whose hearts ached for their boy but who were determined not to show their pity and make his plight worse. He remembers his awed little sisters. He remembers the years of struggling against a limp, because one leg remained two inches shorter than the other, and its muscles were very weak. He remembers how shut out he was from the strenuous play of childhood and from the competitive sports he longed to enter.

He doesn't feel sorry for that little boy he used to be. "I couldn't," he says, "because that struggle against polio and its crippling marks on my body were my greatest incentives to work, and to succeed. I knew that I had to be twice as good at anything I could do than the other kids were. So-called handicaps can hold a person back (Continued on page 78)

The Paul Winchell Show, NBC-TV, Sun., 7 P.M. EDT; sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Cheer and Camay.



Amateur Hour winner—Paul, at 13.



Paul and his partner, Jerry Mahoney, love to help children—whether it's a Cerebral Palsy campaign (above and below, right)—or cheering up a Greek war orphan (below, left) undergoing plastic surgery.





Whispering

Sometimes, a stranger can hear and see
more than two lovers comprehend

By
HOPE WINSLOW

IF you listen carefully, you can hear the sound of voices, the whispered presence of people past and present, on any of the highways or byways of the world. I've always been particularly sensitive to the sound of whispers on boats, for there is something about the water, the sun, the elements—yes, even the power of the storms—which brings out strength and weakness in human beings . . . and isn't that what makes for drama? I have to admit, therefore, the day I was crossing from Manhattan to Staten Island, my ears were listening to the conversation of the two young people who stood at the rail of the boat. There was almost a sharp, pleading quality to the voice of the boy addressed as "Joe," and the inaudible murmur of "Hilda's" replies. Hilda's golden hair glistened in the sun and, beside her, Joe looked like a giant, dark, handsome and strong. . . . Suddenly, she pulled away from his side and stood facing him. "Joe," she was saying, "I hadn't meant for us to meet here, or ever again. I guess I'm always making mistakes—but I didn't want to ever see you again. This is like the time you brought Jeanine home from abroad as your wife." Joe's face took on a baffled, hurt look. "I know a little of how you must feel, Hilda. What I mistook for love was mere wartime infatuation, loneliness—actually, a longing to be with you—that made me seek another girl's companionship." Joe's face darkened. "But, Hilda, you've known all this—everything else, too, about my past. After all, Jeanine has been dead now for almost a year—even the ghosts of her meeting you, of your hurt, must have been laid to rest with her. Why have

you run away? Certainly, my love has not changed in the month or two months since we found each other again." Hilda shook her head and, as she tilted her head to look into Joe's eyes, her tears were momentarily caught and held by the sun. "Joe, I can't hurt you any more. I can't be with you. I can't marry you. Please go away and leave me alone." Almost in anger, Joe left her side and strode to the bow of the boat. I watched as Hilda slowly lowered her face into her cupped hands and her shoulders shook with sobs. The boat began the slow grinding process of docking and I glimpsed Joe up ahead. I was almost on the verge of running after him, but something stayed me . . . something sacred between two people, something almost as strong as fate. I watched as Joe made his way down the gangplank. From the dock came a boyish shriek, "Daddy, Daddy," and a young fellow, tall and straight as an arrow, unclenched his hand, held by a woman of about fifty. He hurled himself at Joe. . . . Little Hilda must have been watching, too, for there was an imperceptible slowing of her footsteps, and then her chin went up and she walked straight to a waiting car—an ambulance for the tuberculosis sanitarium. Quickly, I sought Joe's figure in the crowd and then I realized that he was flinging his child to his shoulder . . . and, by the time he'd turned, the ambulance was already making its way up the hill. He stood for a long while searching the crowd of faces. Perhaps in a year, perhaps in two, on some street corner or byway of the world, these two may see each other. Joe, I'm sure, will always be searching, and Hilda will be waiting.

Whispering Streets, on ABC Radio, M-F, 10:25 A.M. EDT, for General Mills, Inc., and the Toni Co. Author Hope Winslow is narrator. Lorna Lynn and Henry Barnard are seen here as Hilda and Joe.

Streets



BRIDE AND GROOM HELPED THIS COUPLE WHEN THEY'D ALMOST GIVEN UP HOPE



Love spoke to me



Emcee John Nelson (far left, opposite page) gets our heartfelt thanks for a wonderful wedding. In our party, above—bridesmaid Ruth Korn, Yvonne's parents, my bride and I, my parents, and flower girl Carol.

By SAM DUBINSKY

ON THE evening of June 7, 1951, I picked up *The Newark Evening News*, and there on the front page was the picture of a complete stranger—but a very pretty stranger, whom I was to marry twenty months later on CBS-TV's *Bride And Groom*. It sounds so simple—now.

I was twenty-seven and had a little more hair then. It's dark brown hair, and I have blue eyes and I'm of medium height. I had recently graduated from Pace College under the GI Bill, for I'm a veteran of World War II. I was a meat salesman then, as I am now, for Dubin Provisions Company.

It was my habit to buy a paper on the way home and then flop on the sofa with it until Mother called me to dinner. And that was what I did on the evening of June seventh.

Well, I've seen lots of things in newspapers: fires, ball scores, glamour gals, wars, and even fish. But on the lower half of the first page I found my future wife. This wasn't cheesecake. It was a picture of a pretty (Continued on page 87)

Bride And Groom, with John Nelson as emcee, is seen over CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EDT; it is sponsored M, W and F by General Mills, Inc., and Tu and Th by the Toni Company.



One of the great gifts we got on the program!

from a newspaper



Little Nancy wasn't there when the house was being planned, but no one enjoys it more now!



Charles laid out the floor plans, Julie helped clear the land, Nancy's admiral of the private pond.

Helen Trent's DREAM HOUSE



Modern outside, Early American inside, that's the place for a happy trio—Charles, Julie, and Nancy.

By MARIE HALLER

FOR SOME years now—a little over nine, to be exact—Julie Stevens, star of *The Romance Of Helen Trent*, on CBS, has been considered by many of her friends and acquaintances to be just a little bit mad. Oh, quite harmlessly—in fact, quite amusingly so—but, nevertheless, a little mad. After all, wouldn't a lovely, petite, and strictly feminine young woman have to be a little—well, peculiar—to spend her weekends and vacations sawing down trees, clearing away underbrush, putting up a prefabricated cabin, cooking on a kerosene stove, and living without electricity? And loving every moment of it!

"Yes," laughs Julie, her green eyes sparkling, "I know many of my friends thought I was queer. I talked incessantly about our cabin, our lake, our acreage. I spent (Continued on page 104)

Julie Stevens has the title role in *The Romance Of Helen Trent*, CBS Radio, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, for Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway, Inc.



Julie Stevens worked to build her home—with her heart and with her hands



the BIG PAYOFF MAN

Randy Merriman found life's rich rewards—even when the going was tough



No big-city pastimes for Randy, Evelyn, and their youngsters. A fast game of croquet is just their style.

By PAUL DENIS

RANDY MERRIMAN hung up the telephone in his home in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Walt Framer, the producer of *The Big Payoff*, had just finished talking to him. Randy was being asked to be in New York in just eleven days to take over as master of ceremonies for Framer's new show, *The Big Payoff*.

Actually, Randy had been expecting the call—for, on November 18, 1951, he'd flown to New York to audition for the job. However, it could have gone to any one of a dozen persons, so he and his wife Evelyn had thought about the possibilities of its coming through only in a vague sort of way. Now, however, the time for decision was here. It meant big-time for Randy. It meant uprooting his home, his three children, and leaving behind memories and relatives and, most important—friends. In Minneapolis, Randy was a big radio and TV personality. In New York, anything could happen. *The Big Payoff* was only for thirteen weeks. What if the (Continued on page 81)

Randy Merriman emcees *The Big Payoff*—seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 3 P.M.—on NBC-TV, Sun., 8 P.M., EDT—for Colgate-Palmolive.



Well, Randy and the boys do speed things up a bit, practicing basketball in their own "back-yard" court.



Randy proudly presents his family: First, Evelyn, the loyal wife who reassured him: "We can make a go of it anywhere—together." Then daughter Susan, their first-born, and two sons, seven-year-old Tommy and ten-year-old Michael. Together, they've found a new Garden of Eden in their ranch-style Garden City home.





First love was a harmonica. Playing it got Herb into show business—and it was in show business that he found his wife Pixie!

HERB SHRINER walks out in front of the *Two For The Money* TV cameras, sort of dragging his feet as if too embarrassed to face an audience, one hand pulling a little nervously at his ear, a lock of blond hair falling over his eyes as a kind of temporary shield. In a moment, he will be talking, in his easy-going, amusing way, about his neighbors back home in Indiana. A gentle, understanding kind of humor, never barbed or caustic, based upon his observations of human nature. Humor based upon things he began noticing as a boy, growing up in Fort Wayne, or while spending his vacations hanging around his grandfather's general store in Tipton, Michigan.

The Herb Shriver of today is still a country boy, although he lives in a New York apartment, opposite Central Park. "Sure had to find one near the Park," he says, "to keep the city from stifling me." He is still easy-going, too, letting his wife, Pixie, worry with such matters as budgets and bookkeeping, because, "She's better at these things than I am. Besides she likes to do it. Trouble is, I can't be easy-going any more about much of anything. The way the world is, things just zoom by you. I'd sure like to just sort of go along and

Herb Shriver is

EASY DOES IT!

By FRANCES KISH

Herb's a sea-going Hoosier, reads about sailboats when he's not out on his own 40-footer.



is a country boy with a hankering for tinkering and loafing



Shriner is crazy about anything on wheels, but little Indy doesn't have to put on roller skates to prove she's tops with her dad. Just past two, Indy (short for "Indiana") is expecting a baby brother or sister about Christmastime.

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EASY DOES IT!

have a lot of time to be with Pixie and our little girl, Indy, and fool around with boats and old automobiles and inventions and stuff I collect and fix up, but things aren't geared that way. You know, being in New York, and television and radio and all the rest of it." And his voice trails off a little mournfully as he reviews the success that keeps him from being too casual about living.

Herb and Pixie have moved—bag and baggage, furnishings and masses of miscellaneous paraphernalia—three times since they were married on December 20, 1949. At the time of their wedding, Pixie was the Joy half of the dance team of Olsen and Joy. (Her real name was Eileen McDermott, but only her mother still calls her Eileen. She's small, red-headed, cute and pixie-ish.)

"You might say it was sort of a blind-type date that brought us together," Herb tells about it. "I was doing a radio show, and some friends brought Pixie to the broadcast. About three years later, we got married. I liked her, but I was on the road a lot—night-club dates and vaudeville—and Pixie was working, too, so we didn't get much chance to see each other. We sort of corresponded."

They were married in Maryland, near Washington, D. C., where Pixie was working that week. It was a double wedding, in which a couple of friends joined them. Pixie had to finish up her tour in Boston. Herb went back to New York, where he was preparing a new TV show and weeding out closets in his small apartment, to make room for Pixie's things. Very soon, however, it became apparent that his collections of

Cars are another passion with the gadget-minded Herb Shriner. Fortunately, his wife shares his enthusiasms—and so does the canine member of the family, Gypsy.





Miniature auto collection contains models dating back over half a century; gives Herb a great chance to indulge his genius for taking things apart and putting 'em back together.

clocks and camera supplies, coffee-makers and tires, nautical gadgets and records, and six or seven other categories of collections, couldn't be moved into any smaller space, and the safari was on, from one apartment to another.

THEIR daughter Indy's arrival a little more than two years ago made another move necessary. The present apartment has plenty of space for the new baby, too, expected some time around Christmas. "We're figuring on one present a year for this new one," Herb explains, "covering birthday and Christmas, but I suppose the baby will get wise to us before long, and then the whole scheme will blow up." What the new baby, boy or girl, will be named is anybody's guess. "Indy" is short for Herb's home state of Indiana.

Characteristic of a fellow like Herb who is a born gadgeteer and experimenter, with a flair for engineering, electronics, carpentry and general all-around fix-it ability, the Shriner apartment is honeycombed with a special telephone system. "The way I had the thing figured out, there would always be one telephone open in case somebody wanted to talk. But suddenly, in the middle of a call, everything goes blank. Ten to one, when we start looking for the trouble, we find little Indy in the back room switching things around like mad, thinking it's a great joke. The basic thing

about jokes is the element of surprise, and Indy seems to have learned that by instinct!"

Indy has a couple of what Herb calls "kid-type jokes" she uses on company. Ask her her name, and she gives a different one every time. "I'm Daddy Pixie Shriner," she'll say. Or "I'm Indy Herb Shriner." She's never just Indy Shriner to anyone outside the family.

Pixie tapes all of Herb's shows direct from the broadcasts on one of the two recorders Herb rigged up. It's like the telephone system, in a way—"We can't remember which switch turns what any more." Herb has records of all his shows, going 'way back, even to his first vaudeville routine. His first commercial recording is the theme song of his new motion picture. The picture is called "Main Street to Broadway," and the song is "Just a Girl." "First time I've sung in any show, and it sure seems funny. Never thought I'd make music, except with my harmonica. And maybe an accordion. I'm practicing on that now, and what with all the pushing and pulling you have to do, you're mighty pleased when you finally get it to working."

It's the harmonica that is (Continued on page 76)

Herb Shriner emcees *Two For The Money*—CBS-TV, Sat., 9 P.M., NBC Radio, Tues., 10 P.M.—both EDT, for Old Gold Cigarettes.



Drama in the Seymour family album, drama in those viewing it at Anne's home: On floor, left, Anne; on sofa, Jack Tyler, the director of *Armstrong's Theatre Of Today*—Anne's actress-mother, May Davenport Seymour—and Tyler's co-workers, Mary Cummings and Ray Rebhann; on the floor at right, Mrs. Tyler.



Anne Seymour changed the course

'Banish fear from your life''



ighbors and frequent visitors at Windswept, Anne's home in Connecticut, the Jack Tylers admire the flower-bedecked old—and Marmalade, the cat which shares Anne's happiness.



Sitting on the farm's original stone wall, which dates back to 1790, they find it hard to concentrate. Anne's "C.B." dog probably prefers chasing rabbits!

By GLADYS HALL

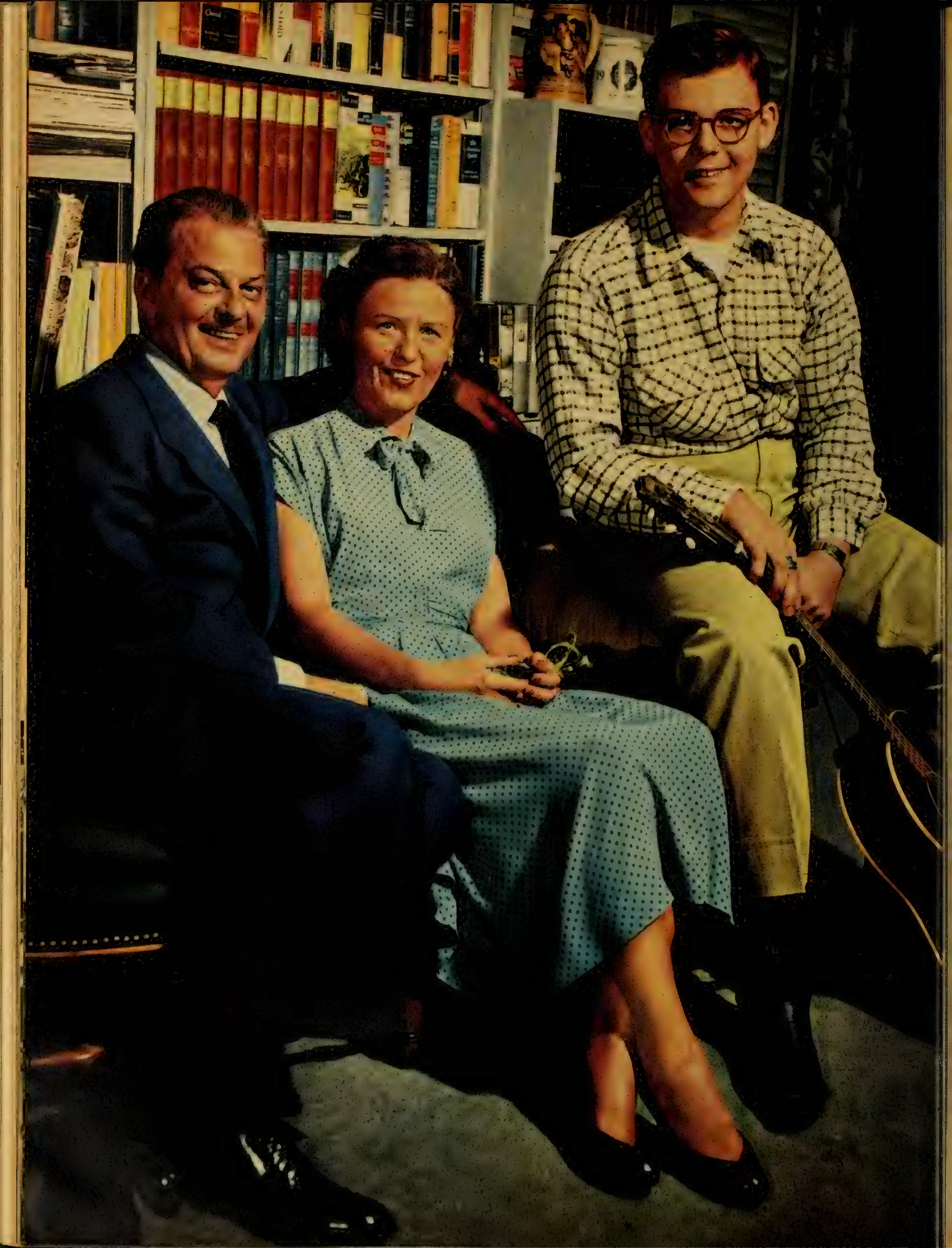
ANNE SEYMOUR, frequent star on *Armstrong's Theatre Of Today* and *Circle Theatre*, was riding the commuters' train from her home in Greenwich, Connecticut, to New York City when a miracle happened. It was the year 1948. Things had been in a state of transition for Anne—after successfully attaining stardom on the air for some twenty years, she had decided to subsidize herself in a new way of life. She had given up acting, except in a minimum way, to devote herself to writing. At the time of this particular trip, Anne had written three unproduced plays. But this wasn't all that was bothering her on the train.

"Writing is such lonesome work," Anne describes the days just preceding this eventful trip. "I'd always been used to having people around me—the casts I played with on *Mary Marlin*, the director, producer, musicians, technicians—interesting, stimulating people. And suddenly there were no people, not one. (Continued on page 97)

Anne is often heard on *Armstrong's Theatre Of Today*, CBS Radio, Sat., 12 noon, and *Armstrong's Circle Theatre*, NBC-TV, Tues., 9:30 P.M. EDT.



of her life when she made a chance discovery



They're very much alike, Vinton and Jean Hayworth and their son Dink (Vinton, Jr.). They all enjoy games, get a kick out of making or collecting things . . . and they all act on radio and TV.



THREE BUSY PEOPLE

The Vinton Hayworths crowd a
heap of living into triple careers
and a home that simply bulges

By MARY TEMPLE

ON A TREE-SHADED STREET, in a pleasant Long Island town about thirty minutes' drive from the heart of New York, there is an attractive little home. A home big enough for any average family of three, but hardly enough for the Hayworths—Vinton, Jean, and their seventeen-year-old son, Dink. Hardly big enough, because of the hobbies and interests of these three Hayworths, and the materials and equipment they require—the full-scale pieces of furniture Vinton turns out in his workshop . . . the miniature planes and other small-scale models that Dink puts (Continued on page 91)

Vinton Hayworth plays Dr. Edwards in *The Doctor's Wife*, on NBC Radio, M-F, 5:45 P.M., EDT, as sponsored by Ex-Lax, Inc. He also plays the title role in *Adventures Of Michael Shayne*, returning to ABC Radio early in October (check local papers).



Vinton's a fine doctor, a smart sleuth, on the air
—an expert furniture-designer in his own workshop.



Perry Como asks:

"What did I do big?"

**There are a lot
of answers to that**

By JANE KING

Perry's the kind of guy who says: "I'm nobody to yell about."



The kind of guy who sings . . . and can't see why folks like it . . . but is very happy they enjoy it.



It's made life wonderful . . . for him, his wife, his children . . . all the family he loves so much!



Once upon a time, Como (lower left) was just a vocalist for Ted Weems (center, with child singer Mary Lee).

CRAZY FOR HIM

THREE HOURS before the show, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, the kids are lined up at the stage door, waiting for him. He comes along finally, no tie, open shirt, whistling. He signs all the autograph books, pulls a pigtail, makes a joke, goes into the building, ready for work.

During rehearsal, it's murder. The kids are all sitting in air-conditioned ecstasy, and every time he opens his mouth—to sing a note, speak a word, or ask Lee Cooley (the producer) for a cigarette—they howl joyfully. It's as though you were back in Sinatra's heyday, as the moaning, screeching and cheering provide an hysterical counterpoint to Mitch Ayres' orchestral background.

Before he goes on the air, Perry makes a little speech. "Scream now, if you want to scream, kids. But please don't holler during the show. My mother doesn't understand about these things; she'll think I'm doing something wrong."

It's a little bit of an overstatement, that last. His mother could never think he was doing something wrong. Lucia Como is a woman who had thirteen children—Perry was the one right in the middle—and love enough for forty. She still lives in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, where she and Pietro Como raised their family.

Back in the Forties, after he first hit the real big money, Perry tried to get his parents to move closer to New York. When they refused, he realized how deeply they were rooted in the town, so he compromised, bought them a new house right there. They like the house, of course, but worldly goods never meant as much to the unworldly elder Comos as the sound of children—their own and their relatives'—laughing, fighting, demanding food, filling a place with life.

While Perry was growing up, Pietro Como worked in a tin-plate plant. It was hard labor for little money, but

CRAZY FOR HIM



Como still has his barbering skill (above) and the spirit for a mammoth Heart Fund benefit with Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin (below).



Eddie Fisher greets Perry as he arrives by plane to take part in "Eddie Fisher Day" festivities at Grossinger's famous resort in the Catskills.

he managed to feed and clothe his brood. For luxuries, they went elsewhere. When Perry wanted a secondhand bike, he worked overtime in a barber-shop for two years to save the money for it. He didn't feel injured, either. There were certain simple facts of life to face. Some people's families had money. His family had the things you couldn't buy.

Even today, Lucia Como can't accept the idea of large amounts of cash. For a long time, she faintly distrusted her new living quarters (because how could Perry afford this?) and, every time he'd give her a present, she'd eye him strangely. "I'm buying you a new washing machine," he'd say. "Where you gonna get the money?" she'd ask him. And he'd roar. "Honest, Mama, I don't have to steal it—"

THE whole town of Canonsburg is just as proud as Perry's mother and father about their local boy's having made good. In 1946, the town changed Third Avenue to Perry Como Avenue, and the governor of Pennsylvania made a speech. Perry was thrilled and embarrassed all at once.

"Changing the name of a street," he said to his wife, Roselle, later. "That's something you do for a real hero. What did I do big? I'm nobody to yell about. And Mama in the black dress, and everybody acting so stiff. Mrs. So-and-So used to smack my backside when I was a kid, and there she was trying to call me Mr. Como. I wanted to bawl—"

Roselle, who'd been through it all with him, nodded and grabbed his hand.

At fifteen, Roselle and Perry fell in love; at twenty-one, they were married. She'd have married him if he'd stayed a barber, which is the way he started out. She'd have married him if he'd been a street cleaner, a banker, or a trainer of chimpanzees. But he (Continued on page 80)



Big feature of the "Day" is a golf tournament, and Perry—who's proud of Eddie's success—prepares to play in his honor.



Autographs for the caddies, though Como still wonders why anyone wants his signature! He admires great newcomers like Eddie, but—"What did I do big?"



He's never forgotten how he got his own start as singer (in front of drum) with Freddie Carlone (in white).

CHOSEN CHILDREN

*Barbara Luddy let her heart find
the way, when words seemed to fail her*

By MAXINE ARNOLD





This family "chooses" to be together—announcer Ned ("Nick") LeFevre, young Chris, Barbara, little Biddy.

BARBARA LUDDY, on this night, had dropped her role as star of *First Nighter*. Her piquant face troubled, she was simply a mother, a housewife, as she stood at the kitchen range stirring a mixture in a saucepan for dinner. Just making motions. Actually, her whole mind and heart were with the voices she could hear coming from Chris's bedroom. That of her husband, Ned LeFevre—slow, deep (Continued on page 101)

Barbara Luddy co-stars with Olan Soule in *First Nighter*, NBC Radio, Tues., 8:30 P.M. EDT (check local papers for time change in September).



They play happily with Papa Nick, listen absorbed as Barbara reads—and ask questions which "adopted" parents find it very hard to answer.



THE GUIDING LIGHT

META and JOE ROBERTS





1 Meta Bauer Roberts listens sympathetically as her sister-in-law, Bert, tells Papa Bauer that her marriage to his son Bill is breaking up because of drink—and his need for another woman's encouragement.

*How can a marriage
succeed—unless it is
based on the kind of
love Joe and Meta
have for each other?*

JOE AND META ROBERTS are mature, understanding persons who can never be lost to each other, but who find their strength is sought and needed by those too puzzled, too confused, to carry on without help. There is between Joe and Meta a love, an understanding and a companionship, which every man and woman seek in marriage. Therefore, it is only natural that two persons, bewildered by life's blows, should seek their aid and their comforting influence. Bert Bauer, with her marriage to Bill going on the rocks, turns to her sister-in-law, Meta, for wisdom and guidance. The ugly roots of marital discord go far below the surface with Bill and Bert. . . . Bill's failure as an advertising man, his increasing tendency to lose himself in alcohol, his insistence that tomorrow—always tomorrow—will bring a better day for himself, for his wife and his child Michael, drive Bert to seek outside aid. Sick at heart over the events that have led to Bert's unhappiness, Meta can



2 Rev. Dr. Keeler hears Bert's story, too—but Bert doesn't really want advice. She has already decided to leave Bill and take their son Michael with her, believing it best for them all.

THE GUIDING LIGHT



3 Bill's reaction to his wife's departure is defiant but pitiful. He swears to his boy: "You're going to be proud of your old man—just wait and see!"

only suggest that Bert do everything in her power to hold her marriage together, until such a time as she feels Michael's future will be affected. When it comes to the child, here Meta knows Bert would do everything to protect him. . . . Meta's heart aches, as the weeks pass, for she sees that Bert is a woman who is still in love with her husband, but who feels there is nothing she can do—that, for Michael's sake, it's best that Bert take him and go to live with her mother and father. This, Bert hopes, will give Bill time to prove to himself that he has the strength to solve his own problems. Bill's reaction to Bert's leaving him is heart-rending. He strikes out against her—the woman he loves. Standing at the foot of his child's bed the night before Bert leaves, Bill takes a solemn oath: "You're not going to be ashamed of me. I'm going to amount to something, you just wait and see. You're going to be proud of your old man, you're going to be really proud." It is the speech of a really broken man. . . . In her own home Meta tries to keep the guiding light of her love for Joe burning ever brighter—for her stepdaughter Kathy needs its reassuring warmth against the troubles that have beset her own marriage. Kathy has been through a prolonged period of depression, following the birth of little Robin, and her husband Dick—with all his understanding and patience—finds himself more and more pushed out of her life. In furthering his career, Dick is given the opportunity of being a resident doctor at the hospital, and Kathy insists that he accept the position, although it will mean that he will have little time to be with her and with the new baby daughter. . . . Dick, at first, willingly believes

4 Bill is really a broken man, drowning his dreams of success in drink—turning desperately to others for the strength he had found in Bert.





5 In these dark days, the abiding love of Joe and Meta Roberts for each other shines out like a guiding light to what marriage should really be. Only a faith such as theirs could survive the strains and misunderstandings caused by Kathy Roberts Grant, Joe's married daughter.

THE GUIDING LIGHT



6 Meta is deeply disturbed by her stepdaughter Kathy's unhappiness. She hopes it is only Kathy's long illness which at first makes her so indifferent to her baby.

Pictured here, in their original roles, are:

Meta Bauer Roberts.....	Ellen Demming
Joe Roberts.....	Herb Nelson
Bertha ("Bert") Bauer.....	Charita Bauer
Papa Bauer.....	Theo Goetz
Dr. Keeler.....	Melville Ruick
Bill Bauer.....	Lyle Sudrow
Kathy Roberts Grant.....	Susan Douglas
Dick Grant.....	James Lipton

The Guiding Light—on CBS-TV, 12:45 P.M.—on CBS Radio, 1:45 P.M.—both EDT, Mon. thru Fri., for Procter & Gamble.

that Kathy has only his interest at heart. But, as time goes on, he sees his wife becoming more and more absorbed by the needs of her child, and he becomes more and more excluded from her life. At the hospital, Dick finds in supervisor Janet Johnson the sympathy, companionship and womanly interest which Kathy denies him. As Meta watches, giving comfort where she can, giving knowledge when she thinks it might be most acceptable, Kathy begins more and more to realize that the only way to make her marriage work is to tell Dick the truth about

7 Yet there comes a time when Kathy's husband



Robin—not only that she was married before and that her husband was killed, as Dick already knows, but also that she was pregnant with Robin at the time she married Dick. . . . Believing in the truth and that maturity will come to Kathy and Dick as it has come to her and Joe, Meta prays that Kathy will find the courage to tell Dick . . . and that Dick's love for Kathy will be strong enough to make things come out right in their troubled world. Only time itself can test whether their marriage is built on a solid foundation—or on the quicksands of outward attractions.

Kathy loves the baby more than she loves him.



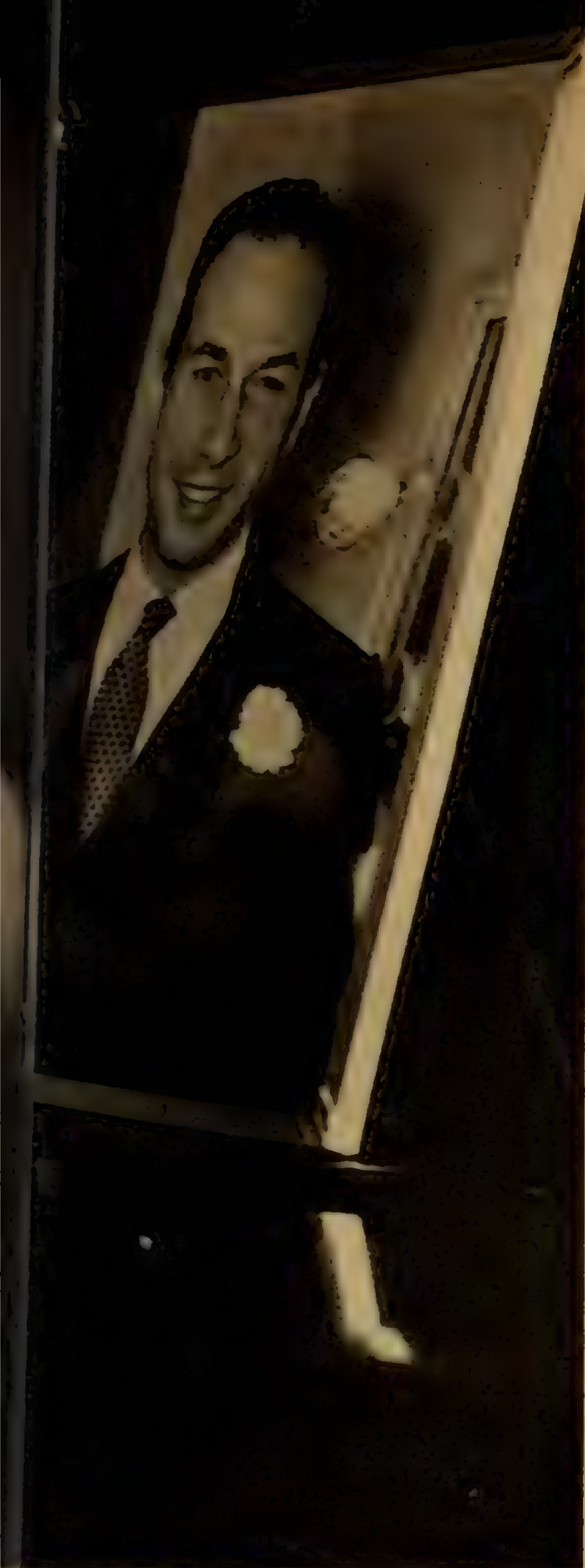
8 Dr. Keeler counsels Kathy to reveal the bitter truth. The baby isn't Dick's—not prematurely born, as she led Dick to believe, but the child of her previous marriage. Kathy hesitates, her tortured soul crying out: *What will happen if I do tell Dick?*





WHIRLWIND MARRIAGE

Rosemary Clooney glows happily



Night before the wedding: "Rosie" and bridegroom Jose Ferrer at a party in Dallas, Texas, with theatre manager-director Margo Jones and actor Jack Carson.



By BETTE GOODE

A FEW WEEKS AGO, Rosemary Clooney got married. In a simple civic ceremony in the small border town of Durant, Oklahoma, pert, blonde "Rosie" became Mrs. Jose Ferrer.

Two days later, after a whirlwind trip back to Hollywood, Rosemary was in her newly-leased Beverly Hills home. Ferrer was still in Dallas finishing the run of "Kiss Me Kate" and rehearsing "The Dazzling Hour," which opened at La Jolla, California, later that month. Rosemary was killing a half-hour waiting for her bags to be packed for a trip to New York and guest spot on the Ed Sullivan show.

She was leaving the next day, but before she left she intended to tape two shows a day, besides going over to Paramount to get a first glance at her next picture, "Red Garters."

Yet, with all the running, you could tell that Mrs. Jose Ferrer was happy. Rosemary glowed with an inner light that challenged the reflection of the flashing sunlight outside—glowed because she was now called "Mrs. Ferrer."

"Even so," Rosemary (Continued on page 106)

Rosemary stars in her own *Rosemary Clooney Show*, heard on NBC Radio, Tuesday and Friday, at 8:15 P.M. EDT.

over her husband and the hectic life to come

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY

AS LINDA YOUNG held her son in her arms, her heart felt as if it would burst. It seemed to her she had never been so happy in her life, and all the warmth she felt for the baby extended over to Pepper—they were truly a happy family. And they deserved to be, for the past few months had nearly broken their hearts. Pepper and Linda had adopted the child when Gloria Dennis, his mother, refused to recognize him. Then, suddenly, when happiness was within their grasp, Jim Dennis, Gloria's

Pepper Young's Family is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, for Camay Soap and Duz. Mason Adams and Eunice Howard are pictured at right in their roles as Pepper and Linda.



Pepper and Linda Young can hardly believe their own happiness



they enjoy their son. A lawsuit and extortion almost took him away from them, but love and justice have prevailed!

See Next Page →

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY



husband, literally stole the youngster from his carriage in front of a local Elmwood store. The entire Young family, frantic with worry, tried to find the baby and, after weeks of searching, they located the Dennises in a small town. . . . Dennis claimed he wanted his child and instigated a law suit against the Youngs. Everyone was puzzled by Jim's actions, for no one could believe that he really wanted his child. In court, however, he made such an emotional appeal that Linda was forced to believe he truly wanted his baby. Heartbroken, she told Dennis that she was withdrawing her case. . . . What Linda didn't know was that she had ruined Jim's scheme for extortion. He had planned to let the court case drag on and on, and then go to Mrs. Horace Trent and extort funds on the basis that he would then give the child back to Linda—for a price. Jim took a chance and went to Mrs. Trent, anyway. While Mrs. Trent wanted Linda to have the baby as desperately as Linda herself wanted him, she for once didn't take action into her own hands—she called the police. When the money was handed over, Jim was caught red-handed in extortion. . . . It was a deliriously happy Linda and Pepper who received the wonderful news that they'd been awarded custody of their child—their son—the lively bit of humanity who was bringing Linda and Pepper such happiness.

"I MARRIED JOAN"

B LONDE Joan Davis put down the telephone in her home, and suddenly her hands went to her forehead and tears began to flow. As suddenly as they began, they stopped.

"My eyes! My face!" she said to herself. "It'll hold up production—at \$400 an hour—if I go into the studio with a tear-streaked face. Darn, in TV, you don't even have time to be a woman!"

Joan was crying from sheer nervous exhaustion. Boss of her own TV production, top comedienne with Jim Backus on the show, Joan rarely has the luxury of relaxing, except in her own home. At work, Joan is raucous in her comedy, champion of the pratfall, always ready as a wit off stage—as she is on. At home, another Joan emerges. She has a rare sweetness, a shy, reticent nature which allows for not more than a few intimate friends. Her idea of "real fun" is a quiet evening with her poodle, relaxing with the show's scripts.

I Married Joan, starring Joan Davis, is on NBC-TV every Wednesday at 8 P.M. EDT; sponsored by General Electric.



Jim Backus looks helpless as his TV wife Joan Davis bewails the fate of her latest cooking effort.

*Jim Backus plays Joan Davis'
TV husband—a man who would find
her quite different in real life*



At home after a hard day at the studio, Joan likes nothing better than a relaxed moment at the piano.



In her reconverted "formal" dining room, which is now a pool room, Joan expresses herself on canvas.

PLAY EDITOR

Check your favorites and mail us your answers today

Radio TV Mirror is *your* magazine. Play editor tonight and answer the following questionnaire which will tell us what you want published. Mail your answers to RADIO-TV MIRROR READER SURVEY, Box 1716, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York. You don't have to give us your name.

FIRST ABOUT YOU:

Age..... Male..... Female..... Number of children..... Married.....

Own a radio: yes..... no..... Own a TV set: yes..... no.....

Who turns on the radio set in your house: wife..... husband..... child.....

Check which of the following daytime
dramas you listen to:

Always Occasionally

Rosemary.....	☐	☐
Wendy Warren.....	☐	☐
Romance of Helen Trent	☐	☐
Our Gal Sunday.....	☐	☐
Whispering Streets....	☐	☐
My True Story.....	☐	☐
When A Girl Marries..	☐	☐
Road of Life.....	☐	☐
Ma Perkins.....	☐	☐
Young Dr. Malone.....	☐	☐
The Guiding Light.....	☐	☐
Second Mrs. Burton....	☐	☐
Perry Mason.....	☐	☐
This Is Nora Drake....	☐	☐
Brighter Day.....	☐	☐
Hilltop House.....	☐	☐
Life Can Be Beautiful..	☐	☐
Aunt Jenny.....	☐	☐
Pepper Young's Family.	☐	☐
Right to Happiness....	☐	☐
Backstage Wife.....	☐	☐
Stella Dallas.....	☐	☐
Young Widder Brown..	☐	☐
The Woman In My House.....	☐	☐
Just Plain Bill.....	☐	☐
Front Page Farrell....	☐	☐
Lorenzo Jones.....	☐	☐
The Doctor's Wife.....	☐	☐
Dr. Paul.....	☐	☐

Other favorite daytime dramas:

.....
.....
.....

Check the daytime programs you listen
to or watch:

Always Occasionally

Arthur Godfrey Time..	☐	☐
Break the Bank.....	☐	☐
Breakfast Club.....	☐	☐
Queen for a Day.....	☐	☐
Curt Massey Time.....	☐	☐
Bob Hope.....	☐	☐
Ladies' Choice.....	☐	☐
Welcome Travelers....	☐	☐
Double or Nothing....	☐	☐
Strike It Rich.....	☐	☐
Bob and Ray.....	☐	☐
Cedric Adams.....	☐	☐
Paula Stone.....	☐	☐
Let's Pretend.....	☐	☐
Grand Central Station.	☐	☐
Man on the Farm.....	☐	☐
City Hospital.....	☐	☐
Linkletter's Houseparty.	☐	☐
Hawkins Falls.....	☐	☐
Cliff's Family.....	☐	☐
The Phrase that Pays...	☐	☐
The Bennetts.....	☐	☐
Jane Pickens.....	☐	☐
Garry Moore Show....	☐	☐
Big Payoff.....	☐	☐
Kate Smith Show.....	☐	☐
Bride and Groom.....	☐	☐
Love of Life.....	☐	☐
Search for Tomorrow...	☐	☐
Today.....	☐	☐
Ding Dong School.....	☐	☐

Other favorite daytime shows:

.....
.....
.....

Which of the following night-time programs
do you listen to or watch:

Always Occasionally

Walter Winchell.....	☐	☐
Our Miss Brooks.....	☐	☐
Jack Benny.....	☐	☐
Amos 'N' Andy.....	☐	☐
Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen.....	☐	☐
My Little Margie.....	☐	☐
Aldrich Family.....	☐	☐
Alice Faye and Phil Harris.....	☐	☐
Talent Scouts.....	☐	☐
I Love Lucy.....	☐	☐
One Man's Family.....	☐	☐
The Railroad Hour.....	☐	☐
Jo Stafford.....	☐	☐
Doris Day.....	☐	☐
This Is Your Life.....	☐	☐
Red Skelton.....	☐	☐
People Are Funny.....	☐	☐
Mr. and Mrs. North....	☐	☐
Martin and Lewis.....	☐	☐
Fibber McGee and Molly.....	☐	☐
Two for the Money....	☐	☐
First Nighter.....	☐	☐
Life Begins at Eighty...	☐	☐
Dr. Christian.....	☐	☐
What's My Line.....	☐	☐
December Bride.....	☐	☐
Great Gildersleeve....	☐	☐
You Bet Your Life.....	☐	☐
Dragnet.....	☐	☐
Meet Millie.....	☐	☐
Beulah.....	☐	☐
Father Knows Best....	☐	☐
Truth or Consequences.	☐	☐
Ozzie and Harriet....	☐	☐
Junior Miss.....	☐	☐
Meet Corliss Archer...	☐	☐
Twenty Questions.....	☐	☐

Other favorite night shows:

.....
.....
.....

What story did you like best in this issue:.....

What story did you like least in this issue:.....

What stars did you miss reading about in this issue:.....

.....



She's Engaged

A wedding of special interest to Washington society will take place this fall when popular Ann Eppard marries James Gallagher. Jim fell in love at first sight when he saw Ann in church one Sunday. Three months later, Ann said yes.

She's Lovely

No wonder Ann caught Jim's eye! She's adorably tiny, slim and graceful as a ballerina . . . with a complexion that's "pretty as pink ivory," says one of her friends.

She uses Pond's

Like so many attractive girls, Ann never misses a nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. "Since I've been using Pond's Cold Cream, I've become convinced that creaming is the only way to get your skin *really* clean," Ann says. "Wait till you see how clear and fresh and glowing Pond's Cold Creamings leave *your* skin!"



Ann's ring:
a diamond solitaire
set in platinum

"Your skin can look clearer, finer—almost overnight,"
— Ann says



Actually clears your skin

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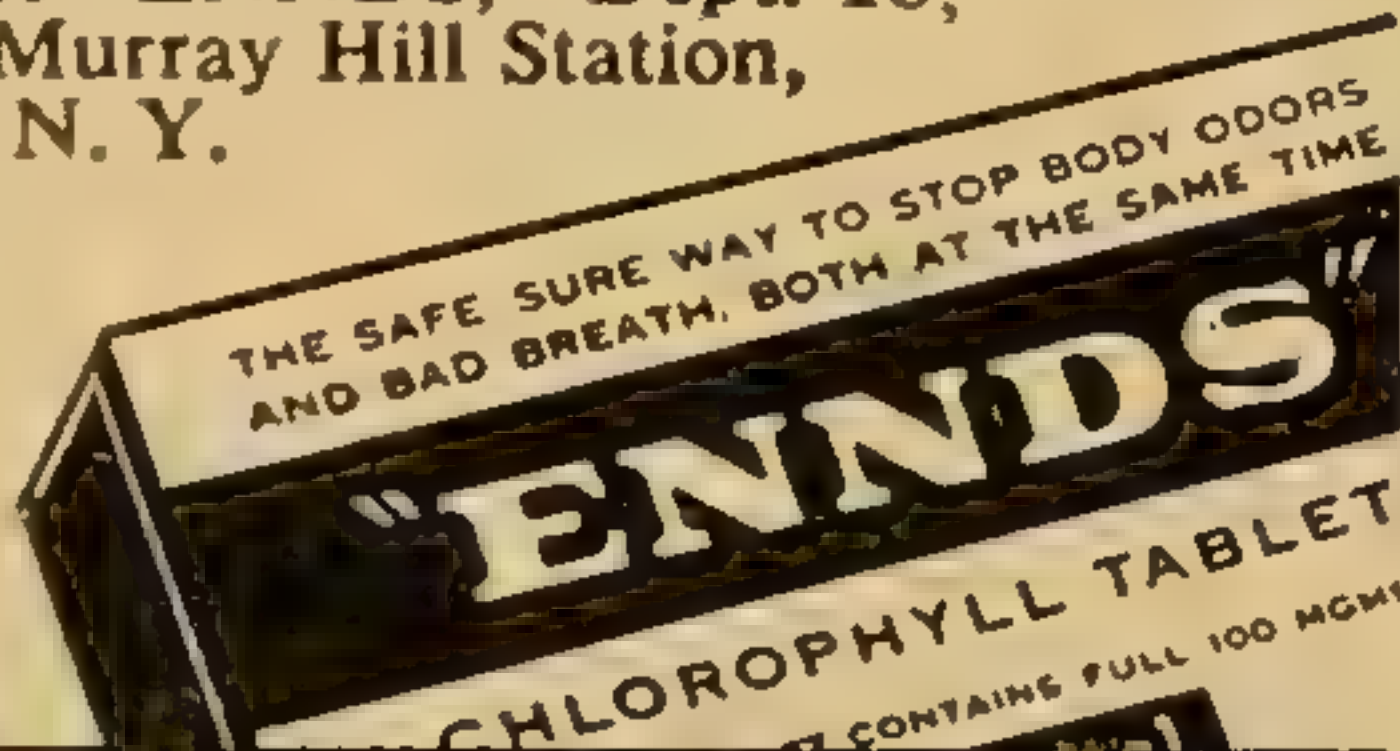
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Easy Does It!

(Continued from page 51)

Herb's first love, the thing that got him started in show business. A delivery man spotted Herb coming out of his apartment building recently and yelled, "Hello, Herb. Where's your harmonica?" Herb likes people to remember it. To think of him as a harmonica player, and not just a comedian and quizmaster. When he did a featured monologue in the Bea Lillie revue, "Inside U. S. A.," he was quite unhappy. Nobody would let him take a harmonica on stage. "I missed it," he says. "First time I had to leave it out completely. Couldn't even have a little one in my pocket to use, just in case. They wouldn't trust me not to find an 'in case,' I guess."

The harmonica and Herb became a twosome back in Fort Wayne, where his parents had moved from Toledo, Ohio, shortly after Herb's birth on May 29, 1918. "I was the only child—and, being me, that was enough," he says. "When I was still going to grade school, a lady—well, I guess you could say she was a friend of ours; anyway, we knew her—it seems her main problem was to get someone to run errands and do chores in her music store. So I got elected. Probably my folks voted me in. The upshot was that she gave me a harmonica. In high school, I got together some other kids and we formed a harmonica quartet, and we did all right, sometimes. Well, we were just going along and, once in a while, sort of out of desperation when we were losing our audience, I'd start to talk between numbers, and I got a few laughs. I'd do jokes on whatever happened to be griping me or other people at the moment, like about the weather, or the price of hogs in our section of the country, or something like that. Or food. Everybody seems to like jokes about eating, although nowadays it's dieting, not eating, that gets the best laughs. Finally, there was a point when I got better at the jokes than the harmonica."

Herb feels he was lucky to start in a small town, where talent gets a chance to develop in front of friendly home audiences. "Either they would encourage you, or give you money enough to leave on," he puts it. The big town he tried first was Detroit. He'd still tell his jokes about the folks back home in Indiana, and everybody remembered characters just like them in their own home town, in fact, in their own families. By the time Herb was booked into Chicago, he had a collection of harmonicas of every size, which he pulled out of every pocket. He even had a glassblower equip the largest size with the then-new neon lights, so it shed an eerie green-blue glare that startled audiences half out of their seats.

Herb was still in his teens when he reached Chicago, and one night when he was playing a neighborhood theatre, an Australian booking agent caught his act and offered him a tour "Down Under." "I got a boat ticket and not much else," Herb says, "but it started me into the big time. I did all right with the act but, when I got to Australia and told my Indiana jokes, the folks there thought I was talking about Indians. I learned to switch the jokes to local stuff, and then everything went fine. They even liked the neon lights, when I could get them to work."

By the time Herb came back to this country, vaudeville was gasping a last breath, and all his connections with it seemed dead and gone, too. He had tried New York radio and had to pawn his accordion for the money to get back to Fort Wayne. In 1941, he came East to be a guest on the Kate Smith program, but

he couldn't seem to get anything more.

The war was on in Europe and Herb had begun to play service camps in this country even before Pearl Harbor, so, by the time it was his turn to join up, the Army welcomed him to Special Services as an entertainer the G.I.'s had already taken to their khaki-covered hearts. He got through regular basic training with the infantry and then went into a group that was putting on shows for troops overseas. By the time Herb came back to the United States, he had acquired five battle stars. It seems, to paraphrase a line of poetry, that word got around, "If Shriner comes, can war be far behind?" Because wherever he went, the battles began raging and he often got caught in the crossfire.

After Herb was discharged from Army service, he did a guest shot on the Perry Como show, with an Army monologue patterned after his Indiana stuff, but based on his own observations and experiences and the funny things the other G.I.'s told him about theirs. About Army protocol and military foibles and about generals and G.I.'s. It was the beginning of his commentary on things military and political, like his comment on a recent pay rise for servicemen: "Probably it'll work out that the same fellows will get the money that did when I was in—the best poker players."

His first big TV break, after some reasonably successful shows, came when Arthur Godfrey had him sub on *Talent Scouts* while Arthur was vacationing, in the summer of 1951. After that came the program of his own, called *Herb Shriner Time*, and last season and again this year, *Two For The Money*, on radio and TV.

Success leaves Herb less and less time for his other interests. But, with Pixie's help, he manages to keep a few projects going all the time. His special pride and joy is an auxiliary sailboat, *The High Seas*. Weekends, when the weather is reasonable and there's time, he and Pixie go out with some friends. "Luckily, Pixie is a good sailor and likes boats. Luckily for me. I was always scared I'd fall in love with a girl who wouldn't. She's good at math, too, studies navigation and is turning into a mighty good pilot."

Pixie and Herb have tastes and dispositions that fit each other to a T. "She's more high-strung than I am, being a woman, but she gears herself to me, and she's interested in all the stuff that interests me. Pixie is a product of show business herself, and she knows it's a way of living that's different from some others. She's used to its crazy hours and all its demands. Luckily for me, again."

Sometimes, Herb gets the idea that he'd like to work on a show six months a year and do something completely different the other six months, like selling real estate. "I'd get lost in the barns and the tool sheds on the properties, figuring how to fix some old gear I'd find there, and the prospective clients would never see me again," he says. "Or, if there was a garage with some old cars, or a boat yard near, or some really rundown second-hand shops, I could be gone for weeks. Nope, I guess it wouldn't do. Better stick to radio and TV, where Pixie can tell where I am all the time and where the sponsor can see whether I'm on the job. But I'd sure like a little extra time to spend with Pixie and Indy and the boat and all the stuff I'm trying to get fixed up at the apartment." And his voice once more trails off a little mournfully as he thinks of what success can do to a fellow's schedule for tinkering and loafing. A guy who just wants to stay easy-going, and can't.

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"When You Keep on Trying"

(Continued from page 39)

only until something else can be built up to take their place."

Twenty-four years ago, our modern methods of combating polio were unknown. Unlike children of today, when Paul recovered he had to face a future in which there was little hope that he would ever grow up to be a strong boy who could walk normally. Life in the Winchell family was fun, however, and self-pity was definitely not encouraged. They were poor in money, but rich in many other things. They knew how to laugh together. Paul's father, a tailor, made the three children little fancy costumes and they all played at being entertainers. They told jokes and they sang, and life went on as it had before Paul's illness. Only occasionally did Paul catch a look of sadness in his mother's eyes as they followed his limping little figure around the apartment.

At thirteen, and still a thin, undersized boy, Paul was nevertheless a star pupil in the High School of Industrial Arts in New York. Jerry Mahoney was carved by Paul in the puppetry class of the school. Other kids could fight and box, could run races and climb trees, but this boy had something they didn't have. He was an artist to his finger tips, and the principal felt he had a great future as a commercial artist. Paul himself dreamed of being a great sculptor.

About this time, he saw a magazine ad and sent ten cents for the book it offered on ventriloquism. Hesitantly at first, he began to make his puppet Jerry talk, and soon he was sought after for school entertainments. Then kids who were running for offices in the school organizations began to ask Paul if Jerry would campaign for them. Jerry could make speeches and say things that Paul would never have dared. Even then this Mahoney fellow was a brash specimen, quite unlike the quiet, reticent Winchell who merely spoke the words for him!

One day the school principal heard one of the Paul and Jerry campaign speeches. He called Paul into his office. "You ought to go on Major Bowes' *Amateur Hour* on radio," he said. "You could make some money for yourself and do honor to the school. How about it?"

Paul hesitated. He was still self-conscious about his limp, except with the boys and girls he knew. He wasn't too sure of his ability—as yet. He might be laughed at, and his experiences had made him sensitive. So he came up with what might have been his reason, but was more likely only an excuse to keep him from facing a big, strange audience. "I have no hair for Jerry," he told the principal. "See, he's bald, under this hat I made for him. I haven't been able to get a wig yet."

"Is that all that's bothering you?" The principal laughed. "Look around and figure out what you can use for hair." And that's how Jerry's hair became nice, bright red—because the first wig was made from a small piece of the new carpeting in a hallway of the school.

Paul auditioned for the *Amateur Hour*, went on, won the hundred-dollar first prize, was sent out on tour with a Major Bowes' unit at a salary of seventy-five dollars a week. But the principal didn't approve of his leaving school. An appearance on the show was one thing, but touring, he told Paul, meant neglecting the education that was to make him a well-rounded adult. Paul concealed his age, evaded truant officers, and kept in constant touch with his worried but proud parents,

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

and by the time he was seventeen he was a skilled professional performer. Besides his ventriloquism, he had discovered a gift for mimicry and for acting.

He had found ways, too, to keep audiences from noticing his limp. He would come running out on a stage to do his act, with a gait he practiced many, many times in secret, a gait that left an audience not sure he wasn't deliberately walking that way, if they noticed at all. The momentum of the run would help him to swing his short leg up on a chair or stool so he could hold Jerry on his knee. But he was still a scrawny youngster, with a frame much less developed than other boys of his age.

A musician named Ray Heath got him interested in weight-lifting. Eager to help himself, Paul kept at it over a period of years, and gradually he not only built up the rest of his body muscles but the ones in his weakened, shortened leg. He learned to dance and to swim, to play tennis and golf, and lately he has taken to boxing. By the time he got married, in his early twenties, no one would have guessed the long struggle to build himself up from a frail child to a normal, healthy young man.

Through the years he had never forgotten that Eddie Cantor did a Christmas show for the children in the polio ward when he was lying ill. "It came back to me many times—the laughter, the relief at forgetting pain for a while, the lift it gave all of us kids. I resolved that, if ever I could, I would do things like that."

This is why Paul and Jerry are to be found in hospital wards for children on an average of once a week—in New York, on tour, even when Paul is on vacation. He thinks of his own little girl, Stephanie, now just a year older than he was when he was stricken, and is grateful for her good health. He thinks of the child soon to come, about the time you will be reading this, and how he and Dorothy pray that this child, too, will be spared pain. But both know that pain and trouble do sometimes strike, and that everyone, including the person stricken, must learn to look for the compensating blessing.

A recent experience with a young boy has pointed this up for Paul. After a show in a ward, a thirteen-year-old asked to see him. Paul sent everyone else away and they had a man-to-man talk—the boy in the wheelchair, who couldn't keep back his tears, and Paul and Jerry. The boy was practicing ventriloquism, but felt hopeless about doing anything with it because of the chair to which he was confined. Paul showed how it could be made a part of the act—an attendant could be dressed up to wheel him out, or the chair could be camouflaged to seem like part of the props. He thought the young patient was in a better frame of mind. "But you don't understand," the boy began, his lip quivering again. "You're not crippled. You don't know how hard it is." Then Paul pulled up his trouser leg and showed the shortened muscle, told of the long struggle, the fight to face audiences. "I heard you had polio," the boy said, "but I didn't know you had it bad. I guess you do know what you're talking about." And he smiled for the first time that afternoon.

There was a Greek war orphan, sent to this country for plastic surgery to repair damage to her face from a hand grenade that exploded during street fighting between Communist troops and government forces. She had watched Paul on the hospital's television set. Someone who knew his deep interest in children asked him to drop by and see her before she started the long series of operations for her mutilated face. "It would help her, to remember something pleasant, during her hours of pain," he was told. "Let's give all the children a show," Paul stipulated, "and I'll

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be sure to give her some special attention." When he came into the room, the little girl yelled "Kukla" and ran toward him. "What a pity," Paul exclaimed. "She wants Kukla—and Fran and Ollie. Not me, after all." A woman who understood Greek cleared this up. "Kukla means doll in Greek," she explained. "This little girl thinks Jerry is a talking doll."

Paul did a special show for her, and then he moved from child to child, as he always does, having already been briefed so that he knew what was troubling each small invalid. Jerry might say to a kid bent over on crutches, "I hear you have to wear a brace, but that's not so tough. Look at me. I'm made of wood, so I'm stiff all the time." And the two boys would howl over that together, the boy on crutches and the little wooden boy, while echoing laughter would come from all the other children who had overheard the conversation. "By getting the children to laugh at the things that bother them, the things stop being such a bother," is the way Paul figures it.

"I have lived through a lot of what

these kids are going through, so I can tell them things from my own experience. I never make a big deal of their infirmities. My parents never did of mine, and I know now how wise that was. They tried to treat me like a normal youngster. I had to run errands and do my share of any chores. They made me feel I was the equal of anyone. That being crippled was just something that happened to me that didn't change the *real* me at all. So when a child tells me he can't do something, I tell him to try, and to keep on trying. Sometimes a child says he can't hold Jerry and I show him a way to do it. That's a big thrill."

Paul is working now with a group of doctors who have an idea that paralyzed vocal cords need not mean a polio patient can never talk again. Paul is trying to help them find out if a paralyzed child can be taught to speak from the diaphragm, as he does when he talks for Jerry. If, in any small way, he can aid this research, then Paul, too, will get one of his biggest thrills in an already exciting life of achievement.

Crazy for Him

(Continued from page 59)

wanted to sing, and that was okay with her, too. He got a job with Freddie Carlone's band—\$28 a week and, when he wasn't singing, he was running errands and bringing back Cokes for the rest of the guys in the band.

Perry and Roselle didn't have a big wedding. It was one of those Justice-of-the-Peace ceremonies, and the best man wore sneakers and a yellow polo shirt.

After Carlone's band came Ted Weems' band, and the world of one-night stands . . . and the two of them, Perry and Roselle, trying to make homes out of a thousand different hotel rooms . . . and, finally, in 1940, Ronnie was born, in Chicago.

For two years, the Comos traveled with their baby; then Perry rebelled. "I'd rather go home and be a barber than bring up a kid this way."

"You're going to hit it big," Roselle would say. "Give yourself a little more time."

But Perry'd had it. Back to Canonsburg he brought his wife and child. Only he never opened his new barber shop. Because a man from a booking agency in New York phoned, and there was a job at CBS—\$60 a week, but no telling what it might lead to. So Perry got his first radio show.

He hasn't had a setback since. Unless you count a kind of sour stay in Hollywood, where he hated the work and didn't make much of a stir at it. Besides, it was in Hollywood that Perry and Roselle had the terrifying experience of a kidnap threat to Ronnie. That was the beginning of their "no pictures—no publicity" routine about the children.

Today they have three kids. Ronnie's thirteen, and Terri and David—both adopted—are five and six.

Perry surrounds 'em with wonderful toys—when Ronnie was six, he had electric trains and tracks running all through the house—and then he, Perry, worries for fear he's spoiling them. Maybe a kid *should* work two years for a secondhand bike. Maybe, then, he savors the moment more when he finally achieves his heart's desire. Still, the kids are so cute. And they seem so un-bratty.

You can understand how the Como children stay sweet, despite material advantages, when you study their parents. Perry and Roselle are basically shy, gentle people. From neither one could a child

learn arrogance. Sure, the Sands Point house has fourteen rooms, but each child has to straighten his own boudoir, so the many rooms seem more of a chore than a bragging-point to them. Perry and Roselle don't believe in three maids constantly underfoot, and your children wondering who *you* are when you come in the door. They raise their own offspring, and like it.

Roselle has a healthy sense of humor, and can deal with problems arising from Perry's professional life when such problems intrude on his personal life. One illustration of this is a cute story that was going around last year. It seems that one of Perry's over-zealous lady fans got the Sands Point phone number, and called the house. Roselle answered.

"I'd like to speak to Perry," said the young woman on the other end, in what she fondly imagined to be a lazily seductive tone.

"Who's calling, please?" Roselle said.

Lazily-seductive spoke again. "This is a friend of Perry's—"

"Well, speak up, friend," said Roselle cheerfully. "Any friend of Perry's is a friend of mine."

Which means Roselle's got a passel of pals, because her husband doesn't have an enemy. At peace with the world, he's the original "there's - room - for - everybody" guy. "Competition" just doesn't excite him. He's reported to have said once, "Whatever success I have, I owe to Bing Crosby. I copied his style, and it's made me a good living—"

Perry doesn't care how many people copy him, and he's quick to give young singers a boost. He loves success stories; just let a newcomer have a hit record, and Como invites him on the Como show. "It's not sensible," say critics. "This is a cutthroat business."

But, while they're criticizing, the object of their disapproval goes his easy way, making hit records, spending (as this is written) lazy vacation time with wife and kids and golf clubs, holding the world on a string.

When the kids he implores not to holler during the broadcasts cut loose and holler anyway, he tries to look stern, but without much success. "Sometimes they just forget," he says tenderly. "God bless 'em."

Listening to him, you realize how they can forget. You feel like standing up and cheering yourself!

The Big Payoff Man

(Continued from page 46)

how were never renewed? What if he moved Evelyn and the children East and he whole thing flopped?

It was then that Evelyn did what she had done a dozen times before—whenever the going was tough.

"When you're in show business, Randy," he said softly, "nothing is sure, nothing is certain. We've had financial insecurity before; we may have it again. We can make a go of it anywhere—together."

Randy nodded. Evelyn was so right. If Randy had to start life all over again, he'd live it just as he did this time. Financial insecurity he'd had, and Evelyn had been here to share much of it with him—but the rewards had been a wonderful life, a happy home.

Randy called Walt Framer back and said, "It's a deal." He immediately closed out his affairs in Minneapolis, and Evelyn flew to New York for the first of three flights to find a home. Even if it were only for thirteen weeks—and perhaps it would have to be for longer, even if it meant Randy would have to work at anything—they wanted a house in the country, with a garden and pets around for the kids. Nothing less would they settle for, nothing less would do. They found a place in New York's suburban Garden City, in a new development of ranch houses. They bought an L-shaped ranch house on a third-of-an-acre and moved in. Just a couple of people from the Midwest with their three youngsters—Susan, seventeen, Michael, ten, Tommy, seven—a little fearful of the awfulness of the city of concrete to which they'd come to make a living, a little fearful that people's hearts would be as hard as the concrete.

"We'll never forget those first days," Randy says with a smile. "On the third day, two girls walked in and explained they were from Garden City High School. They introduced themselves to our Susan and made her feel at home. Today those girls, Lynn Harvey and Ruth Neimann, are Susan's best friends! They're going to miss her, and she will miss them, when Susan returns this fall to the University of Minnesota."

Since those first days, Randy and Evelyn have made friends with their neighbors and feel as if they've known some of them all their lives. Especially some six Minneapolis families who have settled out Garden City way. They're mostly engineers at NBC, and they come around just to sit and talk—but sometimes, too, they look at television. Randy tries to discourage this, however, because each time it's happened, the evening has ended by one of the engineers taking the set apart, and it's usually a day or two before he gets around to putting it completely back together again.

But Randy and Evelyn don't really care. During the nineteen years, they've had their ups and downs, and the least of their worries is a TV set which won't work—temporarily.

As a matter of fact, Randy started life with tragedy living on his doorstep.

"My real name is Anson Randolph Spear," he says. "My father was a deaf mute and the founder of the North Dakota School for the Deaf. He died, when I was only three, from a heart condition. My mother, who was deaf due to scarlet fever, died of some kind of poisoning when I was fourteen months old. I suppose that today, their illnesses could have been cared for."

"My grandparents then adopted me legally, and I changed my name to theirs, Merriman. I lived with them in Minneapolis, and I dropped the Anson part of my name because it was odd and the other kids



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When do you tell a friend about Tampax?

When she confesses she
doesn't "dare" wear slacks
"this week-end"?

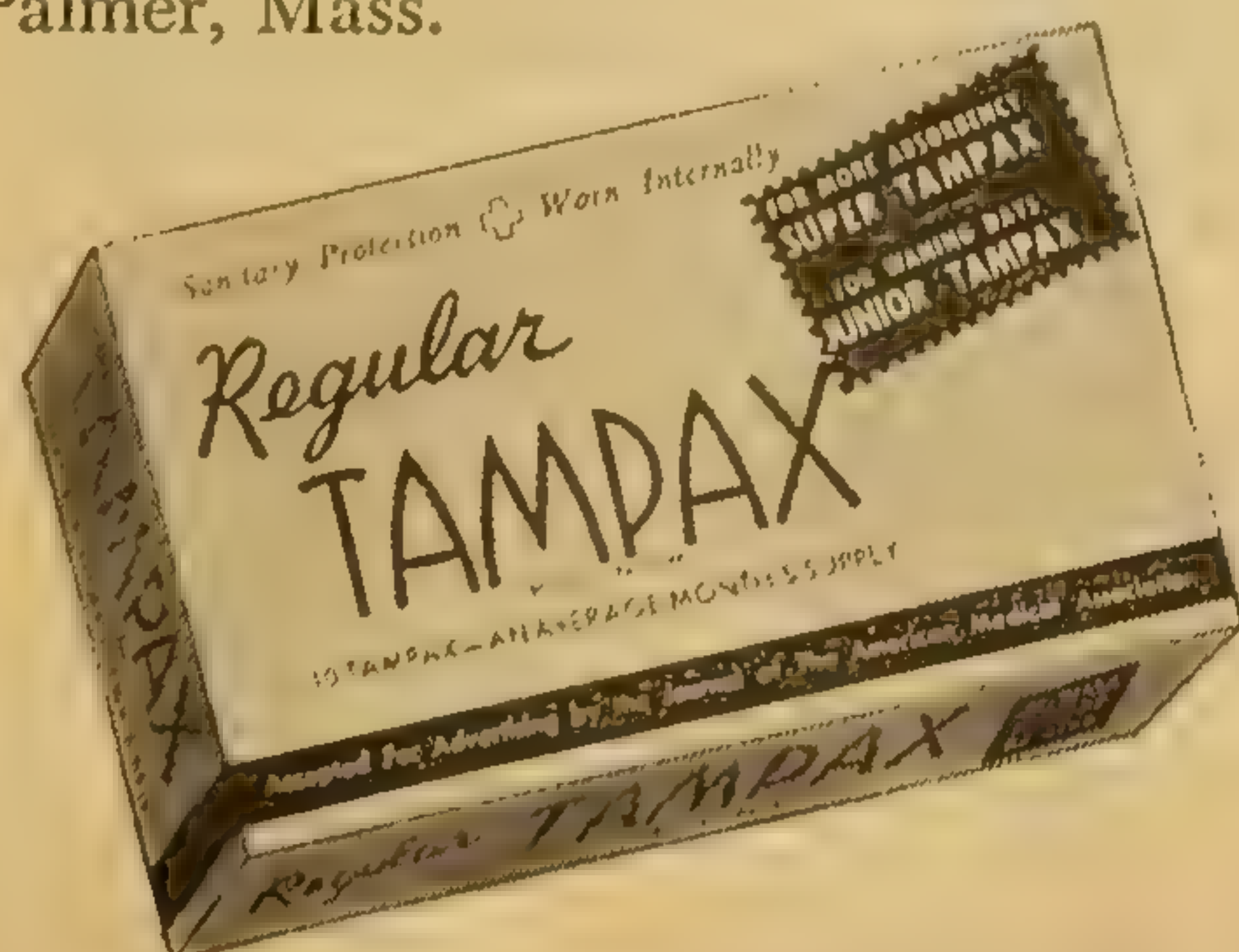
When she complains of
definite inconveniences
on "those days"?

Or when?

Sometimes telling another woman about Tampax sanitary protection is the biggest favor you can do her. For many women need that last ounce of reassurance, which the recommendation of a friend gives.

Tampax is definitely different; it's worn internally. It was invented by a doctor with the welfare of women at heart; any normal woman can use it. Wearer doesn't even feel it. There are no belts, pins or bulky external pads. There's no chafing, no odor. Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, firmly stitched for safety. It's easy to use and easy to dispose of — comes with its own throwaway applicator.

Tampax may be worn in shower or tub. It's so small, so compact, that a whole month's supply goes in the purse. Available at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Economy size gives an average 4-months' supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

poked fun at it. I became Randolph and, subsequently, Randy.

"My grandparents put me through school. I went to Central High School in Minneapolis, and continued school at McPherson, Kansas, where my grandfather, a wildcat oil man, was working. I worked there on the pipelines for my dad—I mean my grandfather. I always called him Dad.

"Then I went to Faribault, Minnesota, and finished at Shattuck Military School."

Randy, at the age of sixteen, ran away to join a circus as a prop boy for a season, then worked with the big Ringling Circus as a barker and ticket salesman. He knocked around in show business from then on—in vaudeville, carnivals, walkathons, circuses, cafés.

"I remember Red Skelton. He was the top emcee of a walkathon in Milwaukee. He had the best time, from 6 P.M. to midnight, and I had the worst period, from 4 to 8 A.M., when everybody was sleeping!

"Later I was an usher at the State Theatre in Minneapolis, and was then promoted to doorman. Another usher then was Charlie Green, and we were both stage-struck. We used to watch the stage shows and study each act. Then, after the theatre closed, we'd go on stage and imitate every act on the bill. The cleaning woman and a few stray cats were our only audience.

"But one night the manager caught us and complained that we were wasting the lights! We couldn't do it any more."

Then, Randy took to the road with a singing quintet (three others boys and a girl). But, by 1934, the quintet broke up because Randy had beat the other boys to the affections of the blue-eyed, blonde ex-model in the act, Evelyn Kuehn. Randy and Evelyn were married July 10, 1934. On a recent anniversary, she gave Randy a pair of gold cuff links with miniature calendar pages and the date marked with a ruby. A duplicate of the calendar (a gift from Randy), she wears as a charm on her bracelet.

As a young married man, Randy had to find an occupation which would allow him to settle down with a house and, eventually, a child. He turned to radio, and in Minneapolis he became a popular personality on the airwaves. At one point, Randy and Evelyn were faced with the possibility of building a career in Hollywood. Randy was screen-tested by RKO studios.

"I think they offered me \$100 a week," Randy recalls, "but I was making about \$125 in Minneapolis. And we had Susan then, and we were afraid to risk it. So I decided to go back to Minneapolis and be a big fish in a small pond, rather than a small fish in the big Hollywood pond!"

The friendliness Randy has found everywhere—and the friendliness he has given—have made him an unashamed sentimentalist.

"He's such a sentimentalist!" says Evelyn. "He carries around a wallet full of mementos."

Randy opened the wallet, and it contained the ticket to the original audition of *The Big Payoff*, a ticket for its first NBC broadcast, and the first broadcast over CBS. In the wallet, too, is a creased, yellowing paper containing some childish but firm writing. It is his son Michael's first school paper.

There's a two-dollar bill in the wallet. "It's the first two dollars I ever had. I guess I've carried it around in my wallet more than fifteen years. I feel it is a good-luck charm and I'm afraid, if I lost it, my luck would change."

Randy's home has six rooms, and it's across the street from the Garden City Country Club, where Perry Como golfs. "In fact," says Randy, "when the wind is right and Perry is hitting them hard, I can catch some of the balls. I have one of his at home now."

None of the children have shown any desire to follow their dad into show business. "Mike takes piano and then accordion lessons, and then drops them," says Randy. "But none seems to want to become a professional entertainer."

Perhaps that's because Randy and his wife try not to bring his business into the home too much. "We don't try to cultivate show business people only," says Randy. "We have Bess Myerson, who's on *The Big Payoff* with me, and her husband Allan come and visit us. Mort Lawrence, the announcer on our show, and his wife, and Sam and Betty North—he's with the William Esty Agency—visit us. And then we meet the Warren Hulls in New York for dinner sometimes."

It's a quiet life they lead, and they want it to remain that way.

Randy and Evelyn are much more interested in family and church than the tinsel of show business. "Right now, we're interested in the St. James Lutheran Church and the Pilgrim Lutheran Church in Minneapolis."

The children go to Sunday school, and Susan taught a class there.

Randy thinks often of his only living relative, his grandmother, Mrs. Annie C. Merriman, now living in Anoka, Minnesota.

"She's ninety-one," says Randy, "and she's mentally and physically so alert! On *The Big Payoff*, I sometimes throw out a little kiss, and she knows it's meant for her. It's our little secret."

Evelyn, one of eight children, says, "My mother, Mrs. Minnie Kuehn, now lives in Seattle, Washington. Her children are scattered all over the country, and she tries once a year to visit all of us."

"I call her," says Randy, "the president of the Warren Hull Fan Club—because, when she writes me, she always asks about Warren."

The Merrimans of Garden City are a happy family, and Randy wants every one of his TV friends to know that he and his co-emcee, Bess Myerson, are not married.

He and Bess find it necessary many times to explain to strangers, "Yes, we're married—but to different people!"

Once, in a restaurant, when Randy and Evelyn were dining, a little old lady came snooping around. "Aha!" she exulted, pointing to Randy, "so you're cheating on Bess tonight!"

Evelyn smiles. "I'm content. I have no complaints about Randy. Life has been good to us, and we've always had a lot of fun..."

"And a lot of friends," Randy adds.

RADIO-TV MIRROR'S 20th Year Anniversary Issue

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OCTOBER 9



Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Pacific Daylight Time.

Sunday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	U.N. Is My Beat Keesler AF Base Chorus	Back To God	Light And Life Hour	8:35 Invitation To Learning
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Sammy Kaye Eternal Light	Radio Bible Class Voice Of Prophecy	College Choir Message Of Israel	Latin American Story Howard K. Smith Bill Costello, News
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Mind Your Manners University Of Chicago Round Table	News Sunday Favorites Lutheran Hour	Gloria Parker National Vespers	Adventures In Science UN On Record Christy Fox Show
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	The Catholic Hour Music For Relaxation Elmo Roper	Frank & Ernest Featured Artists Across The Blue Pacific	Fine Arts Quartet Piano Playhouse	String Serenade World Music Festivals

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Critic At Large Youth Brings You Music Trans-Atlantic Briefing	News Bill Cunningham BBC Bandstand	Christian In Action Marines In Review	
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Hollywood Bowl Concert	Guy Lombardo Andre Kostelanetz 1:55 News	Revival Hour	The World Today, Don Hollenbeck On A Sunday After- noon
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	NBC Symphony	The Shadow True Detective Mysteries	Voice Of Prophecy Greatest Story Ever Told	On A Sunday After- noon Shirley Thomas
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Bob Considine Meet The Veep	Nick Carter Squad Room 3:55 Cecil Brown	Billy Graham Herald Of Youth	Syncopation Piece
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Juvenile Jury Where In The World	News, Van Deventer Music	Church In The Home Wings Of Healing	Jack Benny Amos 'N' Andy
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Ed Haaker Top Story Best Plays	Reviewing Stand Sunday Symphony	American Music Hall, with Burgess Meredith	Junior Miss Newsroom: Sunday Desk

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Confession	News Pentagon Report Music	Walter Winchell Taylor Grant, News Call Me Freedom	Hallmark Playhouse Music Escape
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Tony Martin Show	Little Symphonies Down You Go 7:55 News	Paul Harvey Paulena Carter News 7:35 This Week Around The World	Gene Autry Show The Whistler
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	John Kirby & Co. Standard Hour	Twenty Questions Sounding Board	Monday Morning Headlines Chet Huntley Don Cornell Chautauqua Story 8:55 News	21st Precinct My Little Margie
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Standard Hour Meet The Press	News Dance Orchestra Chicago Theatre	Time Capsule Eddie Fisher Alistair Cooke	The World Dances Jack Benny
10:00 10:15 10:30	News Captain's Table Riverside Rancho Orchestra	Music	News George Sokolsky News 10:35 Dance Or- chestra 10:55 News	

R
M

Monday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45		Bible Institute	Breakfast Club	Make Up Your Mind Rosemary
9:00 9:15		Record Rhapsody Capitol Commentary 9:20 Guest Time Morning Melodies	Ronnie Kemper Chet Huntley	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
9:30 9:45			Double Or Nothing 9:55 Turn To A Friend	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Ev'ry Day Strike It Rich	News Tello Test Music	10:25 Jack Berch My True Story 10:55 Whispering Streets	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Guiding Light
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Bob Hope It Pays To Be Married Phrase That Pays Second Chance	Ladies' Fair 11:25 Sam Hayes Queen For A Day	When A Girl Marries Live Like A Million- aire	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Nora Drake Brighter Day

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	News Cedric Foster Hughes Reel United Nations	Paul Harvey Sam Hayes Art & Dotty Todd	Local Program Hilltop House Art Linkletter
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Jack Kirkwood Lucky U Ranch	Campfire Serenade Mary Margaret McBride	Arthur Godfrey Time
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	News Music News Game Of The Day	Betty Crocker 2:05 Tennessee Ernie	Curt Massey Walter O'Keefe
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Welcome Travelers Dr. Paul Dial Dave Garroway		3:25 Edward Arnold, Storyteller Jack Owens 3:55 Betty Crocker	Ruth Ashton, News 3:05 Robert Q. Lewis 3:10 Story's Back- yard Bill Ballance
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	News Parade Bill Stern 4:55 News, Art Baker	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Frank Hemingway Curt Massey Time Sam Hayes	Ted Malone Big Jon And Sparkie Playfair	Philip Norman Wendell Noble George Fisher 4:55 City Editor
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Voice Of Firestone	B-Bar-B Ranch Wonderful City 5:55 Cecil Brown	Virgil Pinkley Chet Huntley Bob Garred	Edward R. Murrow Tom Harmon World Today Frank Goss

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Music From London	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Behind The Story Sam Hayes 6:55 Bill Henry	News Elmer Davis Dinner Music John Conte	Lux Theatre
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Hollywood Search- light Henry Cassidy, News 7:35 Stars From Paris	The Falcon Hall Of Fantasy	Lone Ranger 7:25 News Henry J. Taylor James Crowley	Walk A Mile Godfrey's Talent Scouts
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	One Man's Family News Of The World Railroad Hour	Let George Do It Under Arrest	It's Your Business Sammy Kaye Concert Symphony	International Music Man Lowell Thomas Family Skeleton
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Netherlands Com- posers	News Fulton Lewis, Jr. Reporters' Roundup 9:55 Titus Moody		Beulah Philip Norman
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	News Tiffany Club Time Music, Biltmore Hotel	Baukhage Talking Frank Edwards Eddie Fisher Inside Russia	Edwin C. Hill 10:05 ABC Late News Starlight Roof Valentino Sport Roundup	

Tuesday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45		Haven Of Rest	Breakfast Club	Make Up Your Mind
9:00 9:15		Record Rhapsody Capitol Commentary 9:20 Guest Time Morning Melodies	Ronnie Kemper Chet Huntley	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
9:30 9:45			Double Or Nothing 9:55 Turn To A Friend	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Ev'ry Day Strike It Rich	News Tello Test Music	10:25 Jack Berch My True Story 10:55 Whispering Streets	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Guiding Light
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Bob Hope It Pays To Be Married Phrase That Pays Second Chance	Ladies' Fair 11:25 Sam Hayes Queen For A Day	When A Girl Marries Live Like A Million- aire	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Nora Drake Brighter Day

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	News Cedric Foster Hughes Reel United Nations	Paul Harvey Sam Hayes Art & Dotty Todd	Local Program Hilltop House Art Linkletter
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Jack Kirkwood Lucky U Ranch	Campfire Serenade Mary Margaret McBride	Arthur Godfrey Time
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	News Music News Game Of The Day	Tennessee Ernie	Curt Massey Walter O'Keefe
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Welcome Travelers Dr. Paul Dial Dave Garroway		3:25 Edward Arnold, Storyteller Jack Owens 3:55 Late News	Ruth Ashton, News 3:05 Robert Q. Lewis 3:10 Story's Backyard Bill Ballance
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	News Parade Bill Stern 4:55 News, Art Baker	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Frank Hemingway Curt Massey Time Sam Hayes	Ted Malone Big Jon And Sparkie Playfair	Philip Norman Wendell Noble George Fisher 4:55 City Editor
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Elmer Peterson	B-Bar-B Ranch Wonderful City 5:55 Cecil Brown	Virgil Pinkley Chet Huntley Bob Garred	Edward R. Murrow Tom Harmon World Today News

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Local Program Barrie Craig	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Behind The Story Sam Hayes 6:55 Bill Henry	News Elmer Davis Report To The People John Conte	Johnny Dollar Mr. & Mrs. North
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Judge For Yourself Henry Cassidy, News 7:35 Stan Kenton Concert	That Hammer Guy Music Hall	Starr Of Space 7:25 News Discovery Literary Greats	People Are Funny Hollywood Music Hall
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	One Man's Family News Of The World Eddie Fisher Rosemary Clooney	High Adventure Count Of Monte Cristo	3-City Byline Sammy Kaye Town Meeting	Louella Parsons Dance Band Lowell Thomas Family Skeleton
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Baron And the Bee First Nighter	News Fulton Lewis, Jr. The Search That Never Ends 9:55 Titus Moody	Christian Science Monitor News 9:35 Palmer House Orch.	Beulah Hear The Stars
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	News Tiffany Club Time Biltmore Orch.	Baukhage Talking Frank Edwards Crowell's Nest	Edwin C. Hill 10:05 ABC Late News Starlight Roof Valentino Sport Roundup	

Wednesday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45		Bible Institute	Breakfast Club	Make Up Your Mind Rosemary
9:00 9:15		Record Rhapsody Capitol Commentary 9:20 Guest Time Morning Melodies	Ronnie Kemper Chet Huntley	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
9:30 9:45			Double Or Nothing 9:55 Turn To A Friend	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Ev'ry Day Strike It Rich	News Tello Test Music	10:25 Jack Berch My True Story 10:55 Whispering Streets	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Guiding Light
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Bob Hope It Pays To Be Married Phrase That Pays Second Chance	Ladies' Fair 11:25 Sam Hayes Queen For A Day	When A Girl Marries Live Like A Million- aire	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Nora Drake Brighter Day

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	News Cedric Foster Hughes Reel United Nations	Paul Harvey Sam Hayes Art & Dotty Todd	Local Program Hilltop House Art Linkletter
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Jack Kirkwood Lucky U Ranch	Campfire Serenade Mary Margaret McBride	Arthur Godfrey Time
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	News Music News Game Of The Day	Betty Crocker 2:05 Tennessee Ernie	Curt Massey Walter O'Keefe
3:00 3:15	Welcome Travelers		3:25 Edward Arnold, Storyteller Jack Owens 3:55 Betty Crocker	Ruth Ashton, News 3:10 Story's Backyard Bill Ballance
3:30 3:45	Dr. Paul Dial Dave Garroway			
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	News Parade Bill Stern 4:55 News, Art Baker	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Frank Hemingway Curt Massey Time Sam Hayes	Ted Malone Big Jon And Sparkie Playfair	Philip Norman Wendell Noble George Fisher 4:55 City Editor
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Elmer Peterson	B-Bar-B Ranch Wonderful City 5:55 Cecil Brown	Virgil Pinkley Chet Huntley Bob Garred	Edward R. Murrow Tom Harmon World Today News

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	My Son, Jeep	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Behind The Story Sam Hayes 6:55 Bill Henry	News Elmer Davis Dinner Music John Conte	Playhouse On Broadway Guy Lombardo
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Scarlet Pimpernel Henry Cassidy, News Report From Washington	Family Theatre 7:25 P.M. News Cisco Kid	Lone Ranger 7:25 News City Of Times Square	Dr. Christian Crime Classics
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	One Man's Family News Of The World The Great Gilder- sleeve	Treasury Varieties Answers For Ameri- cans	3-City Byline Sammy Kaye	FBI In Peace and War Lowell Thomas Family Skeleton
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Best Of Groucho Marx Big Story	News Fulton Lewis, Jr. It's Murder 9:55 Titus Moody	Cocoanut Grove Orch. Crossfire	Beulah Philip Norman
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	News Palladium Orch. Riverside Rancho Orchestra	Baukhage Talking Frank Edwards Crowell's Nest	Edwin C. Hill 10:05 Late News Starlight Roof Valentino Sport Report	

Thursday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45		Haven Of Rest Record Rhapsody	Breakfast Club	Make Up Your Mind Rosemary
9:00 9:15		Tommy Dorsey Capitol Commentary 9:20 Guest Time Morning Melodies	Ronnie Kemper Chet Huntley	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
9:30 9:45			Double Or Nothing 9:55 Turn To A Friend	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Garden Guide Ev'ry Day Strike It Rich	News Tello Test Music	10:25 Jack Berch My True Story 10:55 Whispering Streets	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Guiding Light
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Bob Hope It Pays To Be Married Phrase That Pays Second Chance	Ladies' Fair 11:25 Sam Hayes Queen For A Day	When A Girl Marries Live Like A Million- aire	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Nora Drake Brighter Day

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	News Cedric Foster Hughes Reel United Nations	Paul Harvey Sam Hayes Art & Dotty Todd	Local Program Hilltop House Art Linkletter
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Jack Kirkwood Lucky U Ranch	Campfire Serenade Mary Margaret McBride	Arthur Godfrey Time
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	News Music News Game Of The Day	Tennessee Ernie	Curt Massey Walter O'Keefe
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Welcome Travelers Dr. Paul Dial Dave Garroway		3:25 Edward Arnold, Storyteller Jack Owens 3:55 Late News	Ruth Ashton, News 3:05 Robert Q. Lewis 3:10 Story's Backyard Bill Ballance
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	News Parade Bill Stern 4:55 News, Art Baker	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Frank Hemingway Curt Massey Time Sam Hayes	Ted Malone Big Jon And Sparkie Playfair	Philip Norman Wendell Noble George Fisher 4:55 City Editor
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Elmer Peterson	B-Bar-B Ranch Wonderful City 5:55 Cecil Brown	Virgil Pinkley Chet Huntley Bob Garred	Edward R. Murrow Tom Harmon World Today News

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Truth Or Conse- quences Eddie Cantor	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Behind The Story Sam Hayes 6:55 Bill Henry	News Elmer Davis Dinner Music John Conte	Mr. McNutley, with Ray Milland Time For Love, with Marlene Dietrich
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Judy Canova Show Henry Cassidy, News 7:35 Music For Tired Business Men	Deadline Enchanted Hour	Starr Of Space 7:25 News Heritage	The American Way— Horace Heidt International Music Man
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	One Man's Family News Of The World Roy Rogers News	Rod And Gun Club Crime Fighters	3-City Byline Sammy Kaye Mike Malloy	Meet Millie Cedric Adams Lowell Thomas Family Skeleton
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Father Knows Best Jane Pickens	News Fulton Lewis, Jr. Music Hall 9:55 Titus Moody	Cocoanut Grove Orch. Cinema Time	Beulah Hear The Stars
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	News Captain's Table Time Hotel Biltmore Orch.	Baukhage Talking Frank Edwards Eddie Fisher Crowell's Nest	Edwin C. Hill 10:05 Late News Starlight Roof Martha Lou Harp Sport Report	

Friday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45		Rod & Gun Club	Breakfast Club	Make Up Your Mind Rosemary
9:00 9:15		Tommy Dorsey Capitol Commentary 9:20 Guest Time Morning Melodies	Ronnie Kemper Chet Huntley	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
9:30 9:45			Double Or Nothing 9:55 Turn To A Friend	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Ev'ry Day Strike It Rich	News Tello Test Music	10:25 Jack Berch My True Story 10:55 Whispering Streets	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Guiding Light
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Bob Hope It Pays To Be Married Phrase That Pays Second Chance	Ladies' Fair 11:25 Sam Hayes Queen For A Day	When A Girl Marries Live Like A Million- aire	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Nora Drake Brighter Day

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	News Cedric Foster Hughes Reel United Nations	Paul Harvey Sam Hayes Art & Dotty Todd	Local Program Hilltop House Art Linkletter
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Jack Kirkwood Lucky U Ranch	Campfire Serenade Mary Margaret McBride	Arthur Godfrey Time
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	News Music News Game Of The Day	Betty Crocker 2:05 Tennessee Ernie	Curt Massey Walter O'Keefe
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Welcome Travelers Dr. Paul Dial Dave Gamoway		3:25 Edward Arnold, Storyteller Jack Owens 3:55 Betty Crocker	Ruth Ashton, News 3:05 Robert Q. Lewis 3:10 Story's Backyard Bill Ballance
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	News Parade Bill Stern 4:55 News, Art Baker	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Frank Hemingway Curt Massey Time Sam Hayes	Ted Malone Big Jon And Sparkie Playfair	Philip Norman Sunshine Sue Wendell Noble George Fisher 4:55 City Editor
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Elmer Peterson	B-Bar-B Ranch Wonderful City 5:55 Cecil Brown	Virgil Pinkley Chet Huntley Bob Garred	Edward R. Murrow Tom Harmon World Today News

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Pick And Play With Bob And Ray	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Behind The Story Sam Hayes 6:55 Bill Henry	News Elmer Davis Dinner Music John Conte	Rogers Of The Gazette News On The Record
7:00 7:15	All-American Sports Show	Official Detective	Sophisticated Rhythm 7:25 News, Les Griffith	Mr. Chameleon
7:30 7:45	Henry Cassidy, News 7:35 Radio City Pre- views Pro & Con	Cisco Kid	Music, Euphrata Park	Broadway Is My Beat
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	One Man's Family News Of The World Eddie Fisher Rosemary Clooney	John Steele, Adventurer Music Hall	3-City Byline Sammy Kaye Platterbrains	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons Lowell Thomas Family Skeleton
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Name That Tune All Star Parade Of Bands	News Fulton Lewis, Jr. Great Day Show 9:55 Titus Moody	What's The Name Of That Song Lawrence Welk	Beulah Philip Norman
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	News Tiffany Club Time Biltmore Orchestra	Baukhage Talking Frank Edwards Crowell's Nest	Edwin C. Hill 10:05 ABC Late News Bob Edge Martha Lou Harp Frank & Jackson	Local Program

Saturday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	Archie Andrews	Haven Of Rest	No School Today	Give And Take
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Howdy Doody	Strictly Dixie 9:25 News Music	Space Patrol	Theatre Of Today Stars Over Holly- wood
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Modern Romances Breakfast In Holly- wood	News Music American South Game Of The Day	Junior Junction 101 Ranch Boys News	Fun For All City Hospital
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Mary Lee Taylor National Farm And Home Hour		News 11:05 Playland, U.S.A.	Music With The Girls Meet The Missus

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	What's The Score? Marine Hall Of Bands	News Record Merry-go- round	Late News 12:05 Noon Music	News Garden Guide Galen Drake Garden Gate
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	All Star Parade Of Bands	News 1:05 Record Merry- go-round	Martha Lou Harp Show Concert Band	This Is Los Angeles Philip Norman
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Football	Football	Football	Football
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Football (Cont.)	Football (Cont.)	Football (Cont.)	Football (Cont.)
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Football (Cont.)	Football (Cont.)	Football (Cont.)	Football (Cont.)
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45		Rukeyser Reports Al Helfer, Sports Music	Listen To The Latins Una Mae Carlisle News Ballad Time	News Tom Harmon News

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Grand Ole Opry	Hawaii Calls Latin Rhythms	Musical Tintypes Musical Encores	Gangbusters Gunsmoke
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Tex Williams Show Pee Wee King	Take A Number True Or False	Music From Meadowbrook 7:30 Treasury Show	Country Style
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Eddy Arnold Show Town Hall Party	Chamber Music Lombardo Land	The Lone Ranger 8:25 News Dance Party	Hollywood Barn Dance Dude Martin Show
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Western Jamboree Spade Cooley Show	News Dance Orch. Monica Whelan Dance Orch.	Dance Party (Cont.)	Hollywood Caravan
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Saturday Night Reporter Statler Hotel Orch. Music, Hotel Biltmore	Cecil Brown, News 10:05 New England Barn Dance Virginia Barn Dance	Dance Party (Cont.) Palmer House Orch.	Ten O'Clock Wire

Love Spoke to Me from a Newspaper

(Continued from page 43)

gh school senior in a neat blouse. Well, don't believe in love at first sight, and this isn't. But a woman's looks can strike a chord in a man.

On reading, I discovered Yvonne Pfeffer had brains, too. The night before, she had addressed three thousand educators in New York. She was a senior in a Newark high school but had been in this country only seven months. The article further noted that she spoke with a nice French accent.

I was in no sense a candidate for Mr. Lonelyhearts, but Yvonne appealed to me. He struck me as being vivacious and good-natured. But Newark is a big city and it didn't seem likely that I would ever be introduced to her. After dinner, I did something I have never done before: I wrote a letter to a stranger.

I wrote, "Miss Pfeffer, I am very much interested in taking French lessons." I told her that I, too, lived in Newark and would be glad to call at any time to discuss the matter. I mailed the letter and a split-second later felt very foolish. But five days later she answered and told me to call at her home.

That night, I rushed through dinner, dressed very carefully and drove to her home. At her door, I fumbled nervously for a cigarette but, before I had a chance to light it, a pretty girl—Miss Pfeffer—greeted me. I knew at once that the picture hadn't done justice to her auburn hair, blue eyes and her dimpled, luminous smile. She radiated charm.

Her parents stayed with us in the living room for a half-hour, and we hadn't got around to discussing the French lessons. Her parents retired to the kitchen. I guess they thought I had found a new home and,

as a matter of fact, they were right. I did feel at home with Yvonne from the start. She, too, has always felt at ease with me.

Three and a half hours after I arrived, I said good night. We hadn't made any arrangements for French lessons, but I had a date for the following Sunday and I was calling her Yvonne.

She has told me that she knew shortly after I arrived that I wasn't interested in learning French. She remembers that my letter stressed that I loved French and considered it a very melodious language. She had found me to be completely ignorant of French, and knew I was fibbing, but she didn't make me uncomfortable by saying so.

Sunday, we went over to New York, saw a movie, visited Radio City and walked through Central Park. I found that, although she was only eighteen years old, she had already experienced much. She had carried an Austrian passport, was born in Germany, schooled in France and North Africa. Her father, a prosperous businessman, had been put in a German concentration camp early in World War II. Yvonne was then an only child, and she and her parents went through many dreadful days. In 1942, her father escaped from the camp, rejoined his family and, through much perseverance, booked passage for his family to America.

Fate struck again, on board the ship, and nine-year-old Yvonne came down with measles. The captain put them off the ship in Oran, North Africa, telling them they'd have to wait nine days and catch another ship. The nine days stretched into nine years. Their difficulties and hardships would make a book-length story.

"My father was always wonderful," Yvonne told me. "Always he was optimistic and cheerful, no matter how bad things were."

He sold his personal possessions to start a small business for his family and they lived in the French colony, where Yvonne continued her school. Finally, in 1951, they obtained a new visa and this time arrived in the United States.

"America is so wonderful, so much better than anything I've ever known," she said. "It's like getting a new lease on life."

It sounded strange, hearing a teen-aged girl talk about getting a new lease on life, but she was serious. However, Yvonne by nature was gay and zestful. We had a lot of fun on our dates the first eight weeks, and then we were in love.

With love, your whole life changes. Your head and shoulders may be in the clouds, but your feet are singed by hot coals. The feast is sumptuous, but heartburn is inevitable.

Yvonne, you see, had made quite an impression on her teachers and friends. She was pretty, intelligent and talented. She sang and acted. One of her teachers, Dr. William Lewin, brother of a Hollywood producer, felt so strongly about her potentialities, he signed her to an agent's contract. He told Yvonne, "If you want a successful career in show business, I know you can have it."

There was talk about screen tests and voice coaches and dancing lessons. She was offered a scholarship to a dramatic school. Well, you have probably jumped to the conclusion that Yvonne's struggle was in choosing between a career and love. You're wrong.

"I was wholly in love with Sammy," she



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tells friends. "I just wanted to get married and devote my life to him."

Sammy—that's me—wasn't anxious to get married quickly.

I was out of school a short time, starting on a new job, and had no money saved. I didn't feel real sure of myself. Yvonne wouldn't graduate from high school until January, and I thought maybe she was too young and would change her mind.

Nevertheless, at the stroke of the New Year, 1952, while everyone was singing "Auld Lang Syne," I proposed.

"You can make it a happy year by marrying me."

That was it. Yvonne threw her arms around me. We were going to be married. We were unofficially engaged. A few days later our engagement was broken.

Guess what I said in answer when Yvonne told me that she loved me heart and soul. I, Sammy, said, "I love you 90%."

Well, you know how it is in the front lines when artillery, grenades, dive bombers, machine guns and rifles are sounding off all at one time. Well, I felt as if I were standing in the middle of No Man's Land and I was the target. To this day, I don't know why I said it. But, when I left, I had a thirty-day sentence.

"We won't see each other for a month," said Yvonne. "Let's think this over and see if we are really in love."

I have never before known such misery. I couldn't eat or sleep right. Yvonne was graduated a week later and I didn't go to the ceremonies. She, too, was going through the tortures. Her father, who had realized the seriousness of our relationship, hadn't been enthusiastic about our getting married. He liked me and we got along well but he, too, thought Yvonne was too young to know her mind.

"I know my heart," Yvonne would say.

She was working part time in a bakery shop after school. I phoned her there the day after her graduation and asked if I could see her after work.

"No," she said. She told me later that she had cried and been despondent, because she was sure it was all over. She thought I was calling merely to be nice and didn't want to expose her suffering to me.

However, I insisted and, when I called for her, it was raining. We were two under one umbrella, and that helps. By the time I saw her home, we had cleared away all doubts of our love and we were earnestly talking about marriage. It was wonderful. I was out of the depths and living again. Yvonne, too.

We announced our engagement in April and decided that the following year, in June, we would marry. We would need that much time to save money. Yvonne got a job in the accounting department of the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company.

Waiting is cruel when you're in love. But it was my only sister, who was married, who understood and came up with the suggestion that made an earlier wedding possible for us. "Why," she asked, "don't you lovebirds try to get on *Bride And Groom*?"

Yvonne had seen the show many times and told me about it. When she finished, I said, "Why would they want to marry us?"

"Write them a letter," she pleaded. "You write so well."

I didn't. Then one night we had a date at her home and she said she wouldn't talk to me until I had written the letter. I did that night.

You know how it is. You still don't expect that a big, nationally popular show is going to give you much attention. But they sent us an application, and it was in the works. We were so far ahead of ourselves, for we didn't think it could possibly come true, that the *Bride And Groom* office wrote they would like to marry us on Feb-

ruary twenty-fifth. Would we? We would.

We were to be allowed thirty-five guests. We would have all details and clothes taken care of and, in addition, get a free honeymoon and wonderful gifts. It was too good to be true. And the best part of it was the people who worked with us. Doris Beckman, Marion Herget—all of them—couldn't have been more considerate if they had been our own family.

We met John Nelson and Phil Hanna at the rehearsals and they, too, were grand and put us at ease. They were a true part of the wedding party.

The wedding day was exciting. Yvonne was beautiful in an antique ivory gown. Her sister Carol, who announced on the air that she was seven and three-quarters years old, was flower girl. And Phil Hanna sang for us, "Oh, Perfect Love."

We were scared. I remember that at first Yvonne's hand was cold and stiff. But, as John Nelson interviewed us, I could feel her fingers getting warm and soft and I knew everything was all right. And a few minutes later we were married.

At the studio and the reception, for the next few hours, everyone was kissing Yvonne and giving me advice. I was in a kind of daze and didn't come to until we got to the New Yorker Hotel, where we were spending the first night.

I signed the register and the clerk looked at my signature, then over my shoulder and asked, "Isn't the lady with you?" I had registered only for myself. He grinned, and we fixed that.

We were spending only one night in Manhattan, for the next day our free honeymoon began at world-famous Grosinger's, a resort in the Catskills. *Bride And Groom* had given us a car to use during the honeymoon.

That night, I took the missus out to dinner. We were still a little nervous. I know because Yvonne poured Coke instead of ketchup on her shrimp. We decided to go to bed early so we could get an early start the next morning.

Yvonne didn't help things when she bought some grapes outside the hotel. She plunked them in the middle of the bed and said we had to finish every one before I could kiss her. But it didn't take long.

We drove to the mountains early and found the hotel just as luxurious as we had been promised it would be. Those were five memorable days. There were three or four other honeymooning couples there. We got together every evening for dinner and dancing. Yvonne is a wonderful swimmer, so we also made good use of the pool.

We were kind of celebrities there, too. We were heralded in the hotel paper as the couple who had been married on *Bride And Groom*. And a number of people had seen us on television.

They wanted to know all about it. We couldn't describe our gifts then, but we now have them: a pop-up toaster and a steam iron, silver service for twelve, a refrigerator, a deluxe gas range, and even a talking motion-picture film of our wedding.

Yes, that part of the honeymoon is over and we now have a cute apartment in Newark. Yvonne is still working, but we have plans. From the moment you fall in love, you're making plans: plans to get engaged, plans to get married, and now plans for a family. Someday, we hope to have three children.

The best thing we can hope for our children is that they are lucky enough to get married on *Bride And Groom*. Everyone should get married on *Bride And Groom*. Everyone should get married. I'm for love, marriage and *Bride And Groom*, not ninety, but one hundred per cent.

Oh, but incidentally, I haven't yet had a French lesson.

Your Hit Parade's Snooky Lanson

(Continued from page 32)

with a rake or spade or lawn mower. "My wife Florence has the green thumb and I have the strong back," he drawls, "so kind of do as I'm told."

Florence, on the other hand, will tell you Snooky is the last man on earth to do as he's been told. Beneath his smiling, good-natured exterior is a will of iron. The Lansons respect and enjoy each other's independence and temper.

"Not hot temper, but temper," Snooky says. "We both like strong, fiery people. So Florence allows me to be temperamental about my work, and I allow her to have her way around the house."

Inasmuch as it would be difficult to find a wife and husband more devoted than Snooky and Florence, the foregoing is not a contradiction of their solid relationship but an honest statement of two people who are real.

"Arguments? Sure," Snooky says. "I don't think you can have a healthy marriage without them. When you have a difference of opinion there's no sense in burying it. A good discussion never hurt anyone."

Snooky says that Florence is very beautiful, and that is no exaggeration. She is five-foot-five, with an olive complexion, big brown eyes and matching hair. She was Miss Florence Appleby of Nashville when Snooky met her at a dance, began a whirlwind courtship and married her nine months later. That was in 1942.

Anyone familiar with Snooky's dulcet Southern accent knows his being in Nashville was no accident. Memphis, Tennessee, was his birthplace, where he acquired the nickname Snooky at the age of two.

Snooky's father, of Irish descent, was a businessman. His mother, of Italian descent, had the musical talent. She had a fine soprano voice, although she never sang professionally. When Snooky was a toddler, the "hit parade" rage of the day was an Irving Berlin tune called "Snooky-Ookums." Mrs. Lanson used it as a nickname for her son, who had been christened Roy.

"Believe it or not, I've never gotten into a fight over my name," Snooky says. "As a matter of fact, I personally see nothing wrong with it."

There has been much kidding about the nickname, but Snooky has carried it gallantly through a singing career that started in grade school. As a lad, he sang during intermissions at basketball games and between boxing matches. In high school, he made a reputation as a ballplayer for three years in a semi-pro league.

He was still in high school, and only fourteen, when he got his first professional singing job at Station WSM in Nashville. For the first time, it was suggested that he drop the Snooky. He said no.

He was at WSM for a good many years and became one of the most popular entertainers in the area. His first break into big time came through a trombonist friend with whom he had roomed. The trombonist joined Ray Noble's band and suggested Noble audition Snooky for the vocal post. Snooky got it and, before his enlistment during World War II, added to his credits singing with Al Donahue and Ted Weems.

Another indication of Snooky's preference for a home and settled life came after the war. He could have joined another big-name band and ranged the country, but he elected to sit by the home range with Florence and went back to work at WSM. However, three years ago the Lucky Strike people up-rooted him and brought him to

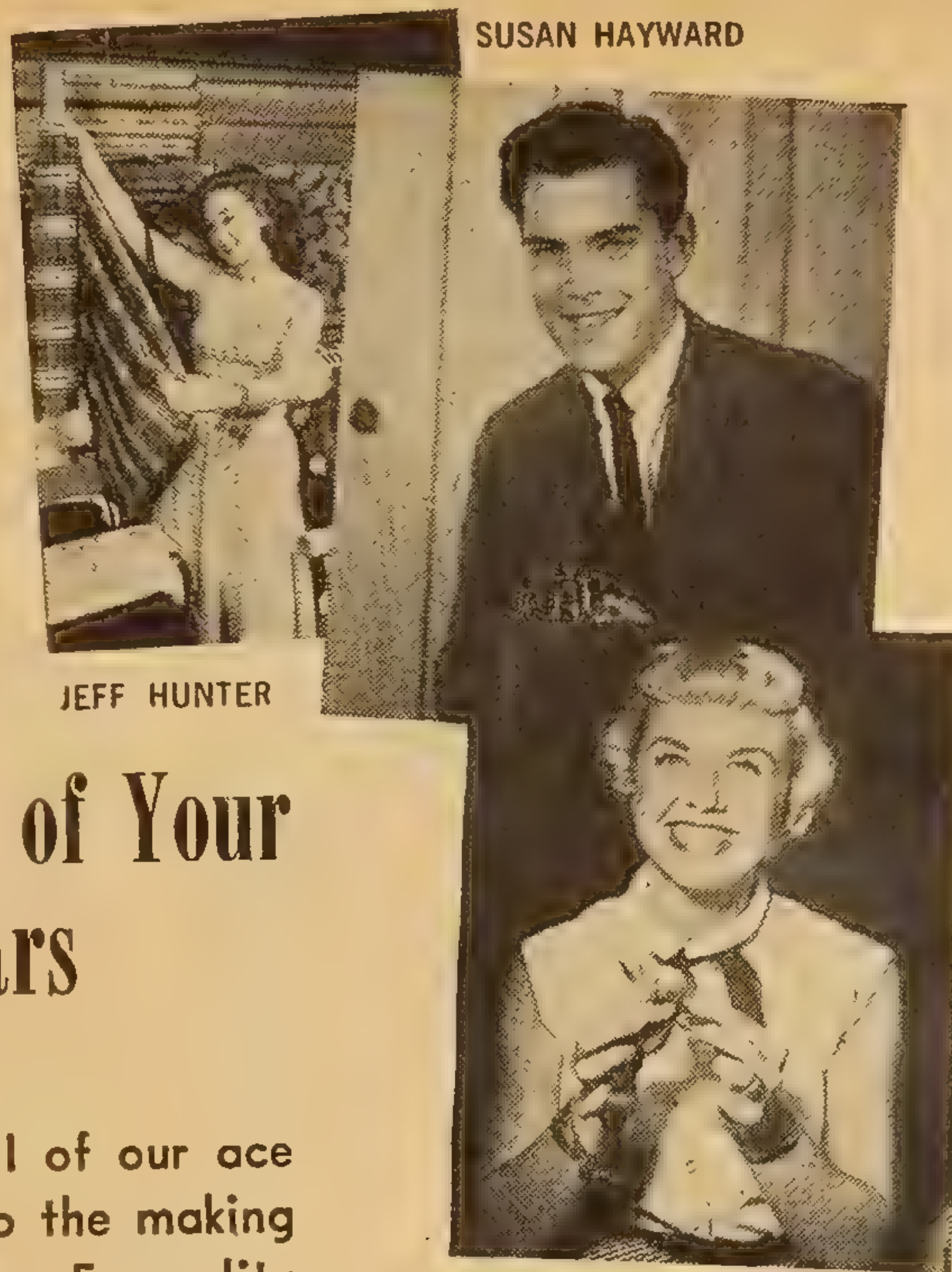
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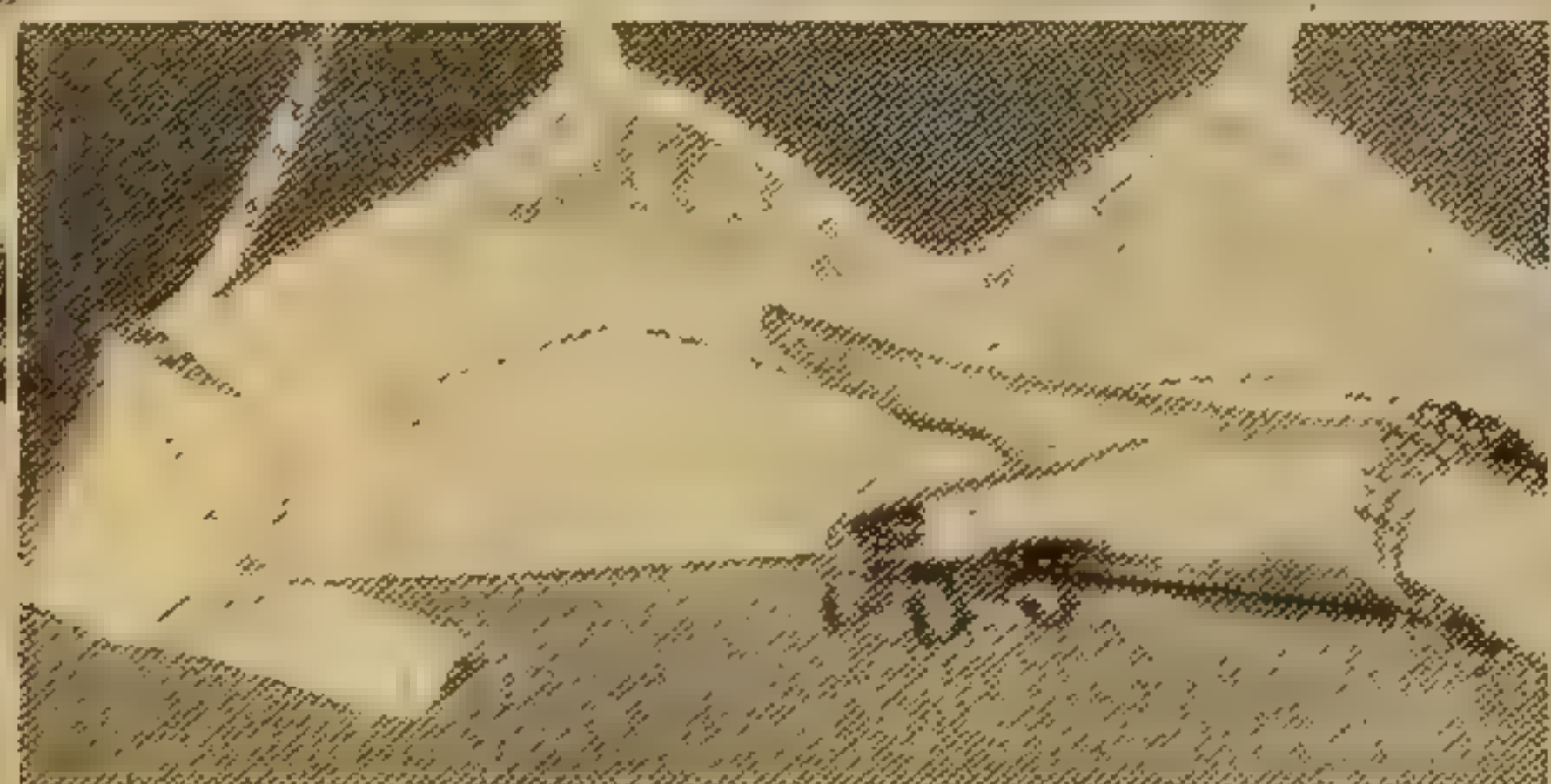
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New York City for their television show. "The first three months, I commuted two thousand miles a week," he remembers.

He would fly up to New York on Thursday for *Your Hit Parade* rehearsals and the show, then fly back to Nashville on Sunday to take up his local chores and be with his family.

"By commuting, I was playing it safe," he says. "I wanted to be sure of a regular berth on the show before I moved the family that distance."

He got his contract that fall. That was the only point in his life that he almost gave up the name Snooky. Off and on, he had battled with station managers and orchestra leaders to retain the handle. Three years ago, he was feeling a little tired of it. He told his new sponsors he wanted to go back to Roy.

"Sorry," he was told. "We like Snooky." And that was that.

The first home Snooky found for the family was in Stamford, Connecticut. Part of their introduction to Yankeeland was a violent hurricane.

Storm warnings had been broadcast for twenty-four hours. The wind started at a mild twenty miles per hour, then began accelerating like a high-powered roadster. Florence, who takes things quite calmly, raised her eyebrows.

"It's just a nor'easter," Snooky drawled, "if you'll pardon the word."

Tubs of rain fell, slashing the house, but the Lansons still didn't panic. The Lansons' home was on the shore and the radio now warned of a possible tidal wave.

Florence said, finally, "Doesn't the wind seem a little high to you, Snooky?"

"Brisk," he said.

Florence said, "Well, there's a man with a Red Cross band coming up the street, and he's in a rowboat."

The Lansons wisely evacuated with their two children to a friend's home inland and huddled up for twenty-four hours with eighteen other people. It was one of the most destructive storms in New England history—many homes were blown down, transportation and communication literally stopped, and many people were seriously and even fatally injured. Snooky got to the *Hit Parade* rehearsal eight hours late, but the children—of course—had a wonderful time.

Shortly after that, the Lansons moved south (to Hartsdale, New York) because it meant Snooky would spend less time on trains and more time at home. They rented in Hartsdale and Scarsdale, then figured it was cheaper to buy their own home and finally settled in Hartsdale.

Florence takes a great deal of pleasure in doing her own decorating. The master bedroom is in French Provençal, made of fruit wood. Ernie, age eight, has maple bedroom furniture. Beth, six, has white French Provençal. The new baby will be in Early American surroundings.

Florence's favorite pieces are the Regency sofa and chairs in the living room. The chairs were the first furniture she bought when they married.

"They were so expensive we couldn't afford anything else and sat around on orange crates the first six months," Snooky recalls. "Finally, we saved enough money to get the matching sofa, and our guests were spared splinters."

Snooky has been heard to say that he's thankful his wife isn't in show business. What he means by this is merely that there is always one parent at home who can give the children a full day. Ernie and Beth are his chief interests. With some people it's jokes, but when Snooky gets into a gabfest, he starts off with, "Stop me if I've already told you this story about the children."

Ernie, at eight, takes after his father.

One difference, however, is that the boy is left-handed. A relative once tried to correct Ernie and get him back to using his right hand. Snooky put his foot down.

"She just didn't know the value of a good left-handed hitter," Snooky says. "And you should see that boy slug a baseball. Out of the park."

Snooky has been fishing since his own childhood, and he has taught Ernie to cast and takes him on fishing trips. Ernie while pretty much an outdoor lad, shows an early leaning toward show business. After seeing a movie, he entertains the family at dinner with a complete recounting of the dialogue and jokes. He sings well, too, but only on his own terms.

"If you ask him to sing, he'll turn blue in the face before he gives in," Snooky adds, "He's stubborn like his father."

Beth, six years old, gets a girl's delight out of dancing and singing. Snooky firmly believes parents should not ask their children to entertain for guests, but Beth can't be stopped. She's an excellent dancing student and is the one in her class to demonstrate for the others. Her instructor has asked several times to put her in shows but Snooky doesn't yield.

"I don't like to see kids pushed," he says. "They have plenty of time for that."

Snooky does the disciplining around the house, but sparingly, and only when the kids can't be reasoned with. He's actually a devoted father and is up every morning to have breakfast with them. If he had a late night, he may go back to bed after breakfast, but he never misses the morning session.

He doesn't believe in letting kids do just as they please. Snooky holds with routine and responsibilities. He, himself, feels his life is good for his days are balanced with work and pleasure.

Ernie gets a weekly allowance of thirty-five cents, for which he keeps his room clean, makes his bed and helps with the lawn. Beth gets fifteen cents, takes care of her room and helps mother.

"The kids like the system all right," Snooky says, "but want more money."

Some of the neighbors' children average ten cents more a week. Ernie and Beth have been promised that, as their work improves, they will be raised accordingly.

Music, as you would expect, plays a big part in the Lansons' life, and they have their family "sings" in the living room and in the car. Even Ernie volunteers a solo then.

Because *Your Hit Parade* comes on in the East at ten-thirty, the children are allowed to stay up and watch it only three times a year: for the Easter, Christmas and final shows. These, too, are about the most handsome productions of the year. The children show their appreciation of this special privilege: Beth demonstrates the new dance steps she has learned, and Ernie offers free advice.

At the time this goes to press, Florence will probably be in the hospital, for their new baby is expected in early August.

"Right now, we plan to name the new one Finis."

The household will then include, in addition to the five Lansons, their maid Bertha, brought up from the South, and two parakeets.

Snooky and Florence are warm and receptive. Part of their charm, too, is their Southern accent.

Snooky, to a degree, has lost a bit of his soft speech, but he claims Florence still drips with corn pone. Problems with accents amuse him. He recalls the time he took Florence to meet Ray Noble and his wife. It was a meeting to discuss future plans of the band.

Noble and his wife, both English, talked in clipped, very British accents. Florence and Snooky were at sea.

"You know," Florence said, when they left, "I didn't understand a word they said."

"Me neither," Snooky said, and turned to his friend. "Look, am I still working for him?"

"Yes," the trombonist said.

A year later, Snooky told the story to Ray Noble. Ray said, "I've got news for you, ducky. We couldn't make out a word you said, either."

Telling the story on themselves is indicative of the good humor and unpretentiousness which pervade the easy-going Lanson home. Another example: Last year, Snooky's birthday present to Florence was—a diamond engagement ring. "I couldn't afford to give her one when we married," he says simply.

There's no ulterior motive in Snooky's keeping his private life private. He just takes the word at its face value. His is a good, honest life, where responsibilities and pleasures are taken in stride. You couldn't find a healthier case of hero worship for the thousands of fans who idolize Snooky.

Three Busy People

(Continued from page 55)

together at his desk . . . the baskets and bags of crocheting and knitting yarns for Jean's expert fingers. From upstairs to basement, every shelf and cabinet overflows with a multiplicity of materiel.

There are books and magazines everywhere. A game of Scrabble may be set up on the dining table, where the family began to play and got interrupted. For this is a house where the three telephone connections never stay silent long—upstairs, downstairs, or in the basement workshop.

Somebody is always hungry, too, at least for a snack, and the kitchen is a well-used place. A well-stocked one, also. Even the wall along the steps to the basement has been lined with specially constructed shelves (some of Vinton's handiwork) holding jars of preserves and home-canned foods (Jean's handiwork) and other cans of all sorts for quick snacks or for unexpected guests.

The record-player, the good-looking bookcase in the living room, the cabinets scattered around the house, the rows of shelves in every handy nook and corner, as well as the finely constructed tool cabinet and bench in his workshop, are all the work of Vinton's hands, done in his time off from being an actor on radio and television. As an actor, he's heard playing the suave and polished private eye on radio's *Adventures Of Michael Shayne*; as Dr. Edwards in *The Doctor's Wife*; as various other characters on such dramatic programs as *My True Story*, *The Shadow*, *Whispering Streets*—and he's been seen on more than 450 television programs in the past few years. (He played the District Attorney on a daily television serial called *The First Hundred Years*, which left the air only recently.)

Yet, along with his acting, Vinton Hayworth has found time for all sorts of other occupations. Some beautifully bound copies of magazines, which he saw on a movie set, made him decide to bind his own copies in the same way. So he enrolled in an evening class, while he was making pictures daytimes, and learned bookbinding. Now he has been offered a really staggering sum for his own well-bound issues. He's an historian, "a nut on the Civil War," he explains. He's a whiz



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at producing exact-scale models of things, has built the *Constitution* several times in miniature, and probably knows its construction and its history better than some of the present custodians of that gallant old ship. He's a producer of 16 mm. home movies, thousands of feet of them. He's president of the largest local in the country, the New York AFTRA, and co-chairman of national AFTRA (both of these being federations of radio and television actors). He's a collector—mostly of books on his favorite subjects of history, science, engineering, woodworking—but he's always starting something new. And learning to make something different.

Jean is the housekeeping genius of the trio. Jean gave up acting when she was an ingenue, to marry Vinton. Then Dink came along. (Incidentally, Dink is really Vinton Hayworth, Jr. His paternal grandfather used to refer to the small boy as "the dinky Vinton" to differentiate him from tall Vinton, Sr. The name got shortened to Dink and stuck, although the boy is now six-feet-one, which is about two inches taller than Dad!)

Besides her housekeeping duties, Jean has been taking up her professional work gradually over the past three years, ever since she faced the fact that her son would soon be off on his own and she would want some work to do to fill the void in her life when she wouldn't be needed so urgently at home. How urgently she is still needed, however, is attested by the fact that her menfolk refuse to eat out if there is anything home-cooked around. "I even eat her pie dough raw," Dink says. "It's that good. And you ought to taste her chocolate cake with the sea-foam icing!" Vinton almost always waits until he gets home to eat, no matter how late he works on a show. And, even when Jean is working, she hurries home right afterward to be the cook, if possible. Working, for Jean, has meant appearing in roles on programs like the *Kate Smith Show*, *Ethel And Albert*, *Hallmark* and *Armstrong Circle Theatres*, and in a number of television commercials.

Jean's crocheted ties are conversation pieces. Even Vinton's viewers write in to ask where he gets those beautiful neckties. Jean plans a pair of Argyle socks first, works out the pattern in two colors against the basic color of the sock, and then she crochets three ties to go with each pair of socks, each in one of the sock colors. She also hand-knits vests for both her men. "Vin and Dink are alike as two peas in a pod," she says, "and what one gets the other wants, too."

Dink has just completed his first year in archaeology and anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania, but is now undecided on one of several careers. In the back of his mind is a plan to go on an archaeological expedition someday, when his military service is finished. He's a science fiction fan and collects every book and magazine he can find on the subject. He experiments with photography, plays baseball, rides, is good on the guitar, and has what he calls a "sketchy" knowledge of the mandolin.

First and foremost, however, Dink's an actor, like his dad, and already he has played many TV roles. On *Captain Video* he has been a Video Ranger, and he has had parts on the important dramatic programs like *Philco*, *Hallmark* and *Armstrong Circle Theatres*, the *Kate Smith Show*, and *Escape*.

Vinton Hayworth, however, decided to be an actor much earlier than Dink did—in second grade. "I wanted to be the prince when we put on 'Cinderella,'" he says, "but I lost out to a taller boy. I was made an extra, just one of the kids that did the minuet. A fine part for a fellow

that wanted to be a prince! On the day of the performance, I had to pass close to this other boy on the stage, and as I went by I butted him hard with my rear. He butted me back. I lost my balance and toppled over the footlights, breaking my arm. I think that very day I resolved to show the kid that some day I'd be a big shot as an actor. I don't even remember his name, and he may not remember mine, but he was probably the fellow who stiffened my determination to keep at it."

Since Vinton has been on television, letters have come from old schoolmates who either remember that incident or the time he was in the high-school presentation of "Trelawney of the Wells." A girl who had been in his second-grade class wrote him and said she remembered the butting incident very well now but had forgotten it until she saw him in a *Kraft Theatre* production; then the whole amusing story came back to her. His high-school drama coach, Sibyl Baker, tuned in on one of his performances the first time she used her TV set and wrote what a thrill it was to see him. "It was a thrill for me to get her letter," he says. "She is the one who worked hard and long with me to keep me from being a ham. She held me down and made me an actor instead. I'll always be grateful to her."

After high school, Vinton joined an art theatre group which performed on radio. This was in his home city of Washington, D. C. He went on to other radio jobs, in Washington and elsewhere, all of which finally led to his becoming production manager of Station WMAQ, in Chicago. He has the distinction of being in the first mystery drama ever heard on radio, "A Step on the Stairs," the forerunner of all the present chiller-dillers. He adapted and produced the second television drama ever broadcast. It was called "The Maker of Dreams," and the date was January, 1930, which makes him an authentic TV pioneer.

It was in Chicago, when Vinton was acting on the *Myrt And Marge* show, that he and Jean met. "I was working in a store, between acting jobs, strictly for purposes of paying the rent," Jean tells it. "A friend had said to me, 'While you're not working, why don't you demonstrate our new doll? I'll send you to the different stores, and that way you can pick up some Christmas money.' But actually, it was rent money I needed."

"She was enduring what we call 'a slow season,'" Vinton interjects. "Very slow," Jean corroborates. "Anyhow, we met on a blind date. My roommate was going with another man on the *Myrt And Marge* program, and she kept saying they wanted me to meet this charming boy in the cast. I wasn't too impressed with the idea of his being on radio. I had done radio, too, so that didn't mean very much to me. And I didn't like blind dates. And besides, I was doing unaccustomed work and was coming home very tired. But I finally said all right, bring him along if you want to, and he came. And nine days later—we were married!"

On her wedding night, dressing in her hotel room, Jean tuned her small radio to the station carrying the *Myrt And Marge* program, on which she had never heard Vinton perform. She was destined not to hear him until after they were married, for the radio had the wrong current and after a series of crackling reports and a puff of smoke, the hotel's electrical system was completely off. All the elevators stopped, too. "There I was, marooned on a high floor of the hotel, in total blackness, and scared of what I had done. Nobody could go upstairs or down until the electrician went to work."

In spite of this inauspicious beginning, however, it was a beautiful wedding. It was Christmas Eve, and at a quarter to twelve they stood in front of the windows in the penthouse on top of the hotel as a minister read the marriage ceremony. "They were story-and-a-half windows," Jean says, "shaped so they looked like the windows of a cathedral. The snow was coming down softly in flakes that looked as big as silver dollars. Down Michigan Boulevard we could see the Palmolive Building with its lighted windows forming a huge cross. I don't think anyone there will ever forget how beautiful everything was. I had one sister in Chicago, and she and my brother-in-law came to the wedding. We called Vin's mother and father, and the rest of our families, but it all happened so fast, it was six months later before we met each other's people. Jane Froman was my matron of honor."

When Dink was born, on Thanksgiving Day, 1935, Jane Froman and Ginger Rogers became his co-godmothers. Ginger is Dink's first cousin, since her mother and Jean are sisters. Oddly enough, Rita Hayworth is also a first cousin to Dink, because Rita's mother is Vinton Hayworth's sister (Rita's real name is Cansino, but she took her mother's name of Hayworth, professionally). This gives Dink two gorgeous movie glamour girls as first cousins.

It hasn't been an unmixed blessing for the boy. There was the time when both girls were in a picture called "Manhattan at Midnight," and one of the kids in front of the motion picture theatre decided it was pure presumptuousness on Dink's part to claim both beauties as cousins. One he could believe, but two was just too much. "I suppose Charles Boyer is your uncle," he sneered, while his gang jeered at Dink. At the end of the fracas, during which Dink had felt duty-bound to defend the integrity of his statements, he emerged with a black eye and some disbelief still rampant among his schoolmates. The result was that his parents decided the Professional Children's School would make life easier for him. There, all the kids have show-business connections, or are in it themselves, and Rita and Ginger as cousins make an interesting item, but not an unbelievable one.

All that is in the past now. The biggest problem presently facing the Hayworths is how to fit all their expanding interests into a house already bulging with them. Dink wants to go on making models, collecting books and musical instruments, building up his collection of archaeological specimens. Vinton still has hundreds of magazines to be properly bound, dozens of pieces of furniture he is designing and getting ready to turn out with his grand new power tools. Jean's housekeeping job—keeping so many things in tidy order—is getting to be quite an item for an actress who is back in circulation and in demand.

They have their collective eye on a piece of land on which a bigger house could be built, one with plenty of extra cabinet and shelf space and plenty of extra work space. A place where the Hayworths could follow their respective hobbies and add some new ones as the spirit moves them. For these are folks who will always find time for the things they really want to do, beginning and ending of course with their very first love—acting.

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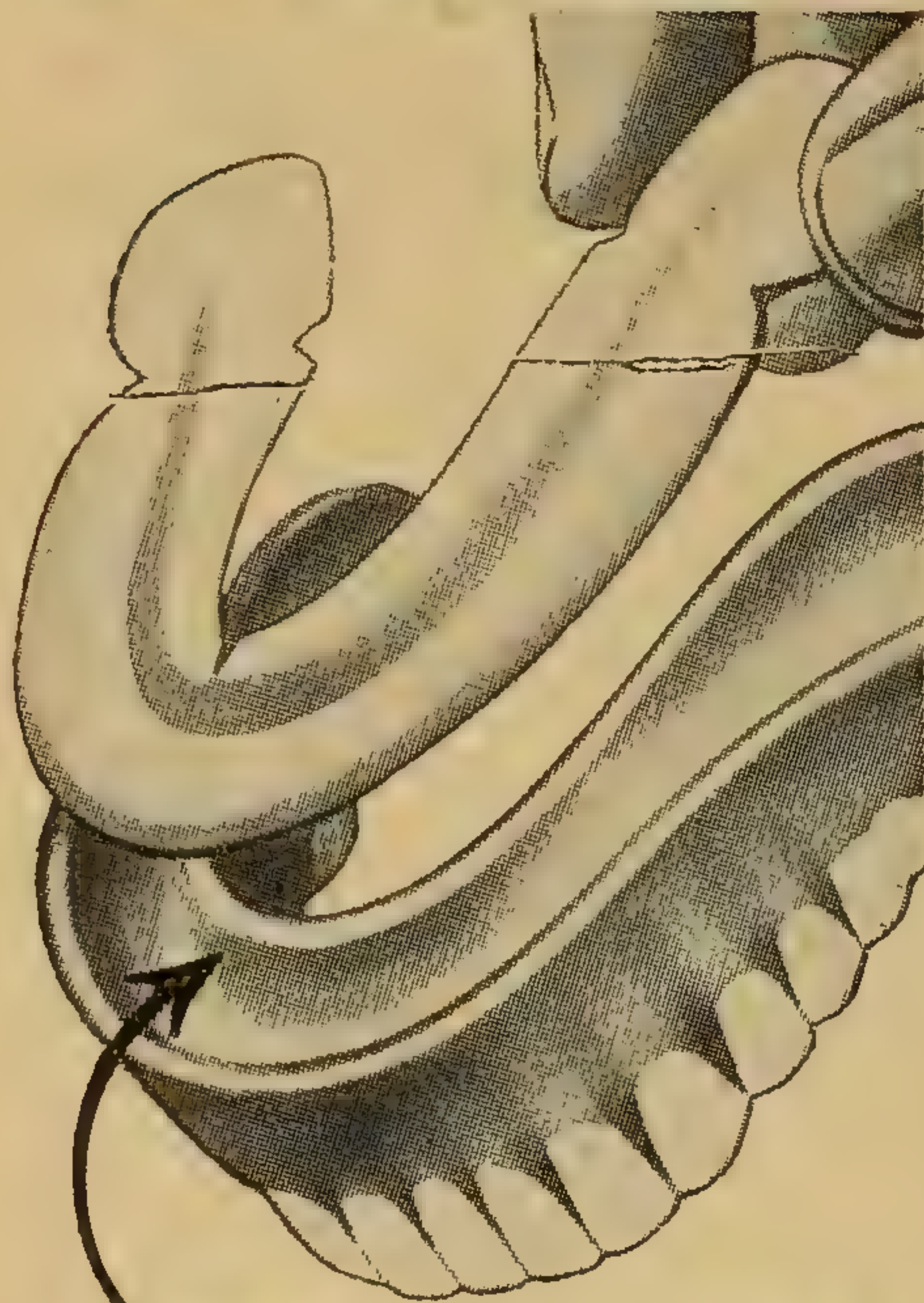
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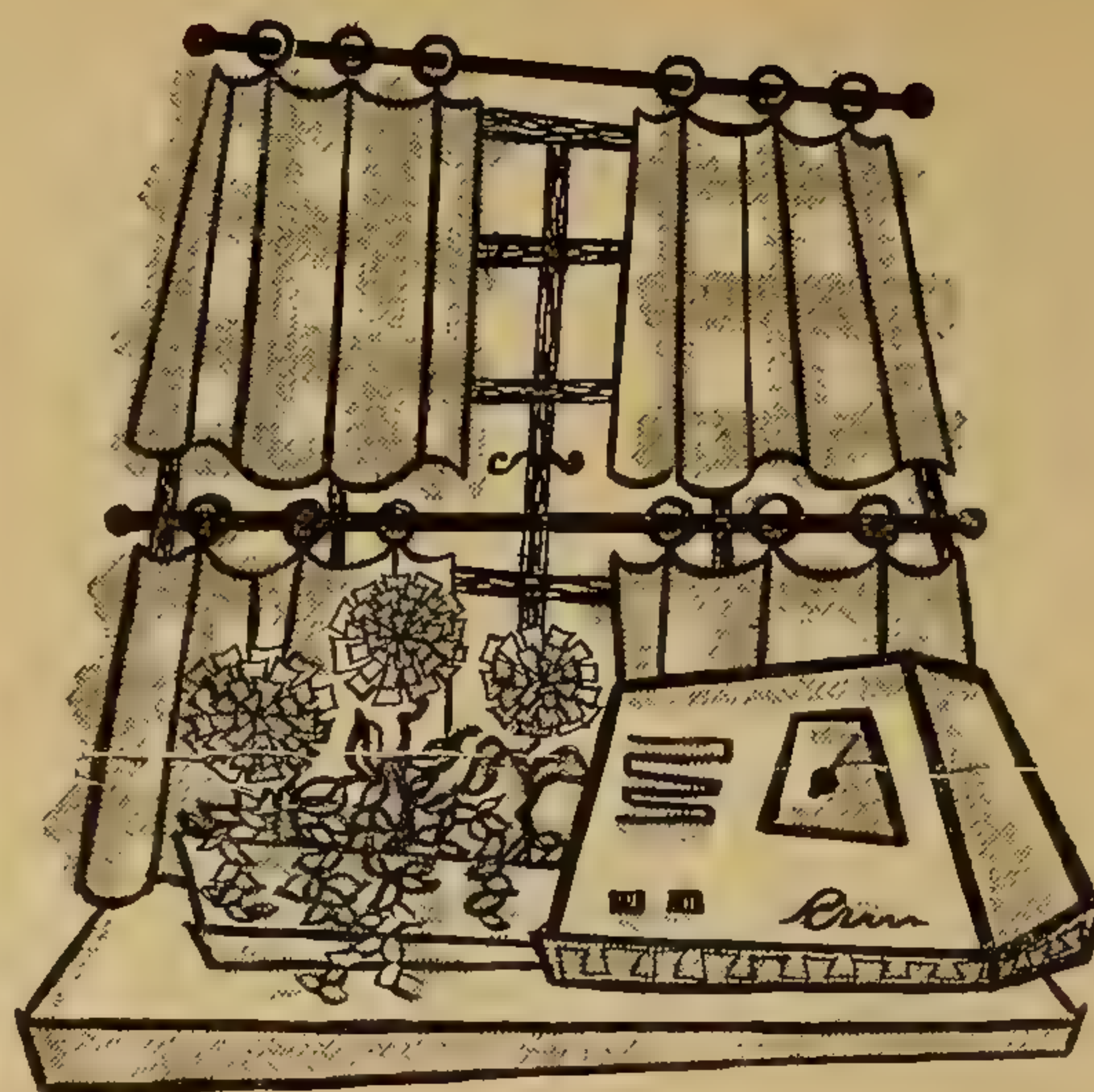
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DAYTIME DIARY

AUNT JENNY Should a woman give up happiness for what she conceives to be the good of her children? A youthful widow learns almost too late that she can only live one life—her own—when she allows a fancied difficulty to stand in the way of her marriage to a man she genuinely loves, in one of the recent real-life stories told by Aunt Jenny about her neighbors in the small town of Littleton. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Elsie Shephard's admission that she loves Larry, and Mary's championship of Lucius Brooks despite Larry's distrust of him, have created an almost intolerable strain between the Nobles, even though their love for each other remains as deep as ever. Will Larry's opposition finally save Mary from tragic involvement with Brooks, whose worthless oil stocks she is innocently helping to promote among her rich friends? M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, NBC.

BRIGHTER DAY Patsy Dennis is shocked to find herself at odds with her father, the Reverend Richard Dennis, over the matter of Roy Wilmot, who has caused more than one upheaval in Three Rivers. Dr. Dennis's profound distrust of this man bewilders his more naive daughter, who does not realize her trustfulness may be making her the worst enemy of the man she loves, Alan Butler, as he fights a murder charge. M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE When Julie and her husband, Dr. Dan Palmer, decide to take on the young ex-convict, Richard, to help out during Julie's pregnancy, they realize they are bucking public opinion. But, convinced of Richard's honesty, they are prepared to defend their belief even when a series of thefts points directly to him. Would Julie be so courageous if she knew how seriously she and Dan would be involved? M-F, 5:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL Reporter David Farrell encounters one of the best-planned murders of his experience when a gourmet dies in a restaurant run by a lovely young lady—who happens to be one of several people not at all sorry to see the victim meet his end. This is one crime for which the wrong person might easily have paid, if David and his wife Sally ever allowed themselves to be misled by the obvious. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Through her own years of bitter trial, Meta Roberts learned the one truth that has helped her: You can't run away. But she sees no way of transferring this knowledge to people she loves... to young Kathy, her stepdaughter, for instance, who has all but wrecked her promising new marriage... and to her brother Bill, whose running away all too often takes him to the nearest bar. M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS. M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie Paterno, head matron of Hilltop House, is half-afraid to go ahead with plans to marry Reed Nixon because, in spite of their feeling for each other, their past association has been so full of ups and downs, it seems impossible that a secure, placid future can really be awaiting them. But Reed's optimism carries her along, until the shattering moment when she learns just how trustworthy her instinct was. M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL The long-ago past comes vividly alive for Bill Davidson as the daughter of his best friend, Leonard Drake, comes home to her father much as Bill's own daughter Nancy came to him years ago. But Leonard's misguided, miserable daughter presents a problem Bill hasn't coped with before. Can Bill save Drake's future in spite of the most ruthless, unscrupulous enemy he has ever faced? M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Chichi has spent most of her young life jumping head first into other people's problems, without ever wondering what would happen to her own life as a result. Now at last it looks as though something has happened, for through her championship of Grace Garcine, Chichi has met the man she has been waiting for—the man who may really change her whole future. Is happiness really ahead for Chichi? M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LORENZO JONES Though Lorenzo's memory of his marriage to Belle has still not returned, and though he still believes himself in love with Gail Maddox, his transfer to the Long Island laboratories of the Dunbar Mines is at long last a blow in Belle's favor. Separated from Gail, constantly in touch with Belle, will Lorenzo at last remember who he is, and what Belle once was to him? Belle can only wait—and pray. M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

MA PERKINS Fay has waited a long time for her happiness—waited to be sure Tom Wells and she were doing the right thing for both of them. Now she knows that, as far as she is concerned, Tom is right—that in spite of his writer's temperament and his sometimes too-sharp tongue, she wouldn't have him any other way. But is there something in Tom's work—or something arising from it—that creates a threat Fay can't foresee? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Sunday's marriage to Lord Henry Brinthrope has withstood many trials and many shocks. But will it be proof against the charming, experienced woman whose own marital difficulties somehow seem to affect the happiness of all those who come into contact with her? What can Sunday do to arm herself against the mysterious influence that seems to be leading her marriage to the brink of disaster? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Jim Dennis had his own long-range plans, when he suddenly decided to contest the adoption by Linda and Pepper Young of the baby boy Jim and his wife Gloria were once eager to be rid of. Jim was prepared for a long, hard court case—but neither he nor anyone else was prepared for Linda Young's startling decision. Her words have a profound effect on more lives than she realizes. M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PERRY MASON Almost at the end of a long, tortuous trail, Perry Mason refuses to admit the possibility of failure as Marc Cisar once again threatens to slip through his ever-tightening net. Cisar's final weapon—the so-called "living death"—is in some ways the most formidable Perry has ever had to overcome. For its secret seems buried in the mists of antiquity. But is Cisar really the only man alive who knows the answer? M-F, 2:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

(Continued on page 96)



"No one need suffer the embarrassment of PIMPLES"

New! Amazing Medication

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED HIDES PIMPLES WHILE IT WORKS

PROVED EFFECTIVE BY DOCTORS... ENDORSED BY NURSES IN NATION-WIDE TESTS

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THOUSANDS HAIL CLEARASIL. So many boys, girls, adults everywhere have found that CLEARASIL really works for them, it is already the largest-selling specific pimple medication in America. GUARANTEED to work for you as it did in doctors' and nurses' tests or money back. 59¢ at all druggists. Economy size 98¢.



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(Continued from page 95)

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Carolyn Nelson is shocked when she realizes that her husband, Governor Miles Nelson, has allowed political elements among his advisory group to blind him to the simple justice involved in the trial of a young man whose innocence she is certain can be proved. As she continues her fight to restore a young couple to happiness, she is bitterly aware that she may be destroying her own forever. M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE Dr. Jim Brent and his new wife, Jocelyn, take a long chance when they deliberately urge domineering Aunt Reggie to prolong her visit in Merrimac. Fully conscious that she may interfere critically in the happy marriage of Jim's foster-son John and his wife Francie, Jocelyn and Jim are determined to keep her where they can see what she is doing. But are they underestimating her possible effect in their own lives? M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, CBS. M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT After their long estrangement, Helen Trent is comforted by the renewal of her friendship with lawyer Gil Whitney. But Gil is sadly aware that friendship is a poor substitute for the happiness he and Helen might know if he were free of his wife Cynthia. Can he at least protect Helen from the machinations of Cynthia and columnist Daisy Parker as the two embittered women conspire to ruin her career and reputation? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

ROSEMARY Rosemary Roberts, awaiting the birth of her long-wished-for baby, is determined to remain happy and optimistic in spite of the increasingly difficult position being created for Bill and his paper by their enemy, Edgar Duffy. Can Bill's unfortunate past—the grim story of Blanche Weatherby's death—really be raked up at this late date? Or will Duffy's real motives be exposed in time? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, CBS.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON As usual, Stan's mother has managed to cause trouble for his wife—innocently enough, this time. Mrs. Burton's chairmanship of the Dickston Music Festival leads directly to Terry's meeting with maestro Darrel Masterson, for it is Terry who ends up doing the actual chairman's work. Has Terry enjoyed her New York whirl as much as Masterson thinks? M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Stella's instinctive distrust of Hanley Fraser is triumphantly justified in time for her to save her son-in-law, Dick Grosvenor, from Fraser's plot against him, and Stella once again settles down to her sewing shop, secure in the knowledge that she has saved her daughter Laurel's happiness. But the unforeseen result of Stella's help is a new, difficult problem which she will need all her wits to solve. M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Almost convinced that her efforts to help Robert Sargent's daughter are hopeless, Nora is only persuaded to go on by her old friend Dr. Jensen, and comes to Grace's aid, despite the warnings of Fred Molina that the girl is involved with a drug syndicate. The situation approaches its tragic climax when Grace and Cass Todero, who loves her, try to steal drugs from the hospital supply room. M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

WENDY WARREN Wendy, rejoicing in the restoration of her husband's emotional balance, is delighted when his healthy spell of work produces a play that looks likely to top the success of his last one. But she cannot help agreeing with their friend, actress Maggie Fallon, that the young beginner who will be made a star by Mark's new play is not entirely worthy of his great enthusiasm. What will be Pat's real place in Mark's life? M-F, 12 noon EDT, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Madame Renault remains a threatening part of Joan Davis's life, even though neither Joan nor Harry can be quite sure what the sinister Frenchwoman has to gain. Can she hurt Joan through her sister, Sylvia? Or will she find her weapon ready-made somewhere in the fearful tangle that Clare O'Brien managed to make of her own life and Harry's until Joan came back to restore normalcy and happiness to the Davis home? M-F, 10:45 A.M. EDT, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE The strong, enduring pattern of a successful family life emerges more clearly with each passing month as James and Jessie Carter watch their children breaking away to lead the adult lives they are now entitled to. For, though Sandy and Clay and Virginia and Jeff are no longer children, they are still part of the family circle when any crisis arises. Is the pattern perhaps too strong for them to find happiness outside it? M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Bitter, violent, suspicious young Pete LaGatta seems able to help everyone but himself. Trying to help him, Dr. Jerry Malone has answered some important problems in his own life, and Jerry's mother has become a wiser, more tolerant, more complete human being than ever before. But will their efforts, even combined with those of young Jill, be enough to put Pete permanently on the right road? M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN In spite of the difficulties in the way of their marriage, Ellen Brown and Dr. Anthony Loring have been faithful for years to their engagement, hoping that one day they would be able to achieve the happiness they hope for. But now Anthony's unfounded jealousy threatens disaster as he rashly acts on a plan that may force Ellen to marry him in spite of her children's opposition. M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

"Banish Fear From Your Life"

(Continued from page 53)

Not even the sound of a human voice. At my desk alone, I had sort of an eerie feeling. And then fear. Fear had been with me all my life, but now it seemed to me that it was a living, terrifying thing. Maybe . . . maybe I'll never work again, I'd think to myself. I'd be afraid, terrified I'd never act again, never be able to write.

"At this low ebb, I took the train. I was testing for a part in the Warner Brothers film, 'All the King's Men,' and I hadn't heard the results of the test—that made me feel that I wasn't going to get the part. I was on my way to do a radio program—the first in many months, and it seemed to me that the train was going to be late. Being a veteran, I knew I couldn't be late. But the train that morning was slow. It jerked. It poked. It had spasms. Then it stopped dead in its tracks. My heart nearly did the same.

"As I sat there, beside myself with fear, I heard a voice saying quietly, 'We're right on time!'

"I looked up to see a stranger, a complete stranger, standing in the crowded aisle beside me. A priest. I had never seen him before, but here he was smiling down at me, assuring me the train was on time.

"It didn't occur to me to ask 'How, when we're at a standstill, do you know we're on time?' I don't know why. But it didn't. With a most curious feeling of relief, out of all proportion to the circumstance, I said, 'Oh, thank goodness! I was afraid we were going to be late!'

"Then he said the important thing: 'Take that word, the word *fear*, right out of your vocabulary.'

"At that moment, I didn't know—it never occurred to me—that those quietly spoken, almost casually spoken words were going to mean a whole new life, or way of life, for me. I just felt that strange relief . . . reliance, you might say, on something—or someone?—wiser than I . . . and a sensation, as I recall it, of something cooling and soothing. . . .

"Then he said another fabulous thing: 'Start with the little fears, such as fear of missing a bus, fear that it's going to rain, that you've left the coffeepot on the stove . . . later, you can eliminate the big fears.'

"Even as he was speaking, the train started, picked up speed and, right on time, we rolled into Grand Central Station. We came in on the lower level, and there another frustration, another delay, confronted me: The platform was jammed solid with people and luggage carriers. No way to get through. I'd be late after all! What would I do? What could I do?

"Then, I heard that quiet voice again—amusement in it now—'Don't you know,' he said, 'that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line?' He took my arm, helped me mount the nearest luggage carrier, mounted it himself and together we walked, on top of all the lined-up luggage carriers, the length of the lower level—and out!

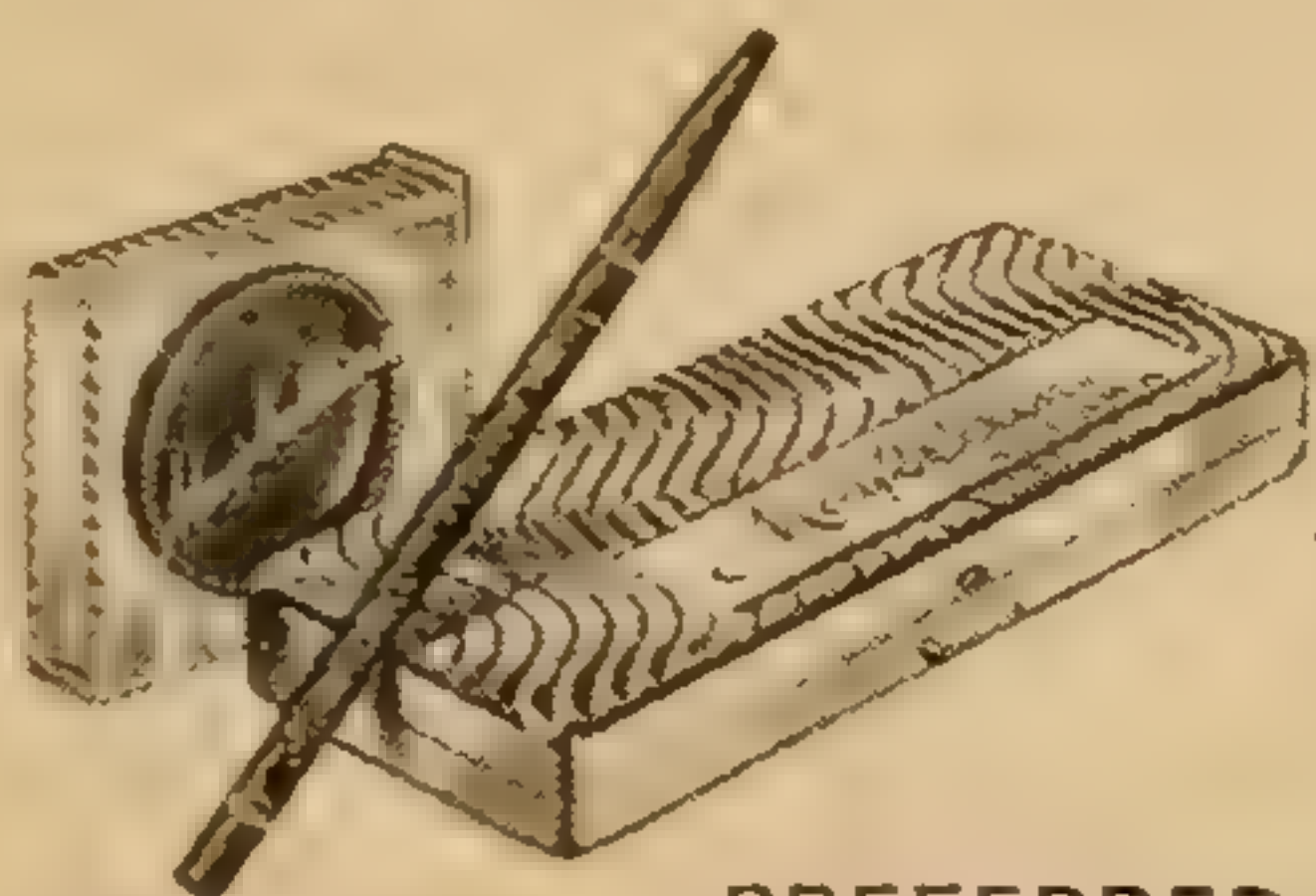
"I made the broadcast on time, and it was highly successful. I got the part in 'All the King's Men.' Soon I was back on radio again, playing Lily Boheme on NBC's *The Magnificent Montague* series; later, as a free-lance, doing—as I'm still doing—a real virtuoso's job, meaning parts of all kinds, on *Armstrong's Theatre Of Today*. In addition, of course, to playing myself on NBC's *My Secret Story*.

"I never saw him again, my little priest. I don't believe I'd recognize him if I should see him. Little and fat, I remember him, but that is all. Yet he meant more to me

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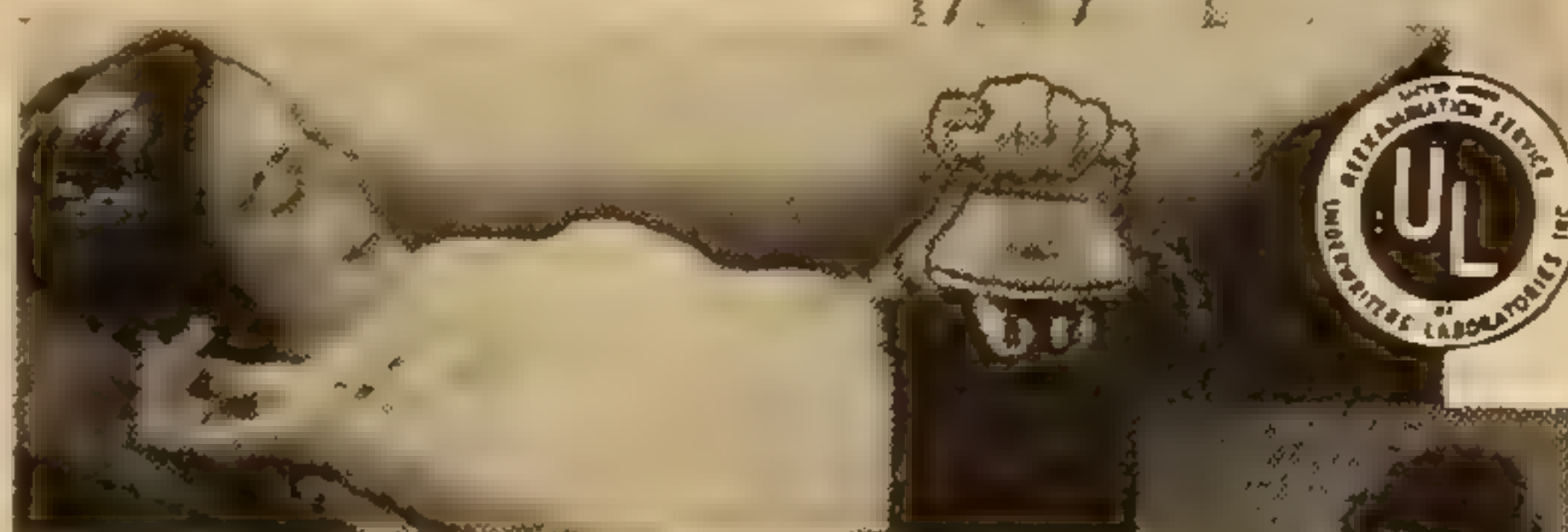
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(so strange is life) than anyone ever has. "Fear, I've often thought," Anne says pensively, "was born in me. Fear wears many faces, such as inhibitions, self-consciousness, various timidities, the feeling of unworthiness. The root of my fear, as I see it now, was a conviction that I would never be worthy (and I never have been) of the long acting tradition (we go back seven generations) in my family."

Anne is a tall, dark, slender, vivid woman whose beautiful, cultured speaking voice, with its deep and tender emotional range, has been familiar to radio listeners for, as she freely admits, better than twenty years. Her fear has a real base, for to be the seventh generation of actors in the Davenport family—a family in the fabulous tradition of the Booths and the Barrymores—is a challenge for even the fearless to face.

"Beginning with Jack Johnstone—who, in 1740, was one of England's most popular comedians—on every branch of my family tree there hangs," Anne laughs, "an actor! My great-grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport, were actors, well-known and well-loved. Of their nine children, my great-aunt Fanny Davenport, who did in English the Sardou plays Sarah Bernhardt did in French, was the reigning queen of her time. Great-Aunt Fanny's brother, my great-uncle Harry Davenport, died in Hollywood a few years ago after a long and illustrious career in the theatre and on the screen. My grandmother, May Davenport, Great-Aunt Fanny's younger sister, who married William Seymour, was an actress. Grandfather Seymour was Charles Frohman's stage director—for, among others, Julia Marlowe's, A. E. Sothorn's, and Maude Adams's plays, and for Miss Ethel Barrymore (with whom, on Broadway, I once played Maria to her Lady Teazle in 'School for Scandal'). My mother, May Davenport Seymour—Davenport Seymour was her stage name—was also an actress. Once, on radio, in the Peabody Award serial, *Against The Storm*, my mother played my mother, and I, my mother's daughter! Mother is now in charge of the Theatre and Music Collections at the Museum of the City of New York. She is also in charge, is the curator of," Anne laughed, "the Davenport tradition and the many tales and mementos thereof! My uncle, John D. Seymour, is currently one of TV's busiest character actors. Only my father, William Stanley Eckert, who was 'in copper'—I get my practical streak, and I have a broad one, from him—had no theatre blood in him. And I have a brother, my only brother, Bill, who is an advertising man."

Born in New York City, Anne was graduated from the Cathedral School of St. Mary's in Garden City, Long Island, after which she studied at the American Laboratory Theatre in New York.

"But, although with my ancestry I don't know what I *should* be," Anne smiles, "but just what I *am*, I never said anything about being in the theatre until after I was graduated from St. Mary's. This, too, I now realize, was fear. Fear of not measuring up to my celebrated forebears."

"The tales of Great-Aunt Fanny, for instance: Her wit. Her charm. Her beauty. The Toast of New York. Of London. Her abundant talent, which made her the first actress, I believe, to be her own producer-director-star. Now, at Windswept, my home in Greenwich, I have Great-Aunt Fanny's photograph album, which is a hall of fame—Sarah Bernhardt, Duse, Edwin Booth, Maurice Barrymore, John Drew, and many magnificent others—between gilt-embossed covers. It is Great-Aunt Fanny who, more than any other, gives me the feeling of unworthiness. She was a very great star and a very great woman."

"There were other stories—of the time my mother, at the age of three, was taken to see the 'family friend,' Edwin Booth, in 'Hamlet.' Just as the curtain fell on the last act, Mr. Booth asked 'Baby May' to take a curtain call with him. To which Baby May's reply was an uncompromising, 'I don't want to.' My mother was thereafter described as 'The only actress who ever refused to take a bow with Edwin Booth!'"

"In the family homestead in South Buxly, Massachusetts, where I spent summers, most of the talk was theatre talk. Reminiscences. Bits and pieces of advice: 'Never go to a rehearsal with your slip showing, your seams crooked. Even the smallest imperfection and you're more conscious of it than of what you are doing.'"

"I have very large hands and, painfully conscious of them, used to sit on them—especially when there was company. 'Use them normally,' Grandmother Seymour would counsel me, 'use them proudly and no one will know they are big!'"

"I was brought up strictly, but not too strictly. I think my family took it for granted I would behave like a lady. I'm inclined to believe they were right in thinking so."

"Which reminds me of Great-Aunt Fanny, who had, of course, all the make-up in the world. Yet, when she went out for a walk on Fifth Avenue, or a drive in the Park, she would crush rose petals and rub them on her cheeks. 'Ladies,' Great-Aunt Fanny said, 'do not wear make-up in the street.'"

After Anne's "spell" at the American Laboratory, her first professional engagement was with the Jitney Players. "This was," Anne elevated one smooth dark brow, "in 1929!" Her Broadway debut was a walk-on part in "Mr. Moneybags," during which the director told her she was "a born comic." In person, at home, with her friends, Anne has a fund of amusing stories, a robust sense of humor, and the gift of laughter. On stage, on radio, and on TV, however, she gets few opportunities to wear the mask of comedy because of her ability to convey strength, tenderness, compassion, depth—in short, all the emotions which make her a natural in serious dramatic roles.

"In 1932, I made my radio debut," Anne relates, "on Station WLW in Cincinnati. I dubbed songs for singers, did a gossip column, at the conclusion of which I'd be told, 'You are going to be Lady Macbeth at three o'clock this afternoon.' A year later, with a pretty complete radio repertoire under my belt, I starred on *Grand Hotel* from Chicago and, in 1940, moved to New York."

Anne was one of the first daytime serial stars, on *The Puddle Family* (WLW), for instance, and *Mary Marlin*, which she played for several years.

"While playing Mary Marlin, I had," Anne says, "one of my first big fears—the

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fear that I couldn't do anything else; that anything I might attempt to do would come out—Mary Marlin!

"It was the role of Lily Boheme in the *Magnificent Montague* series, I think, that allayed my fear (some of it) of being type-cast. As the understanding wife of Edwin Montague, a Shakespearean actor (played by Monty Woolley) who never let me forget that he'd taken me out of the chorus to act opposite him, I had a witty tongue of my own, corrected Edwin's pompous misquotations from great plays, and now and then Monty and I would romp through scenes of high comedy that were reminiscent, it was said, of the Lunts at their liveliest. Perhaps, perhaps not, but it was fun; would have been great fun if, at the time, the word 'fear' had been removed from my vocabulary.

"It hadn't been. I wanted to free-lance. Be fun to free-lance, I thought, do things that appeal to me, but—no weekly wage, I'd think then, chilled with fear.

"I didn't dare do TV then—oh, no, too scared of it! Scared that I wouldn't remember my lines because, in radio, you have your scripts.

"Scared when—on November 7, 1941, just one month before Pearl Harbor—I bought my house. A big 'do' to buy a house. Furnish it. Taxes. Assessments. All the more fearful because I'd grown up with a terror of 'everything going to pot'; with the awful thought that, the older actors grow, the more they know, the more they learn, the less in demand they are—what with the Younger Generation, the Pretty Generation, knocking at their door. So glad I did now—buy Windswept, I mean. It is an anchor.

I was, I used to be, afraid of loneliness. Never having married, loneliness, the shadow of it, haunted me.

"I had more than my quota of the 'little fears,' too. I was afraid the seeds I planted in my garden wouldn't come up! Afraid I didn't have, oh, horrors, a green thumb!

"I was afraid of high places. As a child, I remember sitting in theatre balconies scared to death that I'd fall over, fly out and land in the orchestra—until my brother assured me I wouldn't fly, I'd 'plummet'! Stairs, steep ones, still terrify me. But not as much as they used to.

"Every time I did a new radio show, I had goose flesh. Before I went on-mike, I used to remind myself of Mary Garden, who once said: 'I'm never nervous. I have the equipment and I know what I'm doing.' 'I have the equipment,' I'd keep saying, under my breath, and then, 'But have I?' my little black fear would whisper.

"When I was working, I was fearful; when I wasn't working, I was more fearful. As when I was so terrified I wouldn't get the movie, 'All the King's Men'; as when, torn between an urge to write and the urge to act, I began to fear I could not and would never again do either. A kind of a hiatus, that period was, in my life. I wasn't in the air; I wasn't on the earth.

"And then the little priest spoke to me. . . .

"Now, although it has taken time, almost five years of time—has taken work and patience and determination to root that noxious weed of a word, *fear*, out of my vocabulary—I believe I can say I've done it. Must have done it, because I'm not afraid any longer; must have done it, because everything in my life now is up-sweep and gay and satisfying. . . .

"The seeds I plant," Anne laughs, "come up! On my three acres, I raise raspberries, asparagus, onions, rows of garlic—so many rows, I supply everyone I know in New York and Greenwich with garlic, although I never touch it myself! I also have roses and tulips and iris. Iris all over the place. You can always tell when I haven't been

working much the past year by the abundance of a certain flower, the amount of iris on the place! Lettuce, though, is my specialty. All kinds of lettuce—oak-leaf, romaine, Bibbs, Boston, endive, chicory. Lettuce in such abundance that even my flower gardens are bordered with it. Such a zealous gardener am I that I have what is called 'farmer's sunburn,'" Ann laughs, "meaning it's on my back!

"What is life like inside my house? Confusing! Very busy—how could I, I wonder now, have ever been afraid of lonesomeness? I have my dog, a C.B. (crossbreed—we never, of course, use the terms 'mutt' or 'mongrel' in her presence). I have my cat, Marmalade, and my wonderful Swedish maid-housekeeper, Agda. And in the house, as in the garden, always something to do—last week, for instance, I plastered and painted the china closet. Lonesomeness? How, I ask myself now, with too few hours for the too many things I have to do each day, how could I ever have been afraid of lonesomeness? Or felt sorry for myself because I'd have loved to have had children? For I have children around me, and often worry because I haven't enough time to fulfill my moral obligations to them!

"In my work, too, I am now unafraid. Now I have wonderful times—on the *Armstrong Theatre Of Today*, I play understanding wives and mothers, have played a 'Hi, George!' comedy part which I'd never done before; on the *Schlitz Playhouse Of Stars*, I was an actress—and although I think I look like a nervous horse on TV, it doesn't scare me, though it may you!

"The most exciting part I ever played, I think, was that of Pat O'Brien's wife in 'The Bright Leaves of Autumn' on *Lux Video Theatre*. During rehearsals, the director told me to 'upstage' Pat—in other words, to maneuver it so that I, not he, would be facing the camera. But Pat was the star and I adored him and I couldn't. So what does he do, this Pat O'Brien, but deliberately pull me around, while we are on camera, so that my face and his back are to the camera. A day or so later, he called me from Hollywood: 'Did you understand why I pulled you around like that?' he asked across 3000 miles. 'I did it because you were told to upstage me and, bless your heart, you wouldn't do it!'

"On the *Armstrong Theatre Of Today*, I had another experience I'll long remember. Walter Pidgeon, who was starring in the play—the name of which escapes me—went to the producer and asked that I be co-starred with him. 'Anne's better than I am,' he said, 'she should have the billing.' Did you ever?

"One of the happiest things, to me, about working on the *Armstrong Theatre* is that Jack Tyler, my good friend, my neighbor in Greenwich—and, like myself, of a long line of theatre people (his father is the famous Harry Tyler)—is director of the *Armstrong Theatre Of Today*. I couldn't ask for more!

"Last summer, I did the play, 'Black Chiffon,' at the Berkshire Playhouse. It was bad for me," Anne laughs, "for I got the theatre bug again! But what I started to tell you is that in the play I had a 22-minute scene, a 5-minute monologue. That was a lot of monologue for a radio-trained, script-dependent actress. For a moment, I felt, again, a flick of the old fear. I needn't have. I came through, came through thinking, *The little priest did this*. . . .

"And so he did," Anne says, with that organ note in her voice, "and so much more besides. 'Take the word, fear, out of your vocabulary,' he said. And I obeyed him.

"I wish I could thank him for it. Perhaps, by passing his words on to you, I have thanked him for it. With all my heart, I hope so."

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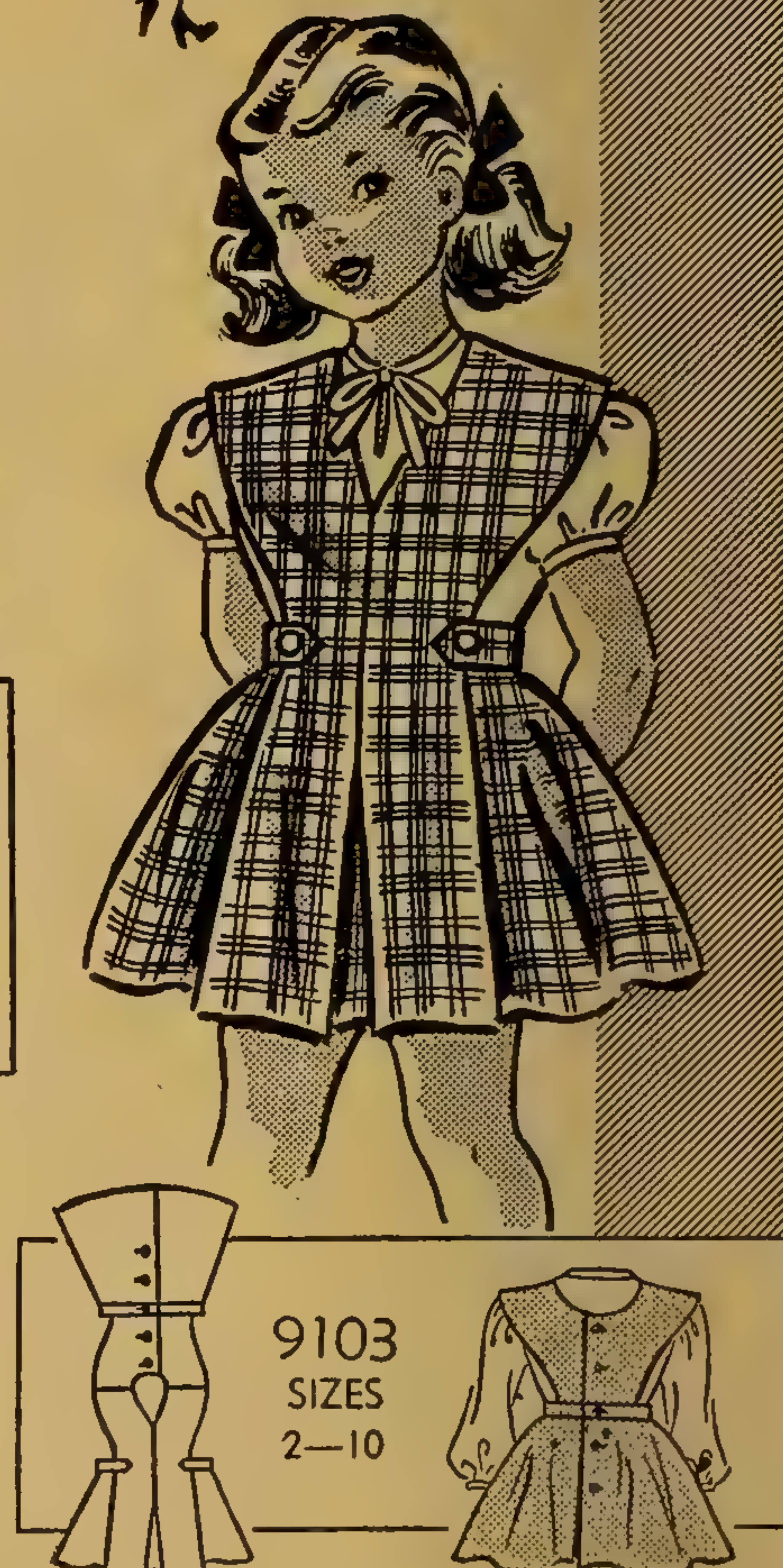
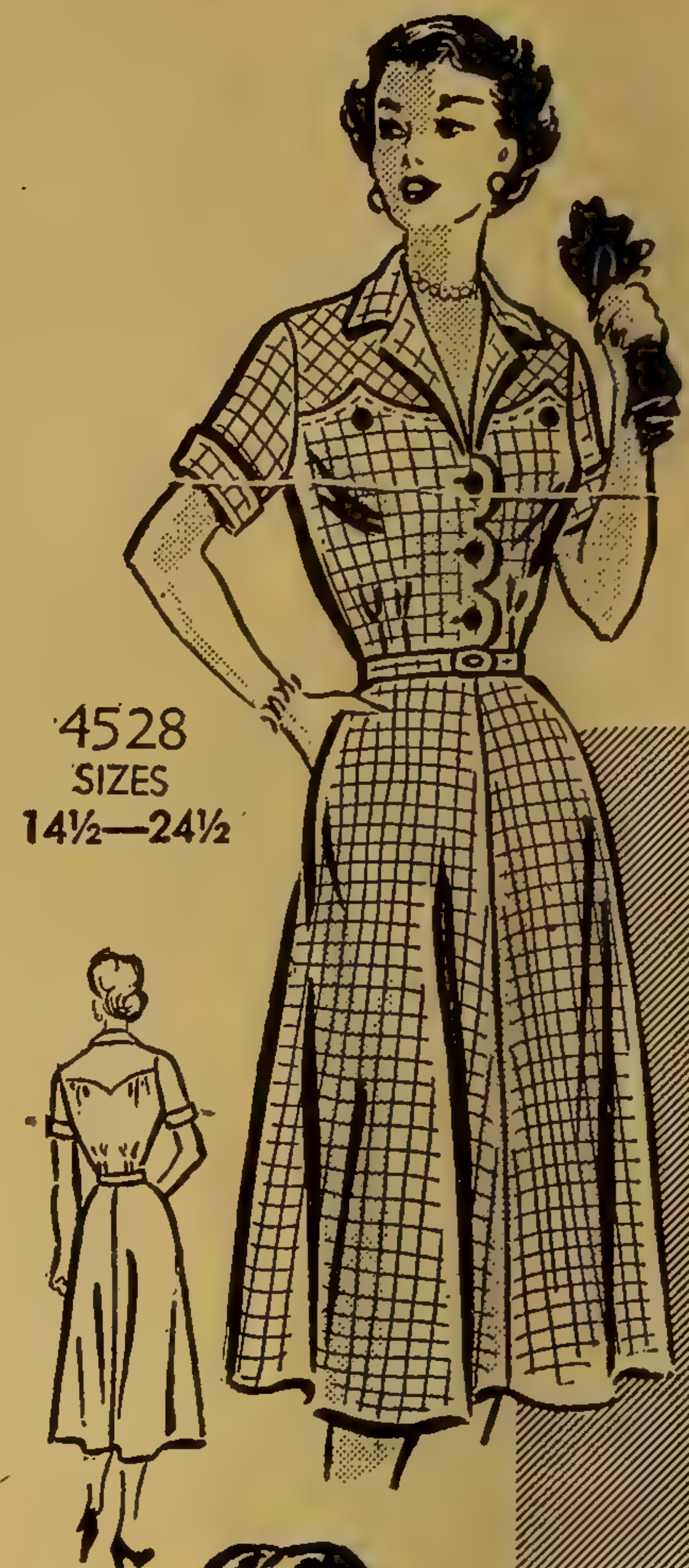
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Chosen Children

(Continued from page 61)

and gentle. The voice of her son—higher, shriller, and raised in question. Then Ned's. Then silence. Nothing.

This was a moment she and Ned had dreaded. "Is this the time to tell him? How much should we tell him?" In this moment, they faced the questions all "adopted" parents face, and they knew they must find their own answers. There are no rules. No books.

Tonight was one of those times when Barbara needed the right words. This was the night when she and Ned wondered if they could measure up to the moment, or if they would fail this little five-year-old who seemed now always to have belonged to them.

"We asked for Chris. He didn't choose us," Barbara and Ned were always reminding themselves. Then the old agonizing fears they'd had, from the beginning, would come back. The possibility that in another home, with other parents, their adopted children—Chris (now six) and Biddy (three)—would have been more fortunate. Perhaps even the next couple whose application followed theirs, whose hands and hearts were outstretched seeking these two, could have given them more. Might have been wealthier or wiser, and might have made Chris's and Biddy's lives fuller and happier. And might have had all the right answers at the right times.

And Chris—well, Chris probably would always be one question ahead of them. Even before he could talk, they'd told him the story of "The Chosen Child." Made him understand, as months went by, that he was a very special little boy. Told him how they'd gone out and chosen him among many, many other little boys—for their very own.

But, as he grew older, there were other questions. And tonight, there in the kitchen, he'd suddenly said, "Who are my real parents?"

"We're your 'real' parents, Chris," Barbara had explained. "But we're not your 'natural' parents."

"Then where are they?" he'd asked. And his freckled face was alert and troubled, his eyes—two brown question marks that meant to be answered. Which had to be answered.

Chris wouldn't be satisfied now until they did. Could he accept the fact that his "natural" parents were no longer on this earth? That his "natural" father had died while serving with the occupation forces in Germany, and his "natural" mother had followed him on to Heaven not long afterward? This was true. And perhaps tonight was the time to tell him. Ned and Chris fished together. Rode horses together. Had long talks together. Barbara's look said plainly, *Ned would be the one.*

When Ned came back to the kitchen, his face told Barbara he was both relieved and puzzled.

"What did he say?" she whispered anxiously.

"Nothing," said her husband. Then wonderingly, "He didn't say a word. He brushed it right off. It just didn't seem to sink in at all."

Chris, who was so sharp and so sensitive. Funny, this hadn't even registered at all.

From the direction of Chris's room came shuffling sounds, as though Chris were walking around busying himself, playing as usual. Barbara sighed. There was relief in that sigh.

But in the familiar boy-world of kites, of guns and more guns, space ships, and six-shooters, of bridles and lariats, Chris was trying to find—somewhere—his own answers. Suddenly he started sobbing,

crying his five-year-old heart out. He ran out of his room into the kitchen, and stood there in the door—looking for them.

"Gee—I w-w-wish you g-g-guys hadn't told me," he sobbed.

Their own hearts were too full to speak. Barbara and Ned just stood there looking at each other helplessly, wondering how they could soften still more what had, they realized, shocked Chris. The fact that the "natural" parents he would never know and who weren't even real to him—were dead.

But without another word Chris stopped crying. He ran into the living room, and they could hear him slamming and banging his playthings about. All that evening, he was noisier than usual, louder, working off emotions he didn't even understand—but which had made him feel very sad.

Nothing in any dramatic *First Nighter* script, no situation in NBC's radio serial, *Dr. Paul*, in which Barbara Luddy also stars—no NBC show her husband, "Nick," announces—will ever match for them the suspense and heartbreak of that moment. "Gee—I w-w-wish you g-g-guys hadn't told me." Would there have been a wiser way or time to have told him? Had they failed in this—his "real" parents? These are questions they asked themselves over and over—and continue to ask now.

All the more, Barbara knows, because of the memories of her own childhood, which add to her anxiety to provide a normal, happy home for them.

When she was nine months old, Barbara Luddy had polio. As she says, "They didn't know what it was then—or how to treat it." But the family doctor painted a grim picture of crutches and wheel chairs later on. She was a very lucky girl, she knows now, to grow up with only one leg a little shorter than the other to show for it. And so lucky to have the love of a mother who made up for all the rest.

Her parents were divorced when Barbara was a child. She never knew her real father at all. Her mother remarried, a doctor and a kind, though very delicate, man—a few years after they moved from Wyoming to Los Angeles, he died of tuberculosis. Her mother, who'd worked very hard nursing him and working as a secretary on the side, contracted it, too—but managed eventually to whip it. Thus Barbara grew up in the hushed atmosphere of illness. "I don't remember being particularly conscious that I didn't have a really truly father like the other kids—I just knew mine was very sick all the time."

Despite her own slight affliction, Barbara early evidenced a talent for show business. When she was eight years old, she began contributing to the family income with a kiddie act, singing and dancing on the Pantages circuit. Later she worked as a child extra in pictures, and by the time she was sixteen she had a stock contract at 20th Century-Fox, and was making the family living. When movie work got slow, she tried the stage, and eventually she wound up in Chicago making a name for herself in radio as the star of the *First Nighter* and other NBC programs.

She met handsome blond announcer-actor Ned ("Nick") LeFevre when he auditioned for and got the part of her husband in a radio serial, *Women In White*. They worked together for almost a year, with no apparent romantic inclinations on either side. Then they began dating—"And in two months we were married." Not, however, without having built up quite some resistance to the idea. "Nick was three years younger than I—he seemed even younger than that. Me, I wasn't going to take anybody to raise." At that

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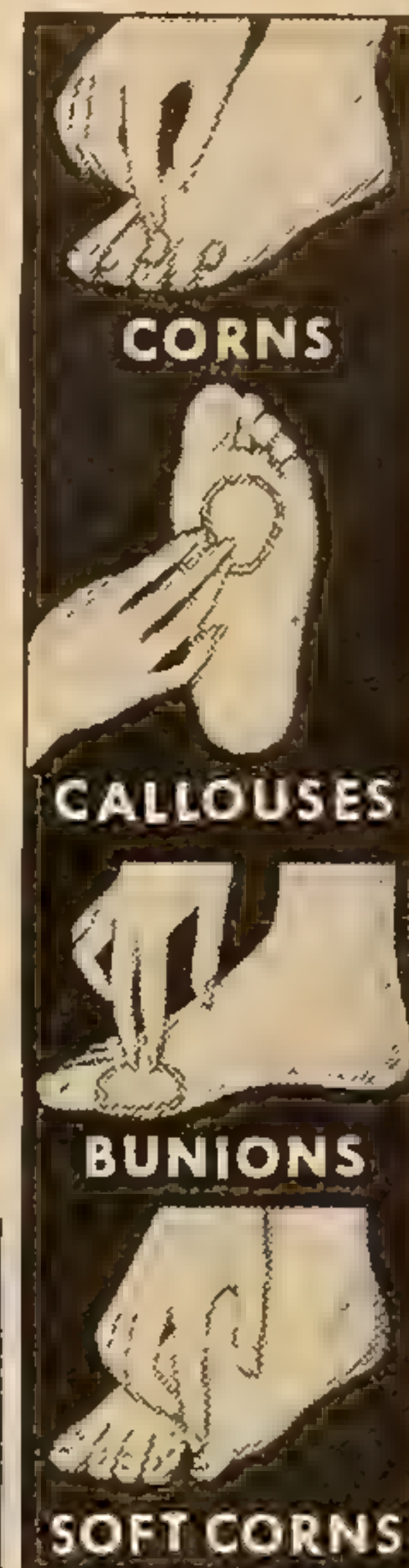
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time, too, Barbara was making more money than he was—"And Nick wasn't going to marry any woman more financially able than himself. We were both very definite about it."

Then, after dinner in Barbara's apartment one evening, they were casually discussing the hurried, informal wedding of a mutual friend. "When I marry," Barbara commented, "I'm going to have a wedding with all the trimmings. After all—a girl only gets married once. It's nice to remember," she said. "I refuse to wear striped pants," Nick said. "You would if you married me," she said. "All right," he agreed.

"We were both a little startled," Barbara laughs now. "We were holding a hypothetical conversation about two entirely different people. But it was a good thing. Nick was so shy—it probably wouldn't have happened otherwise at all."

And so, on September 18, eleven years ago, they were married—and formally . . . the bride a dreamy vision in slipper satin with a long, long train . . . and the groom suitably attired—even unto the striped pants. The following month, he enlisted in the Coast Guard, and Barbara would fly between radio shows to wherever Nick was stationed. "We honeymooned in every 'port,'" she says. Their careers later brought them to the West Coast.

"We wanted children at once," Barbara says now, slowly. But when, after five years, they had none . . . and, although they were assured by doctors there was no reason they couldn't have children of their own, that possibly the whole difficulty lay in a "psychological block" of wanting them too much . . . they decided to adopt a baby. Their friend, Pat Buttram, who'd been through the whole adoption process, advised them where to apply. They would be lucky, they thought, if they could get a baby in a year—but they had Chris in six months . . . three months after an authority of the home had come to Los Angeles and thoroughly investigated them.

The night they found they were getting him is one they'll never forget. They'd just moved into their new home in a G.I. tract in the San Fernando Valley, and they weren't even unpacked, when in the middle of the night Barbara's mother dashed out with the news that they were the parents of an eight-week-old boy. They had no phone, and the home had notified Barbara's mother, who drove straight out to tell them. "We were asleep on a mattress in the middle of the living room floor, and we couldn't imagine what had happened. Mother was at the door crying in the middle of the night. 'It's a boy,' she said. Mother had been hoping for a girl. She wanted a granddaughter."

Even in her own overjoyed state, Barbara was a little disappointed to find Chris was eight weeks old. "I wanted a little one," she said. And adds laughingly now: "Little did I know how little one would be at eight weeks. I had no idea."

A nurse from the home was flying in with Chris in six days, and they would be registered at the Biltmore Hotel in downtown Los Angeles. Barbara and Nick worked like beavers getting the house ready. "We stayed up all night, the night before, finishing Chris's room." But, even without sleep, Barbara was too excited to be weary. They arrived at the hotel early and she called the room breathlessly. "Don't get excited, young lady," the calm drawl said. "We'll be down right away."

But to Barbara and Nick, watching opposite the elevators for somebody matching the voice and carrying a small bundle, it seemed forever before the nurse came. Then suddenly there she was, and placing the bundle in Barbara's arms.

Barbara looked at Chris with starry eyes and a heart too full to speak. "I thought he was so beautiful! Now I know he was at that time the homeliest kid who ever lived. He was so thin and scrawny." But this she couldn't see. "He's the most beautiful baby in the whole world," she breathed.

They assumed the nurse would go home with them and stay a couple of days at least and familiarize Barbara with motherhood. "But she just handed him to me and said, 'Here's his formula. He eats in two hours. Goodbye and good luck.' And left me standing there. I was afraid to even hold him, and there I was, in one minute, a mother. Of course, the nurse was very wise. I know that now. You're on your own, and you're a mother immediately—you've got to be." With Nick protectively beside her, and Barbara holding the baby as carefully as though, if shaken, Chris would at any moment disintegrate, she took small, slow steps out of the hotel lobby. "By the next day, I was carrying him around in one arm as though I'd been a mother forever," she laughs now.

Friends had planned baby showers for her, and—since Chris arrived ahead of expectations—"he went to the showers with me." By the happy glint in his eye, his parents could have sworn he knew the loot he got, too.

"Chris was so sharp—from the very first," his dad says informatively. "A fantastic kid." Although at first the crib seemingly swallowed him, by the time he was nine months old he was going over the top and up and down like an embryo fireman. "We had to put up a ladder so he could go up and down without falling on his head. He was always falling on his head, and we figured too much of that just couldn't be good for him," his dad laughs. Adding, "And when he began to talk—Chris just plain started talking. He never said one word of baby talk. Biddy's three and a half years old now—and you still need an interpreter to understand her. Women!" he grins affectionately.

They had early decided that Chris should know from the very beginning he was adopted. For weeks Barbara rehearsed the story of "The Chosen Child"—more carefully than she's probably ever rehearsed any radio script. The story of a mother and daddy who wanted a baby so badly they went out into the land and looked everywhere for him. He couldn't be just any baby, but a very, very special baby. Out of all the babies they saw, they'd chosen him.

"I walked the floor, rehearsing it over and over. I had to. Until I could tell it to Chris without crying. I wanted to make it sound very happy and gay—but I kept breaking up. I kept trying the lines: 'And we were looking and looking for one little boy. Not just any little boy—but a very special little boy—to come live with us. Then one day we found you. . . .'"

Even remembering it now, her voice catches and her eyes fill. "Sorry—I haven't told it in a long time," she says quickly. . . .

Before Chris could talk, she told him the story. Then, as he grew older, this was his favorite at bedtime. "Tell me about the little boy. How Daddy and Mommy went out and looked for the little boy," he would say. He was, Chris knew, that little boy. And he was very proud of it.

When Chris was three years old, he was so thrilled to find out a little girl they'd been "looking and looking for" was arriving, too. They'd had their application in for a year, when the good word came that a nurse was flying out with a six-and-a-half-week-old girl for them. She would be named Barbara, Junior, for her mother, they decided. She would be "Biddy Little,"

and her mother would be "Biddy Big." Chris made the trip down to the Biltmore Hotel with them. "She was his baby," his parents smile now. And from the moment he saw the beautiful little doll with the wide-open hazel eyes and those long, long eyelashes—Chris was thoroughly charmed.

Today, regardless of how the other kids insist the stork is the prime instigator, Chris is personally sure all babies come from the Biltmore. Furthermore, the whole procedure seems so simple, he can't understand why they don't do it more often. "Mommy—why don't we get some more babies?" he asked recently. "I don't think they'll let us have any more," his mother said. "Why not?" he pursued. "All you have to do is go to the Biltmore."

A very impressed Chris went down to the courthouse with them—a year later when they took the oath that makes adoptions final. When his mother and daddy raised their hands and swore they would raise Biddy as their own child in every respect, Chris held up his little hand, too. He was taking no chances. He was adopting her, too—personally. "Now nobody can take her away from us," he sighed, relieved, as they left the building.

Just how seriously Chris took his adoption oath, they discovered not long ago when he decided one night to leave home and take Biddy with him. Irked at some disciplinary measure, he announced he was going to leave home "and live somewhere else." When his parents inquired where, he said, "Well—I think I may go to Greg's house," referring to a little friend who lives a few blocks away. But they were already pretty crowded there, his mother said. "Well—two more won't hurt," he answered. "Two?" she asked. "I'm taking Biddy—she's my baby," he said. "But we can't allow that. She's ours, too," his mother reminded him.

Chris was considering going on and coming back for her later, when he observed, "It's awful dark outside." He could use his daddy's flashlight, his mother said quietly. "I can't go in my pajamas. I'll catch cold," he said. "You can put your robe on," she suggested. "Oh, Mommy—you don't really want me to go—do you?" he asked, genuinely worried now. "No, I don't. But if you're not happy here with us, we wouldn't want to make you stay," she said. Then, giving him a manful out, "Maybe you'd rather wait until tomorrow." He was a very relieved little boy. "Yes, I think I'll stay tonight—and wait until tomorrow," he said . . . and, of course, never brought up the matter again.

But Barbara worried about it. "I thought I must have failed somewhere—that Chris should want to leave us. Then the lady across the street told me her little boy packs regularly twice a week . . . and really leaves—for a relative's," she laughs.

They haven't worried quite as much about Biddy. "I suppose you always worry about the first one more. Then, too, Chris is much more sensitive, and he takes more reassuring than Biddy does. Biddy just loves us and this is her home."

But, although it's very evident that Chris

and Biddy were very lucky to be "chosen" by Barbara Luddy and Ned LeFevre—and to grow up in a house so rich in love and laughter—their parents still worry occasionally. "After all, they weren't born to us. Both of them might have done better. They didn't ask to come here. We worked real hard to get them here. Their happiness and future is our responsibility. Fortunately, we work in radio—which allows us more time to be home with our family."

How much it means to their youngest to have been "chosen" by them was pretty evident the other night when Biddy accompanied her mother to a rehearsal of *First Nighter* at NBC. "Now don't make any noise, darling," Barbara admonished her. "Just sit there and be real still." Biddy sat there being just as still as possible—until she heard her mother, standing up before the mike with script in hand, crying. Really frightened, Biddy ran upon the stage and flung her arms around her mother's neck, saying, "What de matta, teetheart?" Then Biddy began crying, and she couldn't stop. She broke the whole company up. "But, baby, this is just pretend-crying," Barbara kept trying to tell her. "Mommy isn't really crying. Mommy's just pretend-crying." Then she remembered when Biddy kept saying, "What de matta, teetheart?" These were her own words coming back to her. For, whenever her daughter stubs her toe or cuts a finger and comes running to her, Barbara comforts her with: "What's the matter, sweetheart? Let Mommy see—" Biddy was trying to do the same for her.

Chris has never again mentioned his "natural" parents who've gone on "to Heaven." He seems content to string along with the story of his babyhood and accept happily the fact that he's a very special little boy . . . and that, together with his mother and daddy, he went down to the Biltmore and brought home a very special little sister named Biddy. But, whenever the subject of adoption comes up, Barbara's heart still stops just a little.

She was driving Chris out to her mother's to spend the night recently, and they were taking his little friend, Chipper, along for the ride. Barbara mentioned something about "Mom," and Chris felt the need of an explanation.

"Mom—that's my grandma," he informed Chipper.

"She's mine, too," Chipper said, not wanting to be left out of anything.

"She is *not*," said Chris, keeping the record straight.

"Well—can't she be my adopted grandma?" Chipper asked.

Chris thought about it for a minute. "Well—I guess so," he said.

Then Barbara heard Chipper say, "But I'm not adopted, am I?" She felt that old familiar catch in her heart. Chris seemed to take forever before answering. The pause was too long. But it developed that he was just thinking of some way to comfort Chipper. And Barbara's foot pressed down on the accelerator, and her heart hummed, as she heard him say, "Golly, Chip—don't feel so bad. *Everybody* can't be adopted."

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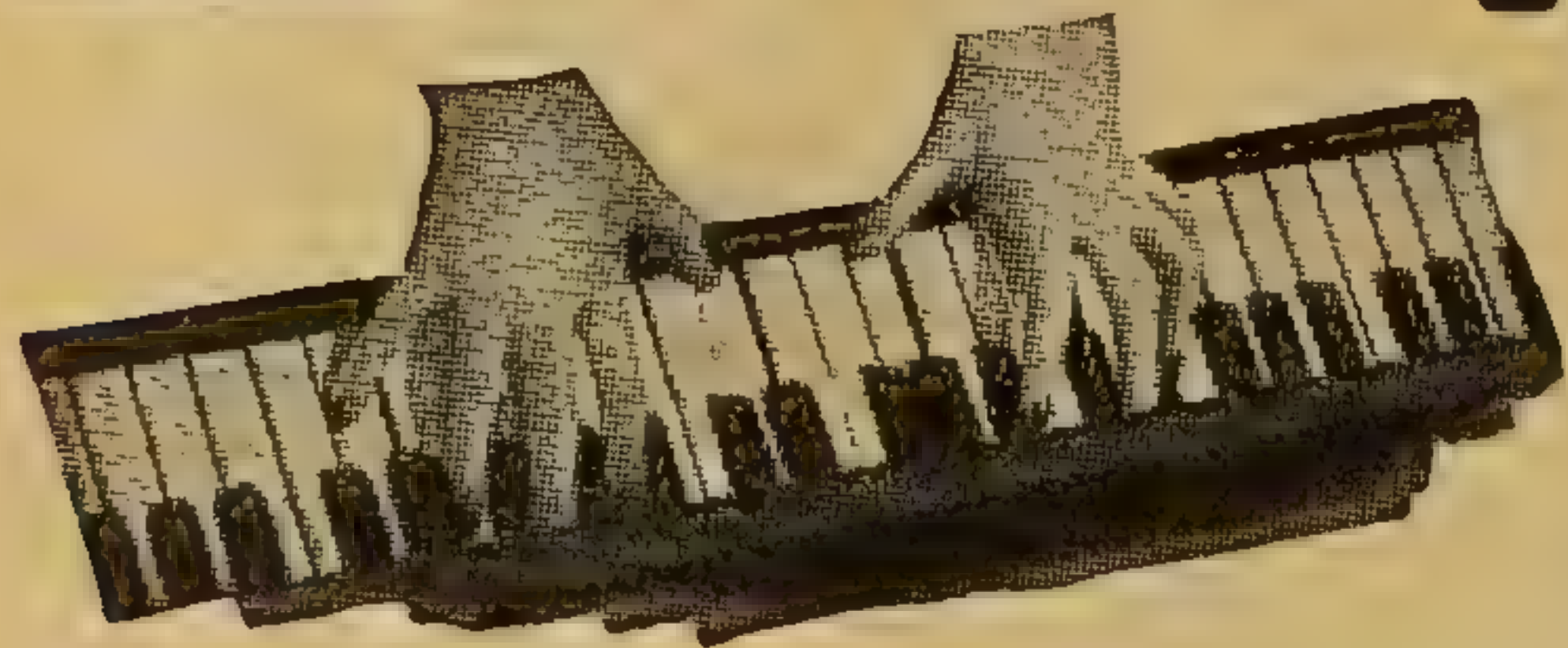
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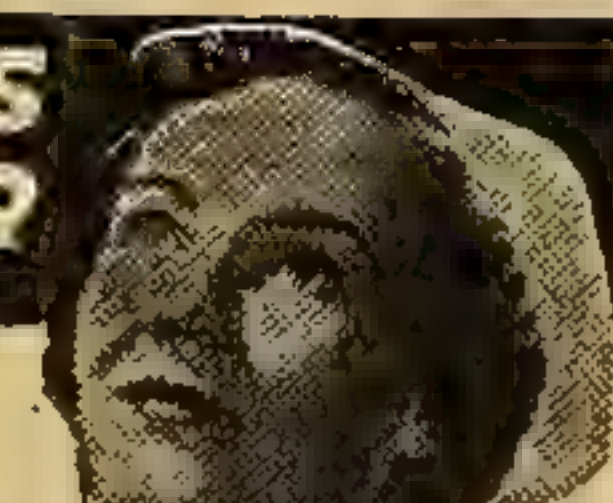
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Helen Trent's Dream House

(Continued from page 44)

every possible moment at what, for a number of years, might accurately have been described as 'Underhills' Wilderness.' Why so many wonderful people put up with me, is more than I can say. Even though most city-dwellers like the country to one degree or another, I must admit I ran into very few who liked it as much as my husband, Charles Underhill, and I did. And frankly, it wasn't until I married Charles that I realized how much of an outdoor girl I really was.

"In fact, this whole phase of my life started the very day after Charles and I were married. At the time we were married—January, 1944—I was doing a Broadway show, so our honeymoon consisted of a day's drive in the country, on a Sunday when there was no performance. On the way back to the city, Charles took off on a little dirt road near Armonk, New York, to show me a spot he had found—one that he thought was just about heaven. When I saw it, I had to agree. It was just about the most glorious spot I had ever seen. It had everything—rolling country, a lovely lake, and a high spot that would be just ideal for a house. And—just in case—Charles knew the name of the man who owned the property. I say 'just in case,' because Charles was quite aware of my opposition to ownership.

"Up to this moment, I had always felt I didn't want to be tied down to anything just because I owned it. I had always wanted to be free of all entanglements. And, much as I loved the spot on sight, I was not entirely willing to give up my past philosophy without at least a bit of a show. So, when Charles casually—casually, so as not to upset my 'show'—suggested that it might be interesting to write the owner to find out how he might feel about selling a few acres, and for how much, I just as casually agreed. It *might* be interesting. But then we didn't receive a reply to our query. The more time went on, the more depressed I became. I soon realized that I felt considerably more than a casual interest in this divine plot of ground, and by the time spring came, I was almost beside myself.

"So, one weekend when Charles was in New York on leave—this was during the war, when he was in the Navy and stationed in Washington, D. C.—we took off to beard the lion in his den. As it turned out, the owner had answered our letter, but we had not received the reply. Well, to make a long story short, he suddenly turned to me and asked why, in heaven's name, we wanted to buy property in wartime? The direct question rather took me off guard, so I simply replied that up to the moment I had seen the property I had never wanted to buy or own anything—but I had fallen in love with it, and that was that. That was why I wanted it. I think if I had said anything else—tried to present sensible, rational reasons—he would never have sold us a square foot. As it was, he offered it to us then and there, and in June, 1944, we became the proud and loving owners of five-and-one-half acres of sheer heaven."

And there you have the crux of Julie's madness—love. When you really love something, you will do things you would never dream of under other circumstances. Do things that may be considered odd, by other people's standards—and do them happily, willingly, gladly. Do things like breaking heretofore glamorous, well-manicured nails; scratching heretofore unblemished flesh; pulling and working muscles you never knew you possessed; sheepishly acknowledging to losing the battle with poison ivy; or gayly—in the midst of a

downpour, with neighbors cheering you on—erecting a pre-fab, twenty-five-by-ten-foot tool house that would be your "country home" for a number of years.

"Now that I look back on it," muses Julie, shaking her short-cropped reddish curls, "I must admit to one thing: I don't know whether either Charles or I could do it again. Sometimes it's quite true—the things you don't know won't hurt you. And, of course, now there's Nancy to think of. In reality, it was the arrival of Nancy that set us to actively planning the home we now have on our heavenly acreage—which, by the way, has expanded considerably since our first purchase back in June of 1944. Expanded three times, in fact, until we now own eighteen acres, including two ponds—the acre-and-a-half one in front of the house, as well as part ownership of a nine-acre pond."

The designing of Julie's and Charles's ranch-style house is in itself a story. "While Charles was attending college," explains Julie, "he worked in an architect's office and, even though architecture was not his intended profession, he picked up quite a bit of useful information and experience. So, when we finally arrived at what we thought were our requirements, Charles blocked them off on paper—even made a clay model of our proposed house to show the architect. Well, it turned out that there had been a considerable change in prices since the days when Charles had worked with architects, and the clay model now adorns a shelf in the guest-house, its sole function being that of a conversation piece. By the process of trial and error, we discovered that the most we could afford at the moment was 1,000 square feet of house... this due in large part to the fact that I insisted on two-and-a-half bathrooms. Good heavens, the cost of bathrooms is out of this world!

"Anyway, Charles worked out the plans for the interior and, if I do say so myself, did a spectacular job. Living room, dining room, and den are blended into one large room with a high, slanting, beamed ceiling and a picture window overlooking the lake. Three of the walls are pickled pine, with the fourth—around the picture window—being white plaster. Off the dining-room section of the main room is the kitchen—completely equipped with electric dishwasher, stove, and appliances—and the maid's room and bath. Off the living-room end is a hallway which leads to two bedrooms, a bath, and guest powder room. Speaking of guests—our old pre-fab tool-house cabin was moved back toward the woods, and has become the guest house.

"As for the outside of the house," continues Julie, "we left that pretty much up to the architects and are very pleased with their finished product. It's a wooden structure painted a pale gray-green—the color must have a name, but what it could be escapes me—with stark white trim. On the porch, which runs the length of the house, we have blue and white furniture. Next year, we'll put up an awning over the porch that will either harmonize with the porch furniture, or there will have to be new furniture to harmonize with the awning. Currently, I'm of two minds—economy dictating the one, and devil-may-care dictating the other."

As for the interior furnishing, Julie and Charles have openly admitted liking modern homes but not modern furniture. So, they have furnished their home with early New England farmhouse pieces, and the contrast is exceptionally satisfying. Outside, the house has the simple, crisp, and clean look of modern architecture. Inside, it has the comfortable, well-lived-in look of Early American life: large pieces

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"We collected most of these pieces," Julie explains, "when we were living in New York. We would keep our eyes and ears open for bargains—auctions, mostly. I think a number of our friends thought we were making a mistake trying to mix modern with Early American but, now that they've seen it, without exception they agree there is no reason why modern can't be mixed with early periods.

"Another thing they agree on is that next year, when we have a lawn, a visit to the Underhills' will be considerably less hard on their respective shoe allowances... this past summer being our first summer in our new home, we were a bit on the rustic side—entirely on the unsodded side. So, except for the flagstones from steps to the front porch, which Charles laid during his vacation, if you planned to walk anyplace outdoors, you had to scrunch your way through wonderful dark, rich soil... considering yourself lucky if it hadn't rained the night before. Much as I might warn my city friends, they wouldn't believe that I meant exactly what I said about wearing old, old shoes. And their concern over tracking dirt into the house always amused me—believing as we do that a house is meant to be lived in, we had asphalt tile floors laid. They are a great joy—can be wet-mopped clean in a jiffy."

Next to the house, the most lived-in part of the Underhill estate is the acre-and-a-half, spring-fed pond. Both Charles and Julie adore water sports. So does two-year-old, pretty-as-a-picture Nancy who takes to water like a duck. "In fact," says her equally pretty mother, "Nancy's approach to water is a little frightening. When we put her down on our family-sized beach we have to watch her like hawks. Before you know it, she's trotted off as fast as her sturdy legs will take her and is happily wading out to deep water. To take her down to the pond in her Sunday best is apt to be a hideous mistake. As yet, Sunday best, bathing suit and/or birthday suit are all the same to her, and the pond is just there for Nancy to play in—regardless of attire. When Charles rows us around the pond, I spend the entire time preventing her from jumping overboard.

"In order to keep Nancy safe and at the same time happy, we built a good-sized play yard up behind the house, fully equipped with sand box and wading pool. Then, for afternoons in the pond, we managed to get a Mae West type of life preserver minute enough for her small frame. Now, when she gets out over her head, she merely floats and rolls over and over, happy as the little duck she seems to be. Charles has made great strides in teaching her to swim, and by next summer I'm sure she'll be a real aquatic star.

"Speaking of 'star,' I wouldn't be at all surprised if that's exactly what she'll turn out to be—at two years old, she's the ham to end all. She takes direction better than some adults I've known. As for how I feel about her future, I've enjoyed the acting profession and, if she wants to try her hand at it, I'll be happy to encourage her. If, however, something else appeals to her, that will be all right, too.

"In other words, I'm counting on my child to make up her own mind—just as Charles and I made up ours. And if she has anything at all like the wonderful life we've had—the fun, the love of each other and what we are doing together—I'll be satisfied. She will have had the most of what life has to offer—and who cares if, like her mother, she is sometimes thought of as 'a little mad!'"

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Whirlwind Marriage

(Continued from page 69)

said, "let somebody say, 'Mrs. Ferrer,' and I look around to see who they're talking to. I haven't gotten used to my new name yet."

However, both Rosemary's and Jose's names were worth a laugh at the wedding.

"It was the morning of July 13," recalled Rosemary, "when Jose and I drove from Dallas, Texas, to nearby Durant, Oklahoma, to be married in the local courthouse."

The couple gave the judge the wedding license. Looking at the two names, he asked Rosie, "How do you pronounce your last name?"

"C-l-o-o-n-e-y, Clooney," she answered.

"Hum," he muttered, peering closely at her. "That's a new one."

Then his eye came to Jose Ferrer's florid handwriting.

"Are you Joe Vincent Ferrer?"

Jose just about choked. "Jose Vincente," he corrected.

The wedding ceremony moved along without further interruptions until the judge pronounced the beautiful words, "I now pronounce you man and wife!"

"Hey, wait a minute," spoke up Rosie, "you forgot to mention the ring!" Whereupon Jose pulled out a wide band of interlocking gold links.

"That's fine," said the judge. "I now pronounce you man and wife!" Jose kissed Rosie.

"That's when I knew I was married," recalled Rosemary. "Funny the judge had trouble with our names. We'll never forget his or the clerk's: Judge Ceph Shoemaker and County Clerk Dewey 'Red Pap' Currin."

The simple wedding ceremony in Durant, Oklahoma, was the climax to Rosemary's love story. Details of the courtship are unimportant, because the important thing is the finale—marriage and the beginning of a new life together. Since Ferrer was not legally free to marry until this past summer, Rosemary had not confided her plans for publication.

"We really didn't have any plans," she laughed, "so it wasn't difficult to keep them secret."

Rosemary, after taping radio shows ahead, found free time during July to join Ferrer in Dallas, where he was appearing in "Kiss Me Kate." She also had with her a very special suit that had been designed by Edith Head and finished just the day before her departure from Hollywood. It was a light gray herringbone tweed. The material had been a gift from Ferrer during his last year's trip to London. It was to be her wedding suit.

"I just kind of felt," she explained, "that this was to be it. But I honestly didn't know for sure."

Following the ceremony in Oklahoma (chosen because of the lack of pre-marital waiting time), the bride and groom returned by auto to Dallas, Texas. The wedding party, consisting of friends, Mr. and Mrs. Kurt Frings, and Rosie's manager, Joe Schreibman, hardly had time to celebrate. Ferrer was due to give a performance that night and also host a cocktail party for Olivia de Havilland.

"And to top it all off," grinned Rosie, "I had to return to Hollywood the next day!"

This hectic confusion is nothing new to the Ferrers. Take their two new houses as an example!

"I'll bet we're the only couple in Beverly Hills," joked Rosemary, "with two swimming pools! Golly, we can use one pool to just rinse in."

The swimming pools go with the two houses the Ferrers possess at present. It seems that Rosemary's lease on her former home was up just before the wedding. Since she had to have a place to live, she leased the big, charming Spanish house formerly occupied by Judy Garland and Sid Luft. She didn't officially move in until her return from Dallas—only to move right out again into the beautiful home bought by Ferrer just blocks away.

"I didn't even bother to unpack," she said, "just walked my belongings around the corner."

Since Rosemary has taken a year's lease on her house, she plans to sublease it.

"But that can't be for three months, according to the contract. However, the house won't go to waste, because my brother Nick has been staying in it while here from Detroit on a vacation. We just sort of pile friends and relatives in."

An official honeymoon will have to wait until the newlyweds have more time. Both Rosie and her groom have commitments in Hollywood, plus Rosie's radio show and Jose's stage plans.

"I think," she mused, "we just might have two days free next month to go to Canada!"

Rosemary, who knows the value of a full and happy family life, wants to get started on a family of her own soon.

"A funny thing happened the day I returned home from my wedding. A neighbor down the street phoned to suggest the name of a governess who used to work for the Duchess of Kent.

"Thank you," I laughed, "but I don't need a governess yet. I've only been married two days!"

"Well, my dear," the neighbor said, "it doesn't hurt to know about these things!"

"And it doesn't," said Rosemary, in her straightforward manner, "because I plan to have six children—as soon as possible!"

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Mother Eve

(Continued from page 31)

the house, she surveys the morning's havoc; toys and clothes, marching arm in arm from the kitchen's back door, through the early American dining room, down the steps to the living room and into the nursery. The picture-view window in the living room frames a Raggedy Ann doll, as well as the pine tree by the pool. A child's shoe on the antique serving table and a crayon drawing book lying open under the Grandma Moses painting help the thought of old and new to mingle in Eve's mind.

"It's all so contrasting," she says, "seeing the youngsters' clothes against a background of antiques. And thinking of them, how they grow and learn about life, so eager and unafraid and promising. If you've ever wondered what makes the world go 'round or what makes spring, and never knew for sure, I think that children help give thoughts like that a meaning..."

Out of the living room and back in the nursery, the one empty rose and gray crib makes Eve think of new son Duncan. She remembers the reaction of her two daughters when they heard that she and husband Brooks were looking for a new addition to the family. Sitting around the breakfast table, waiting for the school bus, the conversation had been carried by the girls.

"A boy, a boy! I want a baby brother..." nine-year-old Liza had chanted. It had been played so consistently, the baby brother tune sounded like the top song on the *Hit Parade*. But Connie didn't agree.

"No," she puckered up her lips to lisp, "a baby thithter. I wanda baby thithter!"

"I remember thinking," continued Eve, "if the new baby were to be a boy, I'd feel guilty—because he wouldn't have a brother to play with. That would mean we'd need to adopt another boy. But I've always wanted to end up with a girl. That would mean we'd have to get another girl since I'd feel guilty about her not having a playmate! Oh, well, six is a nice family..."

And it looks as if six it will be, not counting Eve and husband Brooks West, because Liza's baby brother has arrived. When Eve looks at the rose crib now, she knows there will surely be another few years of happiness beside it. Of course, she'll have to paint it blue—and if the playmate brother arrives, the second crib would get the blue treatment, too.

From the nursery to the kitchen is just a short step. The kitchen is also redolent with memories for Eve. She doesn't think so much of the roast any more, as she does of the outcome of the recent birthday party she was preparing for Liza. She had just come in from the store, set the groceries and the roast on the table, when the phone rang. Brooks, standing in the door said, "I'll get it."

It was Eve's sponsor. She was needed to re-shoot a TV sequence that was going to New York that very afternoon. Could she please come down and do it? Of course—but who'd do the cooking for the party?

"All right," said Brooks bravely, "leave it to me. I'll call my rehearsal for tomorrow, you go ahead."

"Darling," Eve had said, "I'll love you forever. I know you're not at home in the kitchen, but don't worry. It's easy. Just put the roast on at..."

Brooks raised his eyebrows when Eve said, "... not at home in the kitchen!" It was like a challenge. But he only said, "Don't fret. Just leave everything to me."

Eve came in at six that night from the retakes. She looked in the oven—no roast, no potatoes, no nothing!

"I knew then how a calf feels seconds before the slaughter. I had visions of the guests eating wood chips off the Early American furniture," said Eve. "Then

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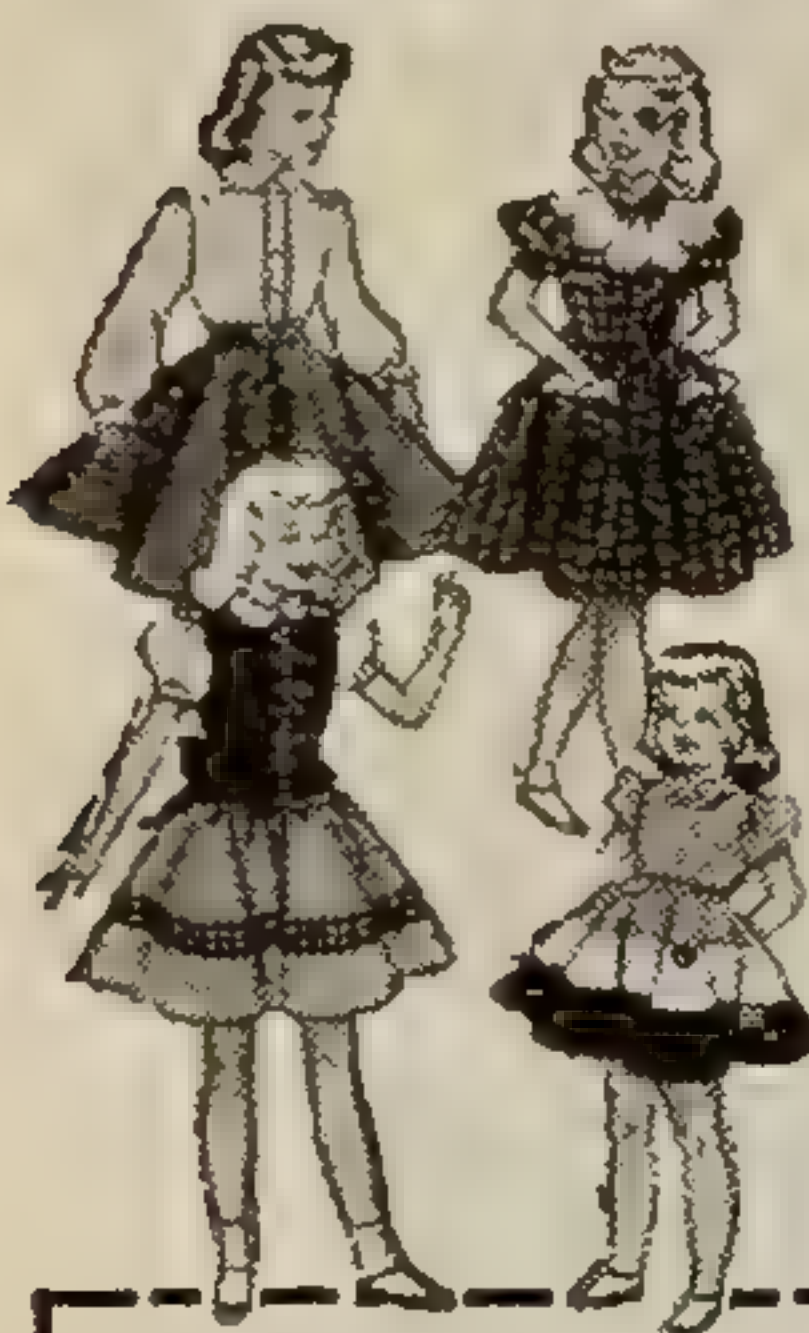
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Brooks came into the kitchen."

"Hello, sweetie."

"Hello," gulped Eve, "where's the roast?"

"In here," he pointed to a five-gallon pot simmering on the range.

"What's it doing in there?" said she, feeling a bit dizzy. That was the soup pot! He hasn't boiled that red beef! she thought. Or has he?

"That's the goulash. There wasn't room in the oven for the meat and the cake."

"Goulash! Cake! What goulash? What cake?" she said, with her heart in her throat. She remembers thinking: It's good my heart is in my throat, because that's probably all that will get in there before tomorrow morning's breakfast!

"Yes. Goulash and cake," said Brooks. "This is a birthday party, isn't it? And who ever heard of a birthday party without a cake?"

Her heart was on the kitchen floor. But Brooks looked so confident. "Where's the cake?" Eve asked weakly. "There was nothing in the oven when I looked."

"It's cooling, and that's where you should be. Now you just go upstairs to dress and leave everything to me. I'll start the cake frosting. It has to be made at the last minute if it's to be good!"

"That did it," said Eve. "Everything was simmering, cooling, or being made at the last minute. I felt trapped. I'd never been able to get a complicated menu like this together in all my life! I usually miss my timing by fifteen minutes. And, to top it off, everyone at the party wanted to know who did the catering!"

Yes, the kitchen holds some fond and humorous memories for Eve. Likewise, the den. In the den, Eve keeps her fan mail—a good part of it from teachers. She recalls one letter in particular that helped her realize that *Our Miss Brooks* was more than just an entertaining show.

It also served the purpose of straightening out one fifth-grader who had a penchant for playing tricks on his teacher.

"The semester wasn't complete," wrote the teacher, "unless darling little Brady had dropped at least one lizard down some girl's back, hid a gopher snake in my right-hand paper file, or closed a wary bullfrog in the key drawer. The other teachers warned me that the bullfrog episode usually came at the end of the term."

"At any rate, the frogs always managed to leap out at us waving their paws, popping their eyes, and croaking all in one! After an 8:00 A.M. bell, and only one cup of coffee, this can be more unnerving than a lizard down your back. Each time it happened to me, I had visions of retire-

ment . . . only twenty-two years away! Let me tell you, Miss Arden, that the last few days of May and the whole month of June were spent on the edge of our seats.

"But the Brady boy has become a TV fan of yours. He's come to sympathize with your problems, and, thanks to you, he's come to sympathize with our problems. No more lizards, snakes, or frogs!"

"Our only problem now is that he's gone too far to the right. He's become our protector and guards us against all the other young gentlemen in the school. Last week, he hijacked a jar of bees destined for our principal's (Mr. Pffieffer's) desk, and in the ensuing melee, the jar was smashed and the bees released. Our six classrooms had a happy afternoon holiday session on the lawn while the maintenance man and Mr. Pffieffer bravely attempted to clear out the bees.

"Unfortunately, their nets were too coarse. Though they managed to shoo out a great number, the rest have been too cagey for them, living in our biology teacher's (Miss Percifield's) indoor garden. The second night after classes were out, dear Mr. Pffieffer tried to smoke them out, but only managed to start a small fire in the basement. Apparently there was a queen in the jar, for now our maintenance man reports a hive is building up."

"But the bees have proved a boon—we have used them as a shining example of what cooperation can achieve. It's helped young Brady come back to the center and won over the rest of his gentlemen friends. Now, once again, thanks to you, Miss Arden, everyone cooperates!"

Still other letters are piling up memories for Eve today—these in French, from the thirteen-year-old lad she adopted through Foster Parents' Plan for War Children, Inc. Young Daniel, who lost his father during the war, is living in France, of course, with his widowed mother and brothers. But it's a happier, more hopeful family today—and a healthier, rosier Daniel, too—thanks to the Foster Parents' Plan and Eve's generous interest in his welfare. She visited him in France, this past summer, and the memory of his beaming face, his fine progress now in school, has been added to all the others.

So each day as Eve walks from the den, with its letters, through the kitchen to the Early American living room and the babies' nursery, she is surrounded by a friendly army of memories and pleasant thoughts. Thoughts of Brooks, of her thankful fans, of her lovely children.

For every woman, it's memories like these that make a house a home.



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Marriage Is a Precious Thing

(Continued from page 37)

only fitted in, he seemed to just blend right in with New Hampshire, with the mountains and the lakes, the fields, the orchards, the old red barns, the livestock . . . and with the people—especially my people!

"Of the various boys I'd brought to the farm, Terry was the first one Mother and Dad had ever really liked. 'Yes, seems like a nice enough chap,' Dad had said of the others in that tone of voice, with reservations in it, that parents use when," Jan laughed, "they don't. But there was no reservation in their voices when they said, 'We like Terry!' They were plain crazy about him. As we were leaving on the Sunday night, Mother took me aside and said, 'Your father and I have been happily married for fifty-two years. I think that you have met . . .' She paused, searching for the right words. She didn't find them. She didn't need to. I knew what she meant.

"So, in the spring, we spent almost every weekend working on the farm. We mowed and ploughed and planted, and Terry put in a new driveway. The old one was too close to the house and spoiled the line. He dug down and put in a heavy rock base topped with stones and gravel. He did, alone and single-handed, what would normally have been a job for a gang. And he built up, also by hand, the old, beautiful stone walls on the place. When, once or twice, he got me out with a sledge hammer, I'd take two strokes, then go indoors and get out the paint brush! Anyone with a house knows what a lot of keeping-up it takes. Always painting something! In the autumn, in the winter, I can do my share of manual outdoor work, and often have. But, being a freckle-faced blonde, hot sun kills me!

"Kindred spirits though we are, however, in our jobs and in our shared feeling that country things—fields and apple orchards, animals and the work of the hand and back—are the things that matter most, we didn't marry for two years after we first met. Some while before I met Terry, shortly after my first marriage ended, in fact, I'd made a resolve never to marry again, no matter what the provocation, until I had known the man for a good two years. I stuck to my resolve. I never dated anyone again and don't believe Terry did, either. By the time that first summer ended, he was calling me every evening at six to ask: 'Shall we have dinner?' By the time the summer grew into autumn, our evenings together had got to be such an understood thing that he'd simply say, 'Where shall we have dinner?' And always he would be where and, to the minute, when he'd said he would be. Dependable, always dependable, that's one of the things I learned, and loved, about him.

"A wonderful cook, too!" Jan beamed. "He taught me how to cook. He bought a rotisserie and when, now and then, we'd have dinner here in my apartment he'd do (and still does) the most wonderful dishes. Barbecued whole chicken. Small ones. Saffron rice. Beautiful curries. Shish-kabab. To me, who had always been a plain meat-and-potatoes girl, he gave a gourmet's palate. Only thing I ever brought on the table that he'd never had before, and loved—Indian pudding!" Jan laughed.

"And then, one evening, 'Well, looks like we've known each other,' Terry said quietly, 'for a couple of years. Think we get along pretty well. Let's get married.'

"'Be very proud,' I said, 'to be Mrs. Terry O'Sullivan!'

"No sooner were the words out of my mouth than Terry was calling his dad in

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Kansas City, who said, "Oh, that's great! Why don't you come out here?" So we flew to Kansas City, and then were married.

"If ever the part of a bride is assigned to me on TV and I play it 'for real,' the viewers will view, I'm afraid," Jan laughed, "a total blank. For blank is the way, the few days before the wedding, I both felt and looked. During the ceremony itself. I felt sort of stupefied, sort of just there."

"Oh, I went through all the proper motions. I ordered my wedding dress—from Ellen Herbert, who does all my clothes—a simple but beautiful one-piece, raw silk, Mediterranean blue. I bought the matching blue velvet hat, a tiny sliver, with beige veil, and the beige velvet slippers. I acquired a pretty pile of lace-trimmed's! And the traditional 'something old, something new.' The 'something old' was an ivoryed scrap of lace handkerchief given me by my good friend, Mrs. Davidson (she's young at ninety-two!), who lives here in the building. Mrs. Davidson calls me 'The Butterfly,' I call her 'The Hermit.' In the note accompanying the handkerchief, she wrote: 'It is very old—like The Hermit.' I shall cherish it for as long, I hope," Jan said, "as she has. The 'something blue' was a giddy garter, gift of Ellen Herbert. The 'something new' was everything I had on my back, from the skin out! Since Mother and Dad were unable to make the trip, Mother's good friend, Caroline Chapman, represented my family and flew out with us. From Caroline came the 'something borrowed'—a thin gold bracelet. Terry's best man contributed the 'sixpence' (it was a shiny new dime) 'for my shoe.'

"And so, with just our two old friends and Terry's immediate family present, we were married."

"It all went (my numbness notwithstanding) smoothly and sweetly."

"It's still going smoothly, and sweetly, our marriage, I mean. And hummngly," Jan laughed, "like in a hive!"

"Our schedules are pretty strenuous. Terry does *Blind Date* and *Date With Judy*; he does *China Smith* and the Du Mont TV panel show, *Where Was I?* In addition to *Hilltop House*, I'm on *The Falcon* and *Ma Perkins*, and am also doing some television. Had one of the best parts of the year—I'm pleased to say—when I played opposite Charlton Heston on Robert Montgomery's production of *The Closed Door*, which Norman Felton directed."

"In addition to our schedules, we go every Monday night to Don Richardson's acting class. Ten of us, who do radio and TV, are in the class. But, if it were not the class, it would be," Jan smiled, "twenty other things, for one of Terry's convictions is that, just as idle hands get into mischief, so do idle minds. If we keep active mentally as well as physically, we'll have a pretty safe grasp, he says, on our marriage. And on life."

"Projects, both mental and physical, are Terry's panaceas," Jan continued, "for all human ills and problems, both of the body and spirit. And we have 'em, aplenty!"

"Currently, we're engaged in building a wing on the 'Morrow Farm.' Between plans for the new wing and for the cabin Terry is building in New Jersey, there isn't breathing space," Jan said, happily.

"We wanted the cabin," Jan explained, "for two reasons. Mostly, Terry's planning it for winters when we're not always able to get to the farm. He's also planning it for the summers when the girls—his girls—live here with us: Colleen, who is fifteen, Kathleen, fourteen, and Molly (called Molly-O), who is ten. And all three of them terribly talented, and," Jan said, with pride and affection, "perfectly beautiful. So lovely to look at that, all the time they're with us, I'm done up," she laughed, "in curlers and cold cream!"

"To find a place, not more than fifty minutes out of New York, which would be 'out' (where things are green and growing), yet not too far away from our studios, was our aim. We found the camp site, one day when we drove on the widest road with the least traffic and just kept going until we came to pine trees and mountains and lakes, to country that looked like (I couldn't believe it) New Hampshire! 'Golly!' I said. And Terry said something that sounded like 'Uh-huh.' And the next thing you know he's out there, shirt off, bossing, also building."

"Built on a rock (like our marriage, I hope) and overlooking Indian Village Lake, the cabin has a living room with a big fieldstone fireplace, and a screened-in porch, which juts out over the water. The kitchen is part of the living room. There are two bedrooms and expansion space, under the eaves, upstairs. The furniture may be described as of the Rustic Period, all sturdy and durable."

"When the girls are here summers, they, too," Jan laughed, "have their projects. Terry sees to that. Supplies them with pencils and leather-bound notebooks so they can keep a dairy, each one of them, of their whole trip East. Easels, too, for all three of them to make paintings of everything they see, at the camp and at the farm."

"Terry's relationship with his girls is something to be proud of," Jan said, "and happy about. His attitude toward them is a healthy one. 'No use worrying,' he says, 'about what they will go through in life... they'll go through everything we've gone through. A guide and friend—not a crutch—is what I hope, all I should hope, to be to them.'"

Although never able to have children of my own, I've always," Jan said, "had children around me. From the time I went away to camp, as a youngster, I was a counselor surrounded by, and responsible for, the littler ones. During my first marriage, I was stepmother to two youngsters. We have lots of children in the family—my nieces and nephews, my brothers' children who seem a little bit mine, too. As matron of the orphanage on *Hilltop House*, I have, of course, all the children of the orphanage in my care. They, too, seem—all of them—very much mine. Now I have Terry and Mary's children, too, in my life. And in my heart..."

"If I didn't, if there were not so many children in my life, I would adopt one. It seems to me who has never had a child of my own," Jan smiled at herself, "that the love you feel for an 'own' or adopted child, must be the same love. You know how fond you get," she laughed, "of a puppy. You get so fond," she added, "of anything that's a baby."

(And anything that's a baby, I thought, looking at and listening to Jan—her pale gold hair worn shining and smooth, her blue eyes so friendly, her fair skin, her warm smile and ready laughter, the kindness and the strength and the humor, as well as the beauty of her face—would get very fond of you...)

"I suspect that Terry's girls," Jan was saying, "all want to be actresses and, being so talented and so beautiful, probably will be. As long as they realize that marriage and companionship, home and children, are more important than a career, 'Go ahead,' is what I'm sure their mother and father and I would say to them when the time comes."

"The reason for life, Terry and I believe, is to live through things. You never know when the pitfalls may come, or what they will be, but only that—life being life—they will be. And so you have to cherish every happy moment of every day. Terry and I do. If we have any secret of happiness, any formula for happiness, this," Jan said, "is it."

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What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 19)

North Carolina, and all the others who asked about Red Foley: Red has been making personal appearances so he has not been on the *Grand Ole Opry* show for some time. But he may return to the program later in the season. . . . A.F.H., Sr., Reading, Pennsylvania: The character Ann Malone, of the *Young Dr. Malone* daytime serial, has been gone from the story for several months. She disappeared after an accident. . . . To all of you who have written about the dancing cigarette packages on the *Chance Of A Lifetime* show: It seems the sponsor is very touchy about releasing any information on the double pair of pretty underpinnings who cavort through the commercials, so for the time being, at least, they'll have to remain Legs Anonymous. . . .

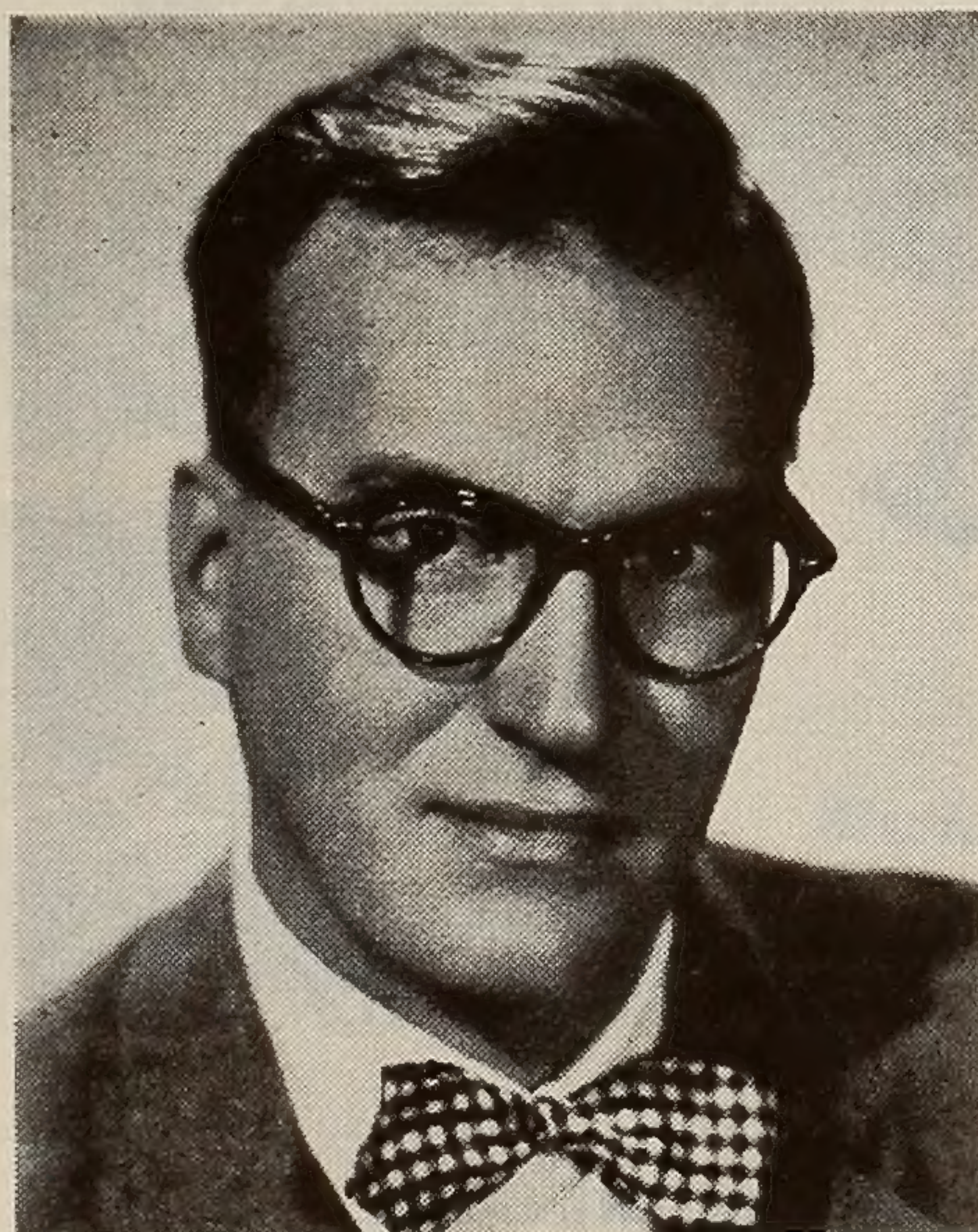
What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Kay Kyser, one-time top name band-leader and emcee of the *College Of Musical Knowledge* radio show several years ago? Kay, who hasn't been in good health for some time, is more or less retired from show business and is living in his home state, North Carolina.

Hans Conreid, who was Professor Kropotkin on *My Friend Irma*? Hans has been in New York, where he has one of the featured roles in the Cole Porter musical click, "Can-Can." He has also been appearing on *I'll Buy That*, the CBS-TV daytime quiz.

These are some of the personalities readers have inquired about. If you have wondered what happened to one of your favorite people on radio or television, drop me a line: Miss Jill Warren, Radio-TV Mirror Magazine, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City, 17, New York, and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all the questions, so I try to cover those personalities about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.

(NOTE: On all shows, both radio and television, be sure to check your local papers for time, station and channel).



Dave Garroway will soon be back with his former TV show on NBC.

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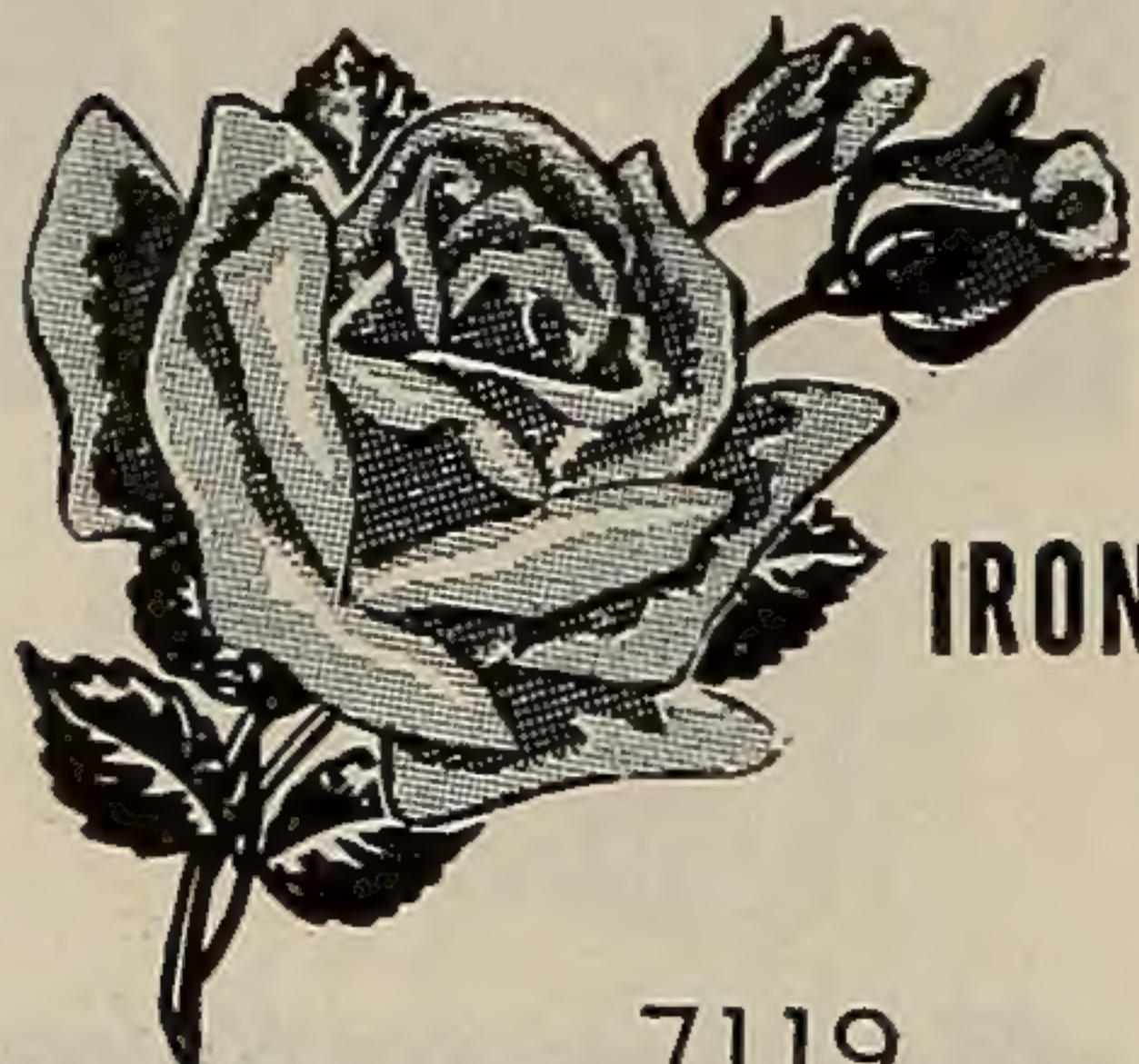
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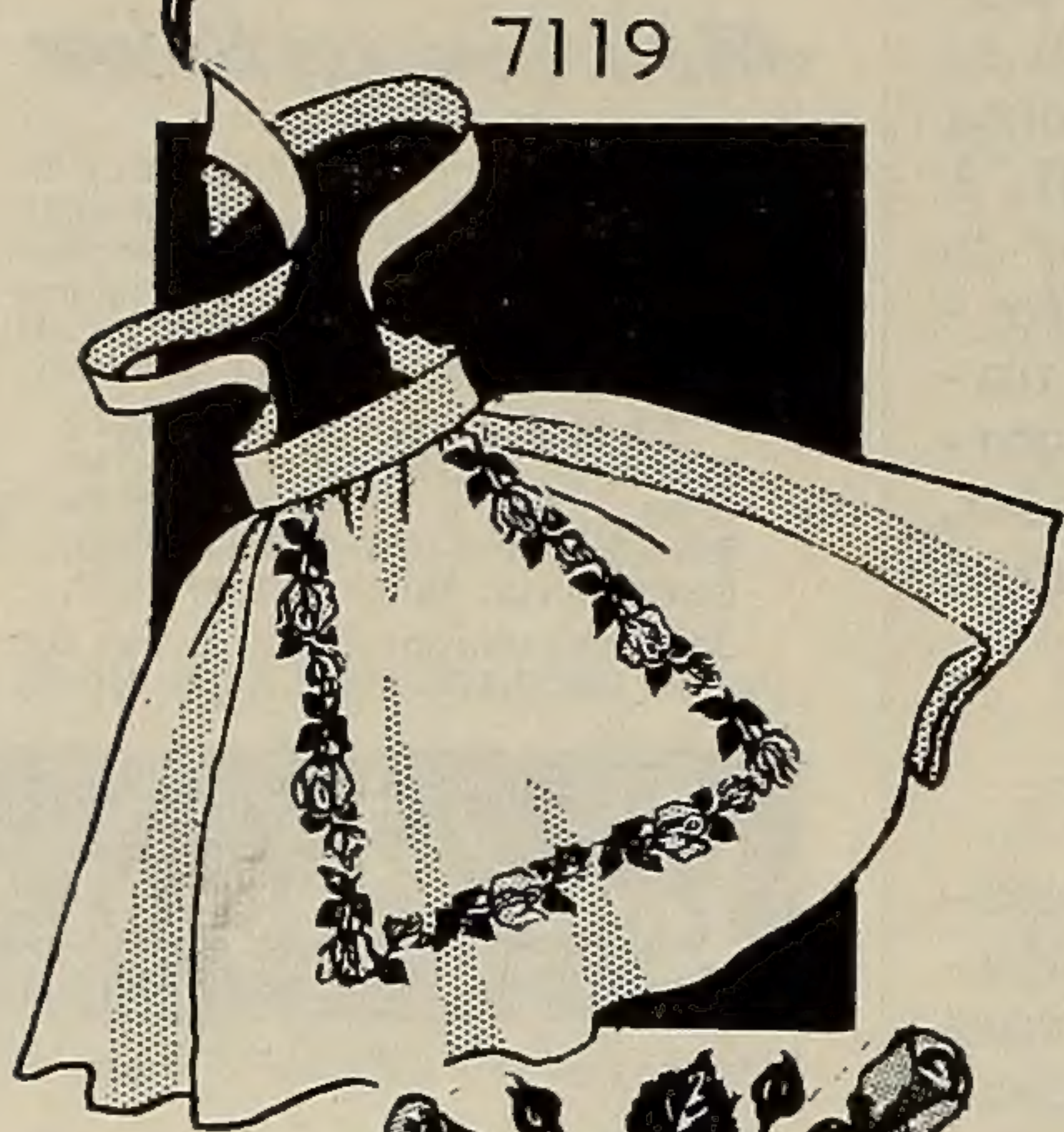
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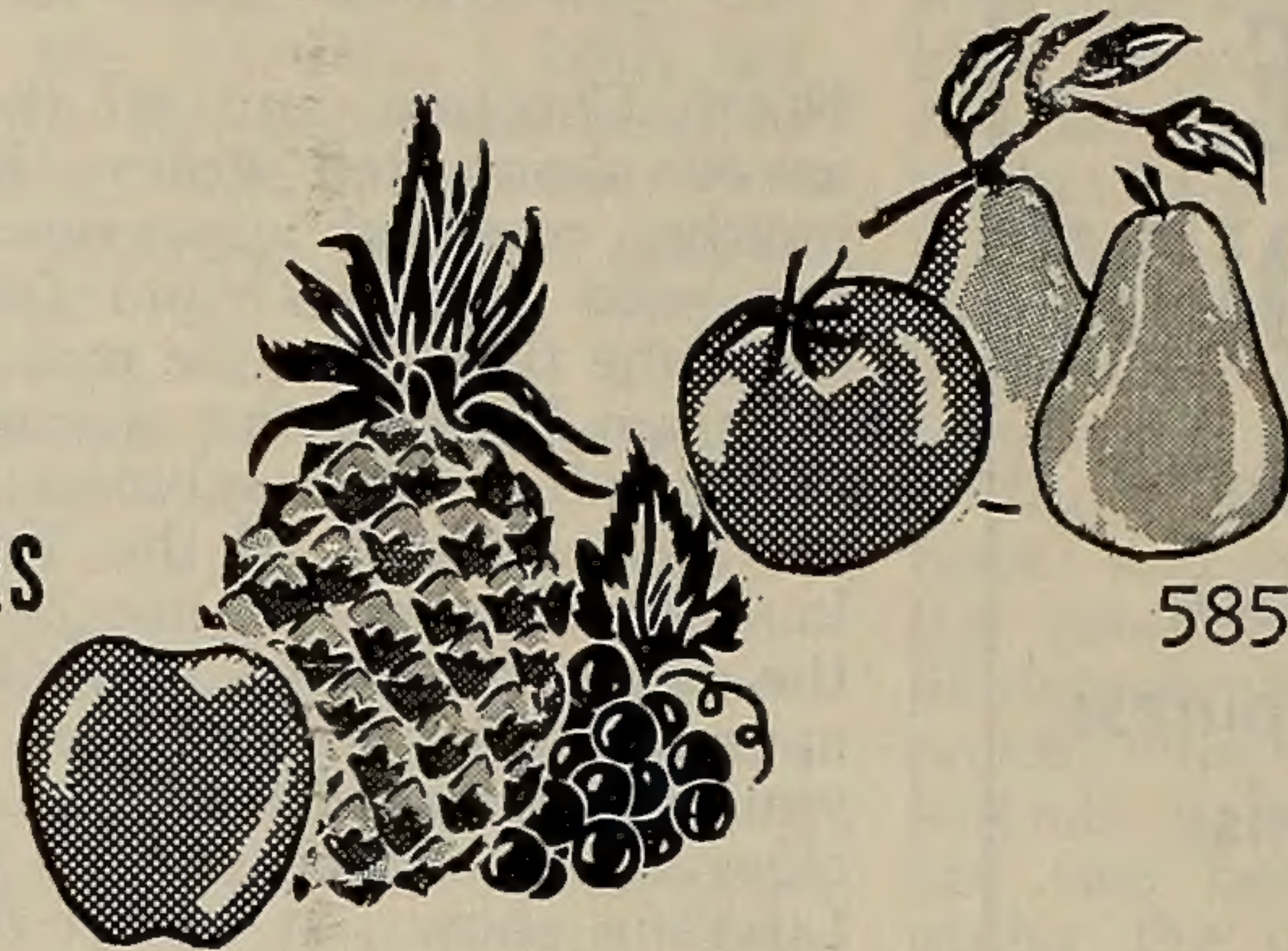
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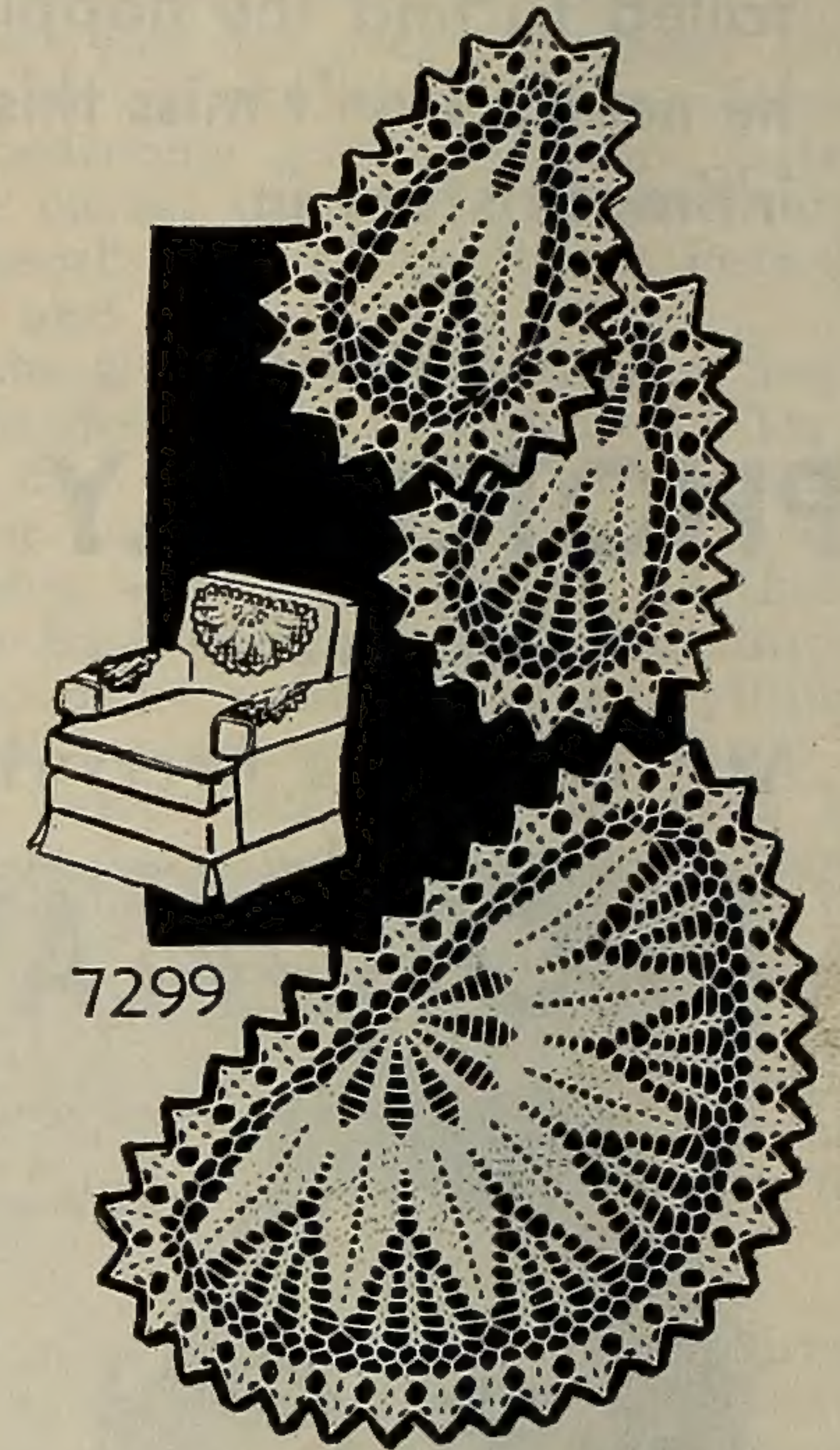
837 These cheery chicks are jiffy embroidery and they brighten up your kitchen. Embroider a set of towels or an apron for you and for gifts. Transfers of 6 motifs 6 x 6½ to 9½ x 7 inches. 25¢



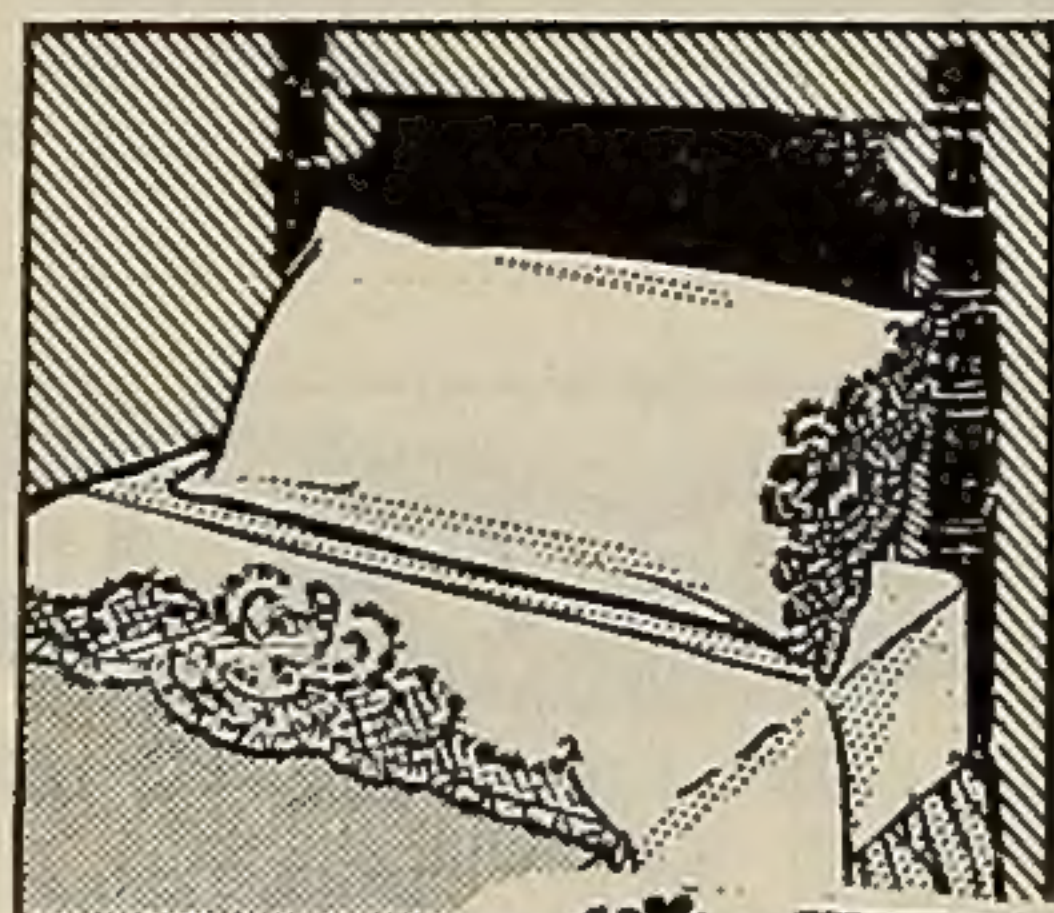
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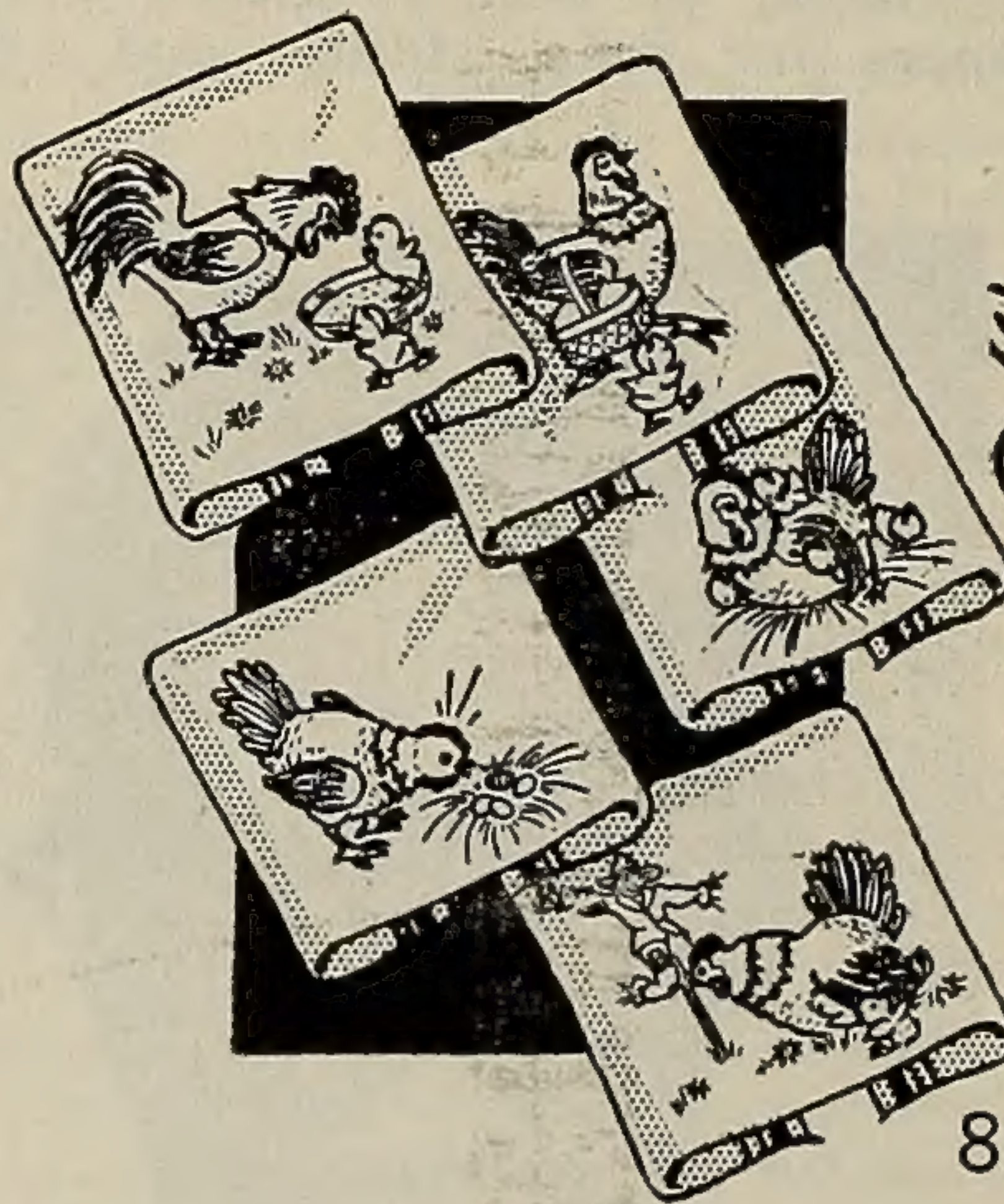
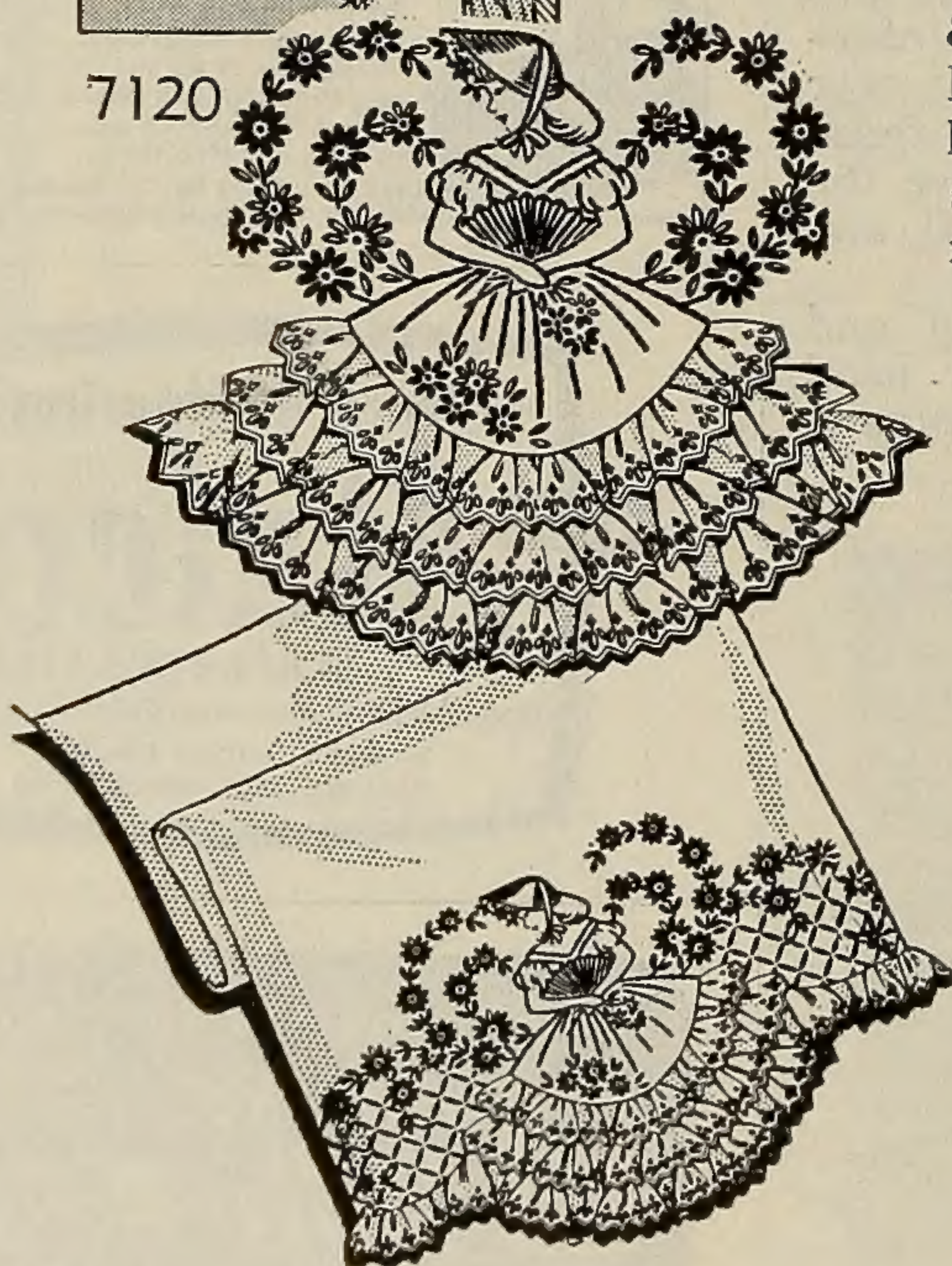
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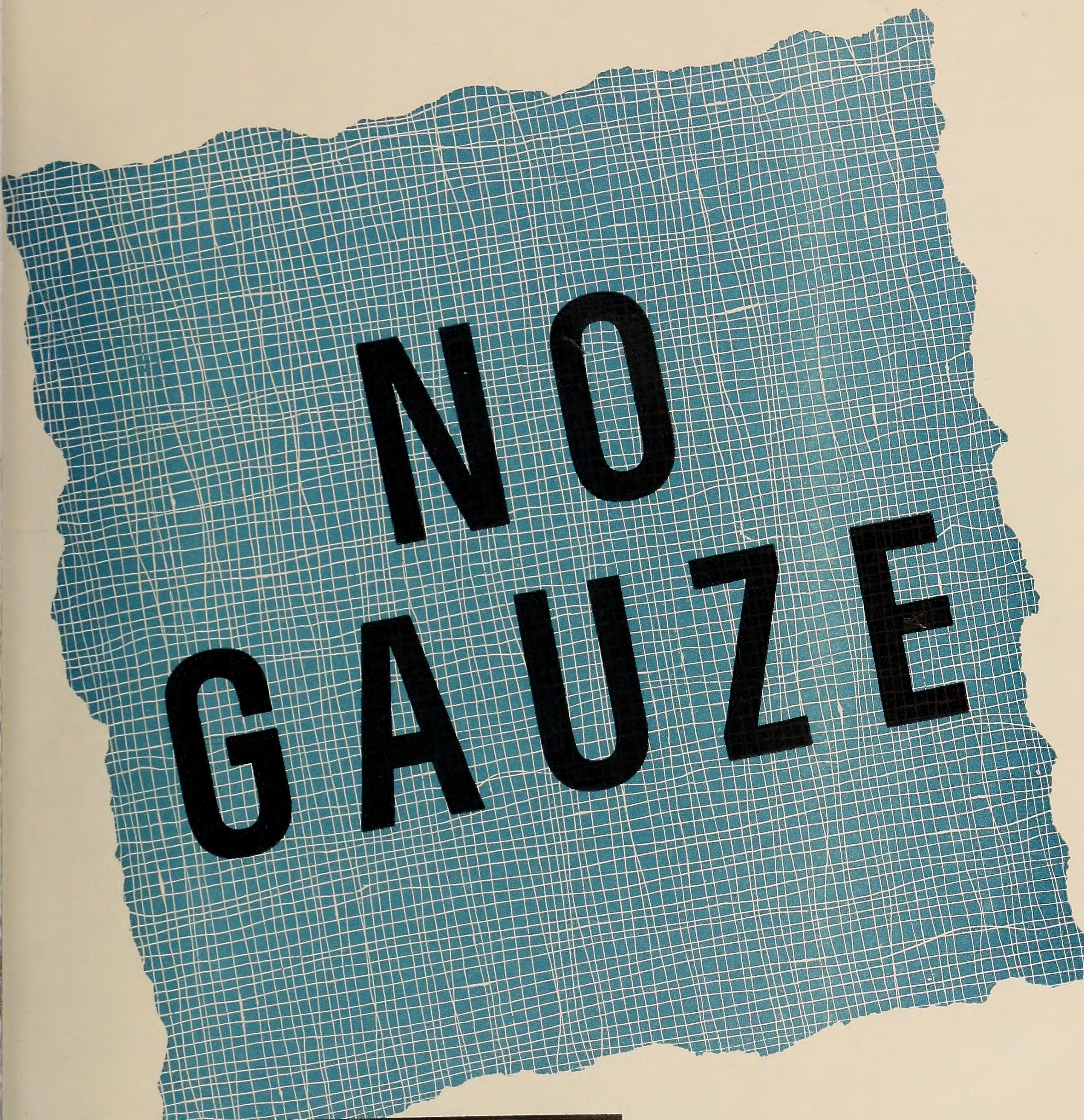
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with cold cream. It's at your dealer's now in the same familiar wrapper. Then finish this sentence in your own words, using 25 additional words or less: "I like new Camay with cold cream because . . ." Read the simple rules at the right, and send in as many entries as you like. Just be sure that you send *three* Camay wrappers with *each* entry.

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JUST FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES!

1. Complete this sentence—"I like new Camay with cold cream because . . ." in 25 additional words or less.

2. Get an entry blank from your dealer or write on one side of a plain sheet of paper. Print plainly your name and address.

3. Mail to: Contest, Dept. H, Box 3, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Send as many entries as you want, but enclose 3 Camay wrappers (any size) with each entry.

4. There are 20 separate contests, each with an identical list of prizes. A new contest each day (except Saturdays, Sundays, and Sept. 7th) from Aug. 31 to Sept. 28, 1953, inclusive. The winner of the grand prize of \$10,000 will be selected from the winners of the first prizes in the 20 daily contests. Entries received before midnight, Aug. 31, will be entered in the first day's contest. Thereafter, entries received on any contest day will be entered in that day's contest. All entries received on Saturdays and Sundays will be entered in the contest for the following Monday (entries received over the Labor Day week end will be entered in the contest for Tuesday, Sept. 8). Entries for the final (20th) contest must be postmarked before midnight, Sept. 28, 1953, and received by midnight, Oct. 12, 1953.

5. Prizes awarded each day will be—
First Prize: \$1,000 cash
Three Second Prizes: \$100 cash each
25 Third Prizes: \$25 cash each

Grand Prize: \$10,000 cash to be awarded to the best entry of the 20 first-prize winners. **Extra!** To the winner of each daily contest, \$100 in groceries and a year's supply of new cold cream Camay from your dealer.

6. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, and aptness of thought. Judges' decisions will be final. Entries must be wholly the work of the person in whose name the entry is submitted, except for incidental help from family and friends. In case of ties, the full prize tied for will be awarded to each contestant. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents, and ideas therein belong unqualifiedly to Procter & Gamble for any and all purposes.

7. Any resident of the Continental United States (including Alaska) and Hawaii may compete except employees of Procter & Gamble, or of its advertising agencies, and their families. Contests are subject to all Federal and State regulations.

8. Except for the 20th contest, the first-prize winner of each contest will be announced by radio daily beginning approximately Monday, Sept. 14, over either "Pepper Young's Family" or "Rosemary." The first-prize winner of the 20th contest and the grand-prize winner will be announced over both of these programs on or about Monday, Oct. 26. All prize winners will be notified by mail. Prize-winner lists will be available on request approximately two months after the close of the last contest.

ENTER TODAY! CONTEST CLOSSES SEPTEMBER 28